

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1, 1827.

CLUB-HOUSES.

A PROSPECTUS of a new club, under the title of LYCEUM, is generally advertised in the newspapers. The appeal is made chiefly to literary characters; and it is announced that the imperfections of a literary club already established, viz. the Athenæum, are to be remedied, and by some unexplained regulations great improvements are to be made on the general plan of club-houses. The faults which it seems exist in the constitution of the Athenæum are not pointed out, and we are at a loss to discover whether they are peculiar to that society, or common to similar establishments. The avowed object of the founders of the Athenæum was to bring together in a social institution the various votaries of science, the arts, and literature; and whether the lover of these pursuits happened to be high in office, or in rank, or merely indebted for his station to his talent and respectability, that all should mingle together in an equal republic. It was judged that the ordinary pleasures of society would be heightened by the sympathy of the members in each other's pursuits; and that the intercourse of men distinguished above the rest of the world by the eminence of their abilities, would be characterized by the keenness of its intellectual enjoyment. Whether these expectations were well founded or not, it is needless to discuss. A society was formed, consisting of upwards of a thousand members; and we believe it to be generally allowed, and we cannot see how it is to be disputed, that a greater mass of ability, education, and talent, is not to be found connected by bonds however slight, in any other society in this country or elsewhere. In the arts, the sciences, in literature, in short in every intellectual pursuit, a cursory glance at the list of members will show that it possesses the flower: we are far from averring that the number of individuals in England distinguished for their talents and acquirements, not members of the society, is by any means small: we only assert that so large a number of such persons is conglomerated in no other mass. We have perused the code of laws by which this institution is regulated; there is nothing remarkable in them; and we are

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told that the actual management of the concern, and the provision of entertainment and accommodation, are at least on a level with the other celebrated clubs of London. What then is the fault that has been detected, and which is now to be remedied? The world is disposed to overlook them; for we are informed that the crowd of candidates for admission is so great, that several years must elapse before their claims can come to be considered. We have even heard it asserted, perhaps with some tinge of extravagance, that it is easier to get into the House of Commons than into the Athenæum. These remarks are made neither with a view of pronouncing a eulogy on the Athenæum, nor with the idea of deducing the conclusion that another club may not be a desirable establishment: that is a matter to be tried by the issue: if members are readily found, then the club was wanted. But we should have been glad if the mistakes in the constitution of the Athenæum had been either pointed out, or even hinted at; we should have seen then whether there was a chance that the Lyceum would avoid them, or whether they were inseparable from the nature of the society. Without more explicitness we think it hardly fair in the projectors of the new society to allude to the errors of the Athenæum as a ground for their design; it would be less invidious to insist on the fact, that a new society *may* be formed on the overflowings of the old one. This possibility is not so evident as it may be thought by those who only consider the amount of hopeless candidates for admission at the Athenæum; for these candidates are probably not so much individuals who want a club, as those who want the honour of belonging to this particular one. Every one who understands these matters is aware how far fashion rules in determining a crowd of candidates to the doors of a club; the rumour of a difficulty, next to an improbability, of becoming a member of a particular society, instantly raising the value of its citizenship, all are anxious to procure that which few can possess.

Club-houses are by no means a new invention; and yet the improvements upon the old plan, which was itself an improvement upon the former coffee-house, is sufficiently interesting and sufficiently unknown to the people in general, to render some account of their advantages not superfluous. The modern club is a tavern and newsroom where the members are both guests and landlord. The capital is derived from a sum paid by each member on entrance, and the general annual expenses, such as house-rent, servants, &c. are defrayed by an annual subscription. The society elects a committee for its execution and government, and meets at stated intervals for legislative measures. The committee appoint a steward to manage its affairs, and a secretary to keep the accounts, to take minutes of the proceedings of meetings, and transact the business of correspondence. The domestic servants are placed under the immediate direction of the steward; but above all in the choice of a cook, the discretion of the committee is most especially exerted. A house being thus established where the society is at home, the rooms are thrown open for their various accommodation. In the apartments destined for eating members may breakfast, lunch, dine, and sup, as they list; a bill of fare of great variety is prepared; and the gourmand has nothing more to do than to study its contents, and write the names of the dishes he desires on a bill

prepared for the purpose; to mention whether he orders dinner for himself alone, or in company with others; and at what time he chooses to dine, whether immediately, or at some subsequent hour. At the close of his dinner this bill or demand is presented to him with the prices annexed, and prompt payment is the law. It is a mistaken notion to suppose that these clubs are expensive. On the contrary, since there is no landlord to look for profit on his capital, a member procures every thing, whether food or wine, at the cost price, and as the convenience of members is of course considered when they are legislating for themselves, food, both solid and liquid, is to be had in almost any portion, however small, for the just fraction of the price of the whole.

Wine is of course bottled in quarts, pints, and even half-pints, and may be had at some institutions even in glasses: it is not needless to observe, moreover, that there is no necessity either of fashion or regulation to drink it at all. At an inn, a bottle of wine must be ordered for the "good of the house," that the waiter may not despise you and be surly; that, in short, the guest may be tolerably accommodated in other matters: although, perhaps, the wine itself (wretched stuff generally at inns) is his abhorrence—though he may never drink any thing but water, and may send the decanter away untouched—the tax must be paid. Besides this entertainment for the grosser senses, the more refined appetites are considered. In some clubs, the "Traveller's" for instance, a library is provided; and at most of them, even the most unintellectual, a library of reference is supplied. Here all the periodicals of the day are laid upon the tables—both those of Great Britain and of the Continent; together with the newspapers, metropolitan and provincial; and in some instances the political journals of Paris. This part of the house may be considered the general resort of the gossippers and quidnuncs; and here, or in other more commodious places, materials for writing, paper, pens, lights, &c. are found. Drawing-rooms, one or more, are next to be mentioned—here the members take their tea or their ease; and where cards are played—this is the scene of operation. A billiard-room is an agreeable addition to the accommodation of the society's house, and several of the inferior apartments are always devoted to serve as dressing-rooms. It is clear, that a bachelor wants nothing beyond this but a bed; if he chooses to live in this sort of public privacy he may; and should he be only a sojourner in town, the convenience of a resort of this kind wherein he may make his appointments, receive and write his letters, see society, take his dinner, spend his evening, if not otherwise engaged, over the books, the newspapers, or a rubber of whist, and do all but sleep—a bed in the neighbourhood may supply the article of repose.

Thus all physical wants, and many social ones, are abundantly, and even luxuriously supplied. If there is any defect in the quality of the supply, it is clearly remediable, either by more care or more expense. The cook may not be first-rate, and the purveyor may furnish viands of an inferior kind: an intelligent steward, or an active committee, easily rectify errors of this sort.

But clubs differ not merely in their cooks, but in another and even a more important point. We allude to the spirit of sociality—the

cordiality—which reigns among the members. Whatever may be the cause of this, the difference in different societies is immense; and materially regulates the enjoyment derivable from being a member of an institution of the kind. The projectors of the LYCEUM might certainly in this point improve upon the ATHENÆUM. Whether arising from the great number of members, (but it is not more numerous than many other clubs,) or from its constitution, or the characteristics of literary and scientific men, the truth is, as we are credibly informed, that a most awful stiffness reigns there, and that the members eye one another with a suspicion and distance only warrantable in a coffee-house, where any blackguard may enter if he can pay for what he demands. Agreeable society being an important element in the pleasures of life, measures ought undoubtedly to be taken to infuse a spirit of general confidence and easy intercourse. Now, when each member has passed the fiery ordeal of admission, it ought to be taken for granted his acquaintance cannot be disgraceful, may be agreeable, and certainly should be tolerated. An introduction, as it is called, sets strangers at their ease; and the fact of being a member of the same society ought to have equal force. But inasmuch as the national character, or the imperfection of the constitution, interferes to prevent the genial amalgamation of the different members, and acts by bringing them together, and yet holds them off from each other, like the attractions of cohesion and repulsion, some remedy is desirable, though it is not probable that one will be sought, much less found. We would, however, advise the legislators of the Lyceum to look to this. We would recommend the trial of an experiment of collision. Suppose some regulation was agreed to, which would *necessarily* bring all the members together in their turns: such as a daily dinner, in which half-a-dozen members should dine together, selected promiscuously. It is usual to have what are called house-dinners; but the guests always consist of parties already previously acquainted, more or less. It is true that our scheme might bring members together of very different ages, and different characters; and it is very possible that such a dinner might be considered as irksome—nevertheless, the end is good; and the task could not occur often—and the very variety of the party may have its charms. A bishop may sit down with a young man fresh from the University; an old lawyer with a gay young man of pleasure; a minister of state with a poor student—what then? the collision may be advantageous, if not agreeable, to all concerned, and, we say again, the end is good. In the eye of the society all are equal—all are gentlemen—and sufficient freemasonry ought to be encouraged to make all consider themselves as brothers—for a dinner at least. The consequence of such a regulation would be, a general acquaintance all through the club—the ice would be broken, and very possibly some way made towards an intercourse approaching the friendly. A man might then, in a society of any extent, be sure of finding three or four of his acquaintance there assembled together, at whatever hour his idleness or his occasions should induce him to pass an hour or two in his club-house. We are not bigotted to our scheme, and it is possible that it may be found impracticable. Our suggestion may, however, set wiser wits to work, and good may follow.

KENNEDY'S FITFUL FANCIES.

Fitful Fancies, by William Kennedy. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1827. 12mo.

IF a man were to say all that about himself in prose which Mr. Kennedy thinks proper to publish relating to his own proper person, he would not only be considered a rank egotist, but were he believed, a fit subject for the care of his "prochain ami:" but verse sanctifies—and if the writer can say clever things on other topics than his own wants and wishes, the egotism is generally excused: nay, it has been often relished, and indeed much prized: more particularly if the egotist were a man of rank or fashion. Mr. Kennedy is an unknown person to the world, and in all probability boasts neither rank nor fashion, he must not therefore expect the public to take much interest in his idiosyncrasies—more especially as they are of an unamiable and repulsive turn. If he is to be believed concerning himself, and on that head he is good authority, he is a hater of mankind, and spends his life far from the haunts of men. His book, according to his motto, is "the voice of one crying in the desert." When accident brings him among his kind he passes them with a melancholy air, and an expression of disdain upon his countenance. His chief and ungratified wish is an early grave, which too kind nature still refuses him—

" O! may I never live to show
The locks of reverend grey:
But like a vernal fall of snow
Ere evening, pass away;
A sickly passenger afloat
On a tempestuous sea;
The motion of life's bounding boat
Are heaviness to me."

Lord Byron's unfortunate turn for the saturnine mood, have led far too many young poets to make their *debüt* in mourning. The gayest spirits catching the infection from his feverish page, have more than once masked, on their first entrance into the author's life, a cheerful countenance with assumed features of the most lugubrious cast. We should not be surprized to hear, that the misanthropical Mr. Kennedy is a very hearty young man, whose sole malady is a huge appetite, and muscles cast in too Herculean a mould. Should the fact turn out to be so, we beseech him to throw off this silly masquerade, and appear in his own character. He has fancy, feeling, and sense—these are enough to establish a poet without the aid of an affected phthisis, or an assumed derangement of the biliary ducts—the general foundation of the megrims, or in other words, of Fitful Fancies.

Misanthropy apart, Mr. Kennedy is really a poet—that is to say, he writes verse in which strong natural feeling is expressed which comes from, and goes to, the heart; he is an observer; and his sentiments, when not diseased, are characterized by spirit and strength: his diction is forcible and appropriate, and traits of description frequently set a picture before the mind with a lively force. From among the crowd of Fitful Fancies we can select a few which will grace our pages,

and show the world that something is to be expected still from the "Voice in the Wilderness."

The poem extracted below is a satire upon the vanity of the stage; perhaps the gloominess of the author's views of it, tinge it too deeply; there is no reason generally to conclude that because an actress is admired abroad, that she must be neglected at home: that her domestic life must present a melancholy contrast to her public state. Nevertheless the picture may be true, and is natural enough. The description by the poet is at any rate forcible and energetic.

THE BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS.

"She plays to-night! and, therefore, pours along
To the bright theatre, a motley throng;
Dames of high ancestry, but rarely there,
Descend to smile upon a favourite fair:
And other dames, less lofty in degree,
Are bent to know if fair indeed she be.
Abstractedly, the youth of soft eighteen,
Sighs for the entrance of his player-queen,
Fostering the daring hope, that he may yet
Shine as the Romeo to her Juliet;
While, by his side, the practised debauchee
Gives his loose soul to visions still more free;
But all eyes sparkle with unusual light—
The angel-actress rules the scene to-night!

"The tedious prelude's past, and she is here;
No voice but her's attracts the public ear;
Connubial love forgets his vows awhile,
And hangs, delighted, on her thrilling smile;
The plighted swain, unconscious, fires the pride
Of the neglected damsel by his side,
As questioned oft, to win his truant eye,
His lip is writhed into a brief reply:
Yet blame him not, fair maid! for he were less
Or more than man to see her loveliness,
Her step's voluptuous cadence in the dance—
Her eye's fine lightning flashing in each glance—
Those ruby portals, whence a tide of tone
Flows, meet to issue from such source alone—
More or less far than man he were, whose gaze
Could turn, in coldness, from perfection's blaze.

"But is the syren happy, who imparts
A subtle rapture to a thousand hearts?
Oh! yes; look to the mimic scene; thy sight
Is gladdened in her eye's rejoicing light.
Blest she must be whose task is to employ
Her gravest moments on a work of joy;
But if thou yet art dubious, list the sound,
The signal of her triumph thundering 'round,
And ask of those who watch the curtain's fall,
If it descend not like a funeral pall,
Which shrouds some blighted blossom, prized in vain,
Seen for a little, and ne'er seen again!

"True, true,—it is her business to be gay,
To while her own and others' griefs away;

And richly hath the admiring throng repaid
The smiler for the pleasant part she played ;
But she appears in scenes more trying still,
Where nature acts without the aid of will—
All grace and archness in the Muses' dome,
How moves the actress in her silent home ?

" 'Tis midnight, and the workings of the mind
In that lone chamber, need not be confined ;
Nor are they ; for the roses in her hair
Seem most unfitted to her brow of care ;
And, strange the contrast of her tinselled state
With the lorn look which speaks her desolate,
As, from the mirror, she averts her head,
Shocked by pale lips, and cheeks of shameless red.

" No longer, oh no longer ! feels she queen
Of arts that tinged with life the varied scene ;
No longer, oh, no longer ! can the smile,
Which smoothed the general brow, herself beguile ;
Quick from their secret cells, with added force,
Like Arab steeds impeded in their course,
Rush the reflections of a wayward life,
With all that is, and much that was, at strife :
Pain rules the hour ; remembered pleasures seem
The guilty transports of an impure dream.

" It is the curse peculiar of her lot,
Still to affect the being she is not ;
To fling a dazzling veil upon her woes,
And wear her features, as she wears her clothes.
For dark experience hath the actress told,
A piteous tale will ne'er win public gold ;
And those who wish the crowd's applause to wake,
Must not betray it, should their bosoms ache.

" 'Twas once my hap by Lemman's lake to roam,
And on its shores to note a rural dome,
Such as is only painted in romance,
And rarely seen but 'mong the hills of France :
With purple clusters, the tenacious vine
Did lovingly around the lattice twine ;
The trellised porch, which hid the antique door,
Was jessamined and honeysuckled o'er ;
In front a sheet of living crystal gave
Heaven's changeless children mirrored in its wave ;
The stalwart mountains leagued to bulwark in
One little Eden from a world of sin.
Imagination seized it for its own,
Its roof, I thought, must be Contentment's throne,
And most devoutly deemed, that, 'round its hearth
Were ranged all virtues ever known on earth.

" Alas ! for the young vision ! chance conveyed
My step to where my fancy oft had strayed,
And never did I disappointment bear
More unrelieved by circumstance, than there ;
A sottish husband, and a slattern wife,
Waged in my paradise perpetual strife ;
And cradle-music, dear domestic sound !
With kindred lays, profaned the sainted ground.

"Even thus the Thespian Circe's outward guise
Of happiness, her secret mood belies.
Though laughing loves around her light lip play,
A ravening vulture eats her heart away ;
Her sunny glance irradiates every breast
But one, to her more near than all the rest :
As, throned on high, the peerless queen of night
Cheers distant worlds with showers of grateful light :
Yet, while her silver treasure copious flows,
Shares not, herself, the blessing she bestows."—pp. 37—42.

The poem entitled *My Mother* is likewise affecting and natural, although the same complaint may be made against it as against the last.

MY MOTHER.

"At last, O my mother! thou sleepest!
At last, thy poor heart is still ;
No longer, dear Mother! thou keepest
A watch in a world of ill.
Though I feel of all love forsaken,
When thine is no longer near ;
Yet I thank my God, who hath taken
Thee hence, and I shed no tear.

"I smile with a sorrowful gladness,
While I think thou never more
Shalt drink from the black cup of sadness,
Which through thy whole life ran o'er.
When a hard lot pressed severest,
O little had been my care,
Had I known that thou, best and dearest!
Did'st a lighter portion share.

"But as there was ne'er another
On earth more gentle and kind,
So none, my own dove-hearted mother!
Did a heavier burden find.
Yet it woke no voice of complaining,
Nor changed thy passionless air,
At a time, when to image thy paining,
Was more than I well could bear.

"There need no whisper of duty
To summon me to thy side ;
To dwell near thy soul-stilling beauty,
Was a rapture and a pride.
Often now, when his peace is riven,
With visions of shame and fear,
The thought that thou'rt happy in heaven,
Doth thy son's dark bosom cheer.

"A thousand would call the spot dreary
Where thou takest a long repose ;
But a rude couch is sweet to the weary,
And the frame that suffering knows.
I never rejoiced more sincerely
Than at thy funeral hour,
Assured that the one I loved dearly,
Was beyond affliction's power."—pp. 50—52.

The stanzas entitled *Fidelity in Death*, forms a piece of morbid extravagance, which, however, pleases by the oddity of several of the

contrivances, and by the droll contrast which the writer's modes of showing his grief makes with the ordinary custom of sorrow.

FIDELITY IN DEATH.

- " If, lady, 'tis thy fate to go
Before me, from a world of care ;
To solitude alone, I'll show
The love I to thy beauty bear.
- " I will not join the funeral throng,
Nor to our wonted haunts retire,
Nor bid the Muse of grief one song,
For memory and thee inspire ;
- " But shrouded in the gloom of night,
I'll on the sexton steal a march,
And, by the lantern's furtive light,
Ensconce me 'neath the church-yard arch.
- " The sombre coffin-lid I'll raise,
And stow thee, cautious, in a sack,
Then, like Æneas, from Troy's blaze,
Speed, with love's load upon my back.
- " When Fame has ceased to speak thy worth,
I'll seeth thee in a spacious pot,
With pious toil ; for though all earth
Neglect thy ashes, I will not.
- " As, of the dance, thou art the queen,
Thy neat bones shall on wires be strung,
Never by vulgar optic seen,
But in my dormitory hung.
- " Thy brain I'll carefully convey
Into a china vase, and set
The same where sunbeams liveliest play,
Sowing it o'er with mignonette.
- " This will display a rare conceit—
The brain, that thinking cauliflower,
I then may not unaptly greet
A tiny intellectual bower.
- " From skull of monk did Byron drain
Deep draughts of the blood-burning wine ;
But I, adored ! will not profane
With such, that gentle head of thine.
- " Perhaps, in pain's distressful hour,
A sacred caudle-cup 'twill be,
Having, if aught can have, the power
To work a miracle on me.
- " Lady ! if thou may'st place thy trust
In words composed of human breath,
Believe thy slave is barely just
To his fidelity in death."—pp. 100—102.

The specimens already produced will prove that Mr. Kennedy, though he may be accounted among the poetic minores of the age, is still worthy of the attention of the public. We add, as a farther example, the following poem, which though entitled to the epithet "pretty," is disfigured, like too much of the book, by a prevailing bad taste.

THE FLOWER OF MY BIRTH-DAY.

- " I was a wild, yet tender thing,
 In childhood's early day ;
 I loved the free bird's merry wing,
 The gentle tear of infant Spring,
 And the blithe look of May ;
 I loved our cottage in the glen—
 'Tis ruined now—'twas smiling then—
- " No matter !—once there was a flower
 My mother gave to me,
 'Twas planted on my natal hour,
 And was, of all our summer-bower,
 The favourite of the bee ;
 My mother oft in sport would say,
 ' You're children of the self-same day !'
- " I prized it well—it was, in faith,
 A peerless little flower ;
 I sought to shield its fairy wreath
 From the chill north wind's angry breath,
 And the approaching shower ;
 Blooming beneath a sunny sky,
 I never dreamt to see it die.
- " At last, methought its roseate hue
 Waxed fainter every morrow ;
 I saw it fade—the morning dew
 Fell cheerly—but the flow'et grew
 Into a thing of sorrow ;
 I watched it till, by slow decay,
 Its fragrant spirit passed away.
- " Its spirit passed—I wept the fate
 Of my poor garden-brother !
 It was so beautiful a mate,
 That, when it left me desolate,
 I might not find another
 To rival the departed one—
 My heart was in it—it was gone !
- " 'Tis strange—time hath sped far and fast
 Since that ill-fated flower,
 Yielding its bosom to the blast,
 Sickened, and drooped, and sunk at last
 Within its native bower ;
 'Tis strange—how all of good, that I
 Since found, hath shared its destiny.
- " I've marked it well—each morn hath led
 To some new cherished treasure,
 Some promise-bud, which flowered and fled,
 Ere the first evening sky grew red,
 With all its plighted pleasure,—
 Leaving the hope-sick heart in pain,
 To seek—and be deceived again.
- " And this is life—and this is love—
 And this is beauty's power !
 And thus must fame and fortune prove,
 False lights, that lead the soul to rove,
 Then vanish in an hour !
 Our earliest tear, and latest sigh,
 Spring from one sad fatality !"—pp. 113—116.

NICOLAS'S BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

The History of the Battle of Agincourt, and of the Expedition of Henry the Fifth into France; to which is added, the Roll of the Men at Arms in the English Army. By Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq. Barrister at Law, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. London. 1827.

THIS publication arises out of the discovery of the roll of the peers, knights, and men at arms, who fought at Agincourt, and a narrative of the invasion of France, and a description of the battle, by a priest, who accompanied the army; and during this celebrated contest, put up his prayers in the rear, among the baggage, in behalf of his royal master and his fellow-countrymen. The original manuscript of the priest is written in Latin: we have here a translation of it, accompanied by annotations, containing extracts from all his other contemporary writers, when their account differs from that of the anonymous priest; or when by mentioning additional facts, or describing old ones in a remarkable way, they possess independent claims to notice. These extracts are all given in the exact words of the writers, when they are in English; when not, they are carefully translated. Besides which, we have Mr. Nicolas's own narrative of the events which led to the invasion, his sketch of its history, and comments upon the facts which rest on equivocal authority. This complete work is then concluded with the battle roll; and copies of various original manuscripts connected with the history, and in elucidation of it.

The task of compilation has been a laborious one: it is executed with industry, accuracy, and judgment. The details of this famous expedition, which only wanted a Xenophon in its day to go down to posterity, with the retreat of the ten thousand, are too minute and too copious to expect that many readers will go through them. The form in which they are printed, is moreover against a pleasant perusal of them, so that in spite of the meritorious exertions of the editor, we apprehend that the circulation of his book will not be extensive, however far it may spread his own reputation.

Many of the passages of this event are described by the chroniclers of the time with great simplicity and energy: a person who joins industry to taste, would be well rewarded in going through this volume—we do not recommend so arduous a task as a consultation of the original authorities. In order to show to such readers the kind of entertainment they may expect, we will ourselves retrace our steps; and by picking a description sometimes from one author, and sometimes from another, run through the chief incidents of the expedition.

The number of Henry's army amounted, as well as can be ascertained, to about six thousand men at arms, and twenty-four thousand archers. With these he set sail from the English coast, near Southampton, on Sunday the 11th of August, in fifteen hundred vessels, and made for the mouth of the Seine, where it debouches on the French coast. His first object was the siege of Harfleur, which surrendered after a long and severe resistance.

The writer called Titus Livius gives a circumstantial narrative of the king's proceedings on landing:—

“Then forthwith the king falling upon his knees, devoutly prayed unto God, that to the honour of his divinity he would give him justice of his

enemies ; and at his landing he gave to divers gentlemen the order of knight-hood. But first he assigned and committed the bearing of the standards and banners and other ensigns, to such men as he knew to be of great strength and prowess in the bearing of them. When every thing was thus ordered, in good array, the king with all his host ascended to the top or height of the high hill there nigh unto them, difficult and uneasy for armed men to mount upon. And there the king, with all his host, the next day following solemnized the feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady with due honor ; and that solemnity passed, the Duke of Clarence, chieftain of the king's first ward, in good ordinance, entered his journey with the same ward towards a town called Harflete, distant from Chef de Caux scarcely three leagues, where he lodged in a goodly field before the town, abiding the king's coming. The king at his coming, lodged himself nigh to the first ward, in the plain fields not far from the town. The Earl of Suffolk, chieftain of the second ward, lodged him and his company also before the town, on the other side of the fields, and other noblemen that had the conduct of the two wings, lodged them on the right hand, and the other on the left hand of the host."—p. 8, *Harl. MSS.* 35, f. 22, 23.

The king's ceremonious discharge of his religious duties is mentioned here, and is frequently recorded by the various writers. The royal hypocrite concealed the sword under the mass-book, and in the name of God spread devastation and all the horrors of war :—

"Titus Livius, who always speaks of Henry as Rex Christianissimus, and omits no opportunity of mentioning his piety, states, p. 9, that when the king planted his tents before Harfleur, he also caused his 'great hall,' as his translator has rendered it, 'to be set upon a hill, at the back of the camp, to serve instead of a church, therein to honour and worship God.'"

His brother, the Duke of Clarence, seems not to have fallen short of the ostentatious piety of the king. We are indebted to the author already quoted for the following extract :—

"He then sent his brother Thomas, Duke of Clarence, to besiege the town on the other side of the river, who accordingly endeavoured to convey his people over the said river or passage, in doing which he had a great skirmish with the inhabitants of the town, but at length the duke put them to flight, and they retreated within the walls. Having succeeded in the attempt, he fixed his tents on that side of the river, which enclosed that part of the town, from the side of the same river, by foot of the hill, unto the banks of the Seine. The duke also set up his great hall upon the hill, at the back of his ward or field, not far from his host, therein to serve God as is aforesaid. And because the river divided the king's field and the duke's they made a ready and sure passage over the same betwixt both fields, to the keeping whereof certain persons were appointed, so that their enemies should do thereto no damage, neither by water nor by land. When all the tents and pavillions, and halls were erected and set up, they seemed a right great and mighty city. The artificers and labourers in the king's host were employed in their various occupations, some in raising engines against the town, and others in assisting the soldiers, digging trenches, &c. but the priests were not allowed to do any thing besides offering prayers to the honour of God, and performing their accustomed services, as when they were at home in a state of peace. The forces on the other side of the river were commanded by his brother Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and on the same side was the Duke of York, then constable of England."—p. 9, *Harl. MSS.* 35, f. 25.

In the priest's Chronicle, according to Mr. Nicolas's translation, the king seems to have read the Bible to good purpose. We quote the passage with Mr. Nicolas's just observation in the note :—

"The siege being now ordered on the side towards the sea by the navy, and on that towards the valley and fresh water stream by the boats, which served for the access as well of the king as of the duke and divided army, if it should be necessary, our king who sought peace, not war, in order that he might further arm the cause in which he was engaged with the shield of justice, according to the law of Deuteronomy, chap. xx., offered peace to the besieged, if they would open the gates to him and restore, as was their duty, freely, without compulsion, that town, the noble hereditary portion of his crown of England, and of his dukedom of Normandy.

"The affectation of acting upon every occasion in accordance with the divine will, and prostituting the holy writings to defend or extenuate measures which had their sole origin in the most baleful of all human passions—ambition, has been before commented upon as characteristic of all Henry's proceedings. The allusion in the text appears to be the 10th verse of the xxth chap. of Deuteronomy: 'When thou comest nigh to a city to fight against it, then proclaim peace unto it.'"

During the siege, Courtenay, Bishop of Norwich, who was present before Harfleur, died of a malady which carried off great numbers. The priest in his Chronicle gives him a fine character:—

"And after these works and hostile movements, the gracious and merciful God, willing to try the patience of our king, and of his anointed, besides the death of some other nobles of his army, touched him in the death of one of his most loving and dear subjects; namely, the Lord Richard Courtenay, bishop of Norwich; who of noble family, of tall stature, of excellent wit, and not less distinguished for the greatest eloquence and learning, than for other of the more noble endowments of nature, was considered to be a constant favourite in the royal counsels above all. He fell sick on Tuesday the tenth of September, of a bloody flux, and on the following Sunday, in the presence of the king, who covered his feet after extreme unction, and closed his eyes with his own hands, amidst the bitterness and tears of many, released his spirit from its prison: and our king out of his tender affection, quickly sent him over to England, to be honourably interred in the royal cemetery at Westminster."

The inhabitants and garrison of Harfleur were at length battered out of all their strong holds; and to avoid an impending assault, surrendered the town on hard terms. It was agreed that, unless succour arrived from the French king before a particular day, that the keys of the gates should be given up, the property in the town forfeited, and the citizens deliver themselves up as prisoners. On the day stipulated, as no succour had been sent, commissioners arrived to complete the articles of capitulation. A curious description of the behaviour of the haughty monarch is preserved in a manuscript in the British Museum:—

"And when the Enbassatores were come fro the frenssh kynge on the sonday at her owr as her acorde was, owr kynge was in his tent, with his lordes and with his gentelis, and sat in his estate as Ryale as ded ever eny kynge, and as it is saide there was never crystyn kynge so Ryall, nother so lordly sat in his see as dide he. And the kynge had asynede certayn lordes and knyghtes to take hem ine, and to bryng hem to for the kynge; and when the Frensshmen were come, a knyght in the middys of hem browght the keyes in his hondys, and when thei come to the tentys, thei knelyd all down togederys, but there had thei no syzt of the kynge, and then thei were broght into other tents, and there thei knelyd down eft sonys along time, but syzt of our kynge had thei none, and there thei were take up and broght into an inner tente, and there thei knelyd down a along tym, and zit sey not owr kynge; and then thei were este toke up and broght there owre kynge was,

and there thei knelyd longe tyme, and then owr knyge wolde note rewarde hem with non eye til thei hade longe knelyd, and then the kyng zaf hem a rewarde with his loke, and made a continawnce to the Erle of Dorzete, that he schold take of hem the keyes, and so he dede, and there were the Frenssh men taken up and mad chere; and thus had owr kyng the town delivered, and made thereof the Erle of Dorzet, Captayn."—*Cleopatra*, C. iv. f. 24.

Titus Livius gives a somewhat different account of the ceremony. He informs us that—

"On the day on which the town was surrendered, the king's pavillion of silk was erected in the fields, from which a passage was formed of armed Englishmen to the town, through which [here the translator has added, on the day of appointment, which was the day of St. Maurice, i. e. 22d September] Sir Lionel Braquemont, a noble knight and governor of Harfleur, came to the king, and kneeling before him, said, 'Most victorious prince, behold, here are the keys of this town, which, agreeable to our promise, ye yield unto you, me and my company.' Then were brought unto the king by his commands, the Lord Hoteville, and the Lord Gaucourt, and others, to the number of thirty persons, as had been agreed upon, and all the others, as well soldiers as inhabitants, were suffered unarmed to go freely at their pleasure."—p. 11, *Harl. MSS.* 35, f. 28.

The manner of Henry's taking possession is thus described:—

"When Henry came to the gates of Harfleur, he dismounted from his horse, and took off his shoes and stockings, and in this manner went to the church of St. Martin, the parish church of the town, where he solemnly gave thanks to God for his success. After which he made prisoners of all the nobles and armed men, and soon afterwards took a list in writing of their names, and then allowed them to go on their parole, that they would surrender themselves on St. Martin's day, November 10th, at Calais. Several citizens were made prisoners, who redeemed themselves by great ransoms, and were then sent out of the town, together with a great many women and children, to each of whom were given five sols, and part of their clothes. Two very strong towers near the sea held out for two days after the town had surrendered, and then yielded on the same terms as the others."—*St. Remy*, p. 84, *Monstrelet*, f. clvii.

This point accomplished, it became a question with the king and his counsellors what next should be done. His army had suffered severely both by disease and the operations of the siege. It was resolved to return, but whether by land or by sea became the subject of discussion. The deliberation is thus described:—

"The king appointed his uncle Thomas, Earl of Dorset, captain of the town, with two thousand soldiers to defend it. He then held a council to deliberate on their future proceedings, when it was determined, that as winter was approaching, they should return to England; but it was disputed whether they should return by sea, or pass through the enemy's country to Calais. The greater part of the council agreed to the latter, but the Duke of Clarence, with many other lords, considering the great loss of men which they had experienced by the flux; that many were still ill of the same disease; that they had left a great part of their forces for the defence of Harfleur; and especially, remembering the infinite multitude of the enemy's army collected to oppose them, advised the king to return by sea. But Henry replied to his arguments, 'That he was desirous of seeing those lands, which ought of right to belong to him! and though,' he observed, 'they prepare against us a great host of people, our trust is in God, that they shall not prevail against us. Nor shall we permit those who are inflated by pride, wrongfully to enjoy what by right belongs to us. If we should thus depart, they would reproach us and our realm of England, that we suddenly fled,

and lost our right from fear. Our mind is therefore prepared to endure every peril rather than they should be able to breathe the slightest reproach against our king. We will go, if it pleases God, without harm or danger, and if they disturb our journey, we will frustrate their intentions with honour, victory, and triumph."—*Titus Livius*, p. 12, *Harl. MSS.* 35, f. 30 b.

Henry left Harfleur the eighth of October, and commenced his march towards Calais with but a small part of the force he brought with him into France. His course is minutely described by the chroniclers. In the first instance he kept by the shore until he arrived at the Somme, and finding the bridges broken down, and the fords defended, he proceeded up the left bank, until at length a ford was found. The French were assembling in immense numbers from all parts: they devastated the country in advance, and hung upon the route of the small but valorous army of English, thus fearlessly pioneering their way through the heart of an enemy's country. In the priest's Chronicle is this description of the passing the ford:—

"On coming to the river Somme, we there found two places capable of forming a passage of the river, and the water of the shallows reaching little higher than a horse's belly: the approach was by two long but narrow causeways, which the French had before warily broken through the middle, so that it was difficult for one abreast to ride through the breaks. And John Cornwall, and Gilbert Humfrevyll, knights, being immediately sent over the water with their banners, and certain foot lancers and archers, a body of men was formed for covering the remainder of the people while landing, against an irruption of the French. And the king had the breaks filled up with wood fascines, and straw, until three could easily ride abreast; and he ordered the baggage of the army to be conveyed over one of the said causeways, and his army across the other; where, stationing himself at the entrance on one part, and some chosen men on the other, lest the crowded and undisciplined multitude through eagerness to cross should press together, and choke up the narrow pass with impediments of their own creating; but by means of those two passages, great numbers soon collected beyond the river. Yet before a hundred of our men had forded it, some French horsemen appeared, coming from the villages, one, two, or three miles off, from that quarter, in troops and files, having been appointed by the French to obstruct our crossing; when rallying, though slowly, as it pleased God, they advanced towards our men, sending forward the swifter horsemen to find out whether there was still a chance of their being able to repel us. But they were immediately met by our advanced guard of horse; and as our forces had in the mean time much increased beyond the river, and had taken an excellent position before the enemy's sluggishness or incaution allowed them to rally, the French making a stand at a distance, observed our constant increase, and reckoning our power to act and their inability to resist, they deserted the place and vanished from our sight."

Previous to this Henry had given the celebrated order to the archers to provide themselves with poles:—

"In the mean time a report was circulated through the army, upon the information of certain captives, that the enemy had appointed many companies of horsemen in hundreds, on armed horses, to break through the battle and strength of our archers, when they should come to an engagement with us; therefore the king gave orders through the whole army, that each archer should provide and equip himself with a square or round pole or staff, six feet in length, and of a sufficient thickness, and sharp at each end; directing that whenever the French army should approach to battle, and begin breaking through their ranks with troops of horse of that sort, each one should fix his pole before him in front, and those who were behind, other

poles intermediately: one end being fixed in the ground towards them, and the other sloping towards the enemy, higher than a man's waist from the ground; so that when that kind of horsemen should come to the charge, they would either retreat affrighted at the sight of the stakes, or regardless of their own safety, both horses and horsemen be in danger of being thrown on the stakes."

Immediately after the crossing of the Somme, the French, according to the manner of the times, send heralds to Henry, to inform him of their intention to fight him:—

"Titus Livius states, that the heralds were first brought to the Duke of York, and by him presented to the king, before whom they fell upon their knees, and having obtained his permission to speak, addressed him in these words: "Right, puissant prince, great and noble is thy kingly power, as is reported among our lords. They have heard, that thou labourest by thy forces to conquer towns, cities, and castles of the realm of France, and of the Frenchmen you have destroyed. For which causes, and for the performance of the oath which they have taken to the king, many of our lords are assembled to defend this realm, the king's right and their own, and they inform thee by us, that before thou comest to Calais they will meet thee, to fight with thee, and to be revenged of thy conduct.' To which, Henry, with a courageous spirit, a firm look, without anger or displeasure, and without his face changing colour, mildly replied, that 'all would be done according to the will of God. When the heralds inquired what road he would take, he answered, 'Straight to Calais, and if our adversaries attempt to disturb us in our journey, it shall be at their utmost peril, and not without harm to them. We seek them not, neither will the fear of them induce us to move out of our way, or the sight of them cause us to make the greater haste. We advise them, however, not to interrupt our journey, nor to seek such an effusion of Christian blood!' The heralds being satisfied with this answer, and having, with permission to depart, received a hundred gold French crowns, returned to their camp."—p. 14.—*Harl. MSS.* 35, f. 34.

This interview is of so interesting a nature, that Elmham's account of it is subjoined.

"As soon as the heralds had arrived at the foremost ranks of the English army, the cause of their coming being made known to the Duke of York, the constable and marshal of the army, and by him explained to the king, they were by his commands introduced into the presence of the king, who was waiting on horseback in the open country, surrounded by a few noblemen; and falling on their knees before his majesty, they stated the whole purport of their mission. They informed Henry, 'That as the princes and nobles of France had heard and knew his martial fame and fervent passion for warlike deeds, and especially because he was attempting with a mighty hand to lay waste, or subdue to his power, those parts which belonged to the crown of France, which they were bound to defend, themselves and their numerous followers, for the preservation of the title of their king, they had resolved to engage the English army before they reached Calais.' Henry mildly, and with a courageous heart, and a steady countenance, replied: 'As the Lord hath decreed, let all things be fulfilled;' and being asked by the heralds by which road he should proceed, he said, 'Straight towards our town of Calais we intend to direct our steps, from which road, if our enemies have determined to drive us aside, let them attempt to do so at their own peril, for we will neither seek them, nor move faster or more slowly on that account.' The heralds satisfied with these replies, after a hundred crowns had been presented to each of them from the king's treasury, returned to the French camp."—p. 55.

The forces which opposed the English army are on all hands allowed to have been many fold their opponents. It is probable that

about seven or eight thousand English were present at the battle, and that the French opposed them in a mass of sixty or seventy thousand men. The following anecdote from *Laboureur* would indicate that they were not a choice army.—

“ Besides this great body of the king's troops,” he continues, “ the citizens of Paris offered six thousand men well armed, to fight in the front on the day of battle, but on the Duke of Berry speaking much in praise of this militia in presence of the knights of his suite, one of them, named Jean de Beaumont, replied with contempt, ‘ What do we want of the assistance of these shopkeepers, since we are three times as many in number as the English?’ It is true the English had the courage to quit their quarters on the sea shore, but they did so as much from necessity as valour, for they could not allow themselves to be destroyed by famine, by which they were so distressed, that they resolved to risk a battle, and to advance further in land. They proceeded through forests and covered places, and passed Gournay and Beauvoisis at the distance of twenty-two leagues from the sea, with all the hostility of an army which found the country abandoned to its mercy. They were four days on their route, and the fear of finding themselves hemmed in by our people, made them take the road to Amiens. They suffered so much, that they were willing to procure food at any price or in any manner, and they complained publicly against the French traitors, who had produced their miseries, wishing them all possible ills as a punishment for their perfidy.”—p. 1006.—*Laboureur's Hist. Charles VI.*

Elmham gives the following particulars of the events on the day before the battle:—

“ Now,” he adds, “ it was Thursday the morrow of the feast of St. Romans the Confessor, on which having passed over the bridge, the Duke of York, commander of the van of the royal army, having ascended to the top of a hill, sent scouts over the country to bring information if they discovered the enemy's forces; and one of them having perceived them, and being astonished at the extent of the French army, retreated with a trembling heart and with the utmost speed his horse could carry him to the duke, and being almost breathless, said, ‘ Quickly, be prepared for battle, as you are just about to fight against a world of innumerable people.’ As soon as the duke had informed himself of the truth of the report, he acquainted the king, who received the news with a cheerful countenance, nor changed either into a cold tremor, nor into the heat of passion, but having directed the middle battalion which he commanded in person to halt, he hastened at the utmost speed of the fine horse on which he rode, to view the enemy. The superior numbers of the French, which he says ‘ were like so many forests covering the whole of the country far and wide,’ did not at all lessen the king's courage, or reliance upon Providence, notwithstanding that it had pleased him to visit his army with such ravages of death, pestilence, famine, labour, and other troubles. Devoutly therefore committing himself and his army into God's protection, and having with the advice of experienced soldiers chosen a proper situation for his forces, and knowing from the shortness of the winter's day that evening would speedily approach, he drew up his army in regular order and array, and assigned them their stations, and exhorted them to prepare for battle, animating their hearts by his intrepid demeanour, and consoling expressions. When the night closed in, and it became so dark that they could scarcely see their own hands, and knew not where to find a night's lodging, the king determined to seek such quarters for his army as God might provide; and having ordered them to refrain from making the noise and clamour which they had before done, lest the enemy might thereby devise some means of annoying them, the royal army without sending harbingers, proceeded in search of quarters for the night, and ‘ wonderful to relate,’ observes the writer, ‘ by the direction of a certain white road, which they discovered in the dark, they

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came safely to a village suitable for them to lodge in, and where they were provided with necessaries in a more convenient manner than on preceding nights. There they passed the night without confusion, companions having met with companions, and masters with servants: they caused watch fires to be lighted all round the camp, in the same way as the enemy had done, who were not more than a quarter of an English mile from them."

Titus Livius also gives an interesting narrative of the events of the same day:—

"Titus Livius' narrative of the events of the day before the battle, is as follows:—'As soon as the Duke of York, who commanded the first ward, had passed the river, and had ascended the hill, one of the English scouts having reported to him that he had perceived an immense body of the enemy, he acquainted the king with the circumstance, who, without fear or anger, commanded the middle ward which he led, to halt; and giving spurs to his horse, hastened to view the enemy, which he found to be an innumerable multitude. He then returned to the field, and with a constant and fearless mind, made the necessary arrangements for battle, by distributing to every captain his proper number, and thus kept his army prepared until night; and as soon as the day closed he endeavoured to find some place of shelter for his people where they might procure the necessary refreshments. But on that night, the eve of a terrible battle, they could find no place where food could be procured, but providentially there was shown to them a certain white way, by which they were led to a village where they met with better meat and drink than they had found before in their march, and where the king also took a little house for his lodging. From thence where the king had placed his battalions, to the village, by the king's commands no noise or cry was heard from the English, but every man proceeded in silence; and when they arrived at the said village they lighted their fires. In like manner did the French, who were distant from the English camp scarcely two hundred and fifty paces.'"

The priest thus narrates what he saw and heard on this day:—

"Every one who had not before cleansed his conscience by confession, then took the armour of penitence, nor was there at that time a want of any thing but priests. Amongst other speeches which I noticed, was this: a certain lord, Walter Hungerford, knight, was regretting in the king's presence, that he had not, in addition to the small retinue which he had there, ten thousand of the best English archers, who would be desirous of being with him. When the king said, 'Thou speakest foolishly, for by the God of heaven, on whose grace I have relied, and in whom I have a firm hope of victory, I would not, even if I could, increase my number by one; for those whom I have are the people of God, whom he thinks me worthy to have at this time; dost thou not believe, the Almighty with these, his humble few, is able to conquer the haughty opposition of the French, who pride themselves on their numbers, and their own strength, as if it might be said they could do as they liked? and in my opinion God, of his true justice, would not bring any disaster upon one of so great confidence, as neither fell out to Judas Maccabeus, until he became distrustful, and thence deservedly fell into ruin.'"

On this passage Mr. Nicolas has the following curious note respecting the authorities of Shakspeare, and his treatment of this piece of history in his Henry V.:—

"In a former note the fidelity with which Shakspeare has in some instances followed history, was noticed; but a more remarkable example is afforded by comparing the following extract with the passage in the text. It is true that the poet does not make Henry talk of 'Judas Maccabeus,' nor is the language imputed to him of so pious a nature as is recorded above, but which,

however ill suited to the stage, is much more consonant to the character which historians have given of that Prince:

Westmoreland. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!

K. Henry. What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour,
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more,' &c.

King Henry V. Act IV. scene iii.

Shakspeare was indebted to Hollingshed for this anecdote, which is also mentioned by Elmham and Titus Livius, who state that the observation was made by 'one of the host.' Whilst alluding to Shakspeare, it may be observed as a singular anomaly, that though he so very closely adhered to history in many parts of *King Henry V.* he should have deviated so much from it in the *dramatis personæ*. He makes the Duke of Bedford accompany Henry to Harfleur and Agincourt, when it is notorious that he was regent of England; the Earl of Dorset, (with respect to whom Shakspeare has, as Mr. Malone has pointed out, committed an anachronism by styling him Duke of Exeter, for he was not raised to that dignity until the following year, 18 Nov. 1416), was left to command Harfleur; the Earl of Westmoreland (*Act IV. sc. iii.*) instead of quitting England with the expedition, or being at Agincourt, had been appointed to defend the marches of Scotland, nor though the Earl of Salisbury (*Act IV. sc. vii.*) contracted to furnish a certain number of followers, does it appear that he was either at Harfleur or Agincourt; and the Earl of Warwick (*Act IV. sc. vii.*) had returned to England ill before the king left Harfleur. On the other hand, the poet has not introduced the Earl of Suffolk, the Lords Camoys or Fitz-Hugh, Sir Walter Hungerford, Sir John Cornwall, and Sir Gilbert Humfrevill, or others who were highly conspicuous during the whole expedition; and the only characters he has adopted who really were present at Agincourt, are the Dukes of Gloucester and York, and Sir Thomas Erpyngham."

Of all the relations of the battle we prefer that of the French historian St. Remy; both because he was present on the field, and because it is the most minute in its details:—

"After the deputies had returned with their people, the King of England, who had appointed a knight of an ancient name, Messire Thomas Herpinghem, [Erpingham], to lead the archers, and to place them in front before the two wings, whom Sir Thomas exhorted on the part of the king to fight vigorously; and thus he marched before the battalion of archers, and after having drawn them up in order of battle, he threw a baton which he held in his hand in the air, and then dismounted and placed himself in the king's battalion, who had also dismounted near his forces, with his banner carried before him. Then the English began to march, uttering a very loud cry, which much astonished the French; and when the English saw that the French did not approach, they marched slowly towards them in fine order, making a great cry, when they stopped and took breath. Then the English archers, who were as I have said full ten thousand, began to shoot at random against the French, as far off as they could shoot with their utmost strength, the which archers were for the greater part without armour to their pourpoints, their hosen loosened, having hatchets and axes, or long swords, hanging from their girdles, and some with their feet naked; some wore humettes, or caps of boiled leather, or wicker work crossed over with iron. Then the French seeing the English coming towards them, placed themselves in order of battle, each under his banner, and wearing his bacinet. The constable, the marshal, and chief personages, exhorted their men to fight well and boldly.

The trumpets and clarions of the English in their advance, made a great noise, the French began to bend their heads, especially those who had no shelter from the arrows of the English, which they shot so fiercely that none dare approach them, nor dare the French show themselves; and thus a slight rencontre took place with them, and they made them give way a little. But before they came in contact, many of the French were wounded by the English arrows; and when they had nearly met, they were so pressed by each other that they could not lift their arms to attack their enemies, excepting some who were in front, who thrust on them with their lances, which they had cut to render them stronger and stiffer, so that they might be able to get nearer to their enemies. The constable, the marshal, had formed a body of from 1000 to 1200 men at arms, of which half were to have gone by Azincourt, and the others by Tramecourt, with the view of breaking the wings of the English archers, but when they came near them they did not find there more than eight score men at arms; among them was Messire Clignet de Brabant, who had the especial direction of this attempt; and Messire Guillaume de Saveuse, a very valiant knight who advanced before the others, and was near to Azincourt with full 300 lances, who threw themselves on the English archers, who had their sharp stakes fixed before them, but the ground was so soft that the said stakes fell, and they all returned excepting three men at arms, of whom Messire Guillaume was one, to whom it unluckily happened that by their horses falling on the stakes they were thrown to the ground among the archers, and were immediately killed; the others, or the greater part of them, with all their horses, from the fear of the arrows, returned among the French advanced guard, in which they caused great confusion, breaking and exposing it in many places, and made them retire to new sown ground, for their horses were so wounded by arrows that they were unmanageable. And thus the advanced guard being thrown into disorder, the men at arms fell without number, and their horses took to flight behind their enemies; following which example, numerous parties of the French fled. Soon afterwards, the English archers perceiving this disorder of the advanced guard, quitted their stakes, threw their bows and arrows on the ground, and seizing their swords, axes, and other weapons, sallied out upon them, and hastening to the place where the fugitives came from, killed and disabled the French, so that they at last even reached the advanced guard, and met with little or no resistance; and the English cutting right and left, made their way to the second line which was in the rear of the advanced guard, and then pushed within it with the King of England in person, and his followers. Then the Duke Anthony of Brabant arrived, who had been hastily sent on the side of the King of France, though with few followers, for his people could not keep up with him in consequence of his great eagerness to be present. He took one of the banners from his trumpeters, and cutting a hole in the middle, made a 'cotte d'armes' of it: but he had no sooner arrived than he was immediately put to death by the English. Then the battle began, and an immense number of the French were killed, who but slightly defended themselves, for in consequence of the horsemen the French line was broken. Then the English charged the French with greater force, overthrowing the two first lines, and in many places cruelly destroying and slaying without mercy. Among so many some were saved by the valets who led the horses off the lines, for the English were occupied in fighting, slaying, and making prisoners, and consequently they did not pursue any. And then all the rear guard being still mounted, seeing the fate of the two first lines, took to flight, excepting some of the commanders and leaders. During the battle the English, who had the advantage, took many prisoners; and then news came to the King of England, that the French attacked them in the rear, and that they had already taken his prisoners and baggage, which was true, for one named Robinet de Bournouville, Riffart de Plamasse, Ysembart de Azincourt, and other men at arms, accompanied by about six hundred peasants, went to the baggage of the King of England,

and took the luggage and other things, with a great number of English horses, whilst those who were appointed to guard them were engaged in the battle, at which pillage the King of England was much annoyed. Then following up his victory, and seeing that his enemies were beaten, and that no more opposition could be offered to him; they began to make prisoners on all sides, all of whom they believed to be rich, and in truth so they were, for they were all great lords who were at that battle; and when they were taken, those who had prisoners entirely disarmed them. Then happened an important circumstance, for a great assemblage of the rear guard, in which were many French, Bretons, Gascons, Poitevins, and others, which had been put to flight, and had with them plenty of banners and ensigns, evinced a disposition to come to action and to march in order of battle. When the English perceived them, it was commanded by the king that every one should kill his prisoner, but those who had captured them would not do so, because they had only taken those from whom they expected to receive a great ransom. As soon as the king was informed of this circumstance, he appointed a gentleman with two hundred archers, to kill all the prisoners; and the said esquire so executed the king's orders, that it was a most lamentable thing, for all those noblemen of France were there killed in cold blood, and cut in pieces, heads and faces, which was a fearful sight to see. When that cursed party of French, who thus caused the murder of those noble knights, saw that the English were prepared to receive and fight them, they all took to flight, and each saved himself who could; and of those who escaped, the greater part were mounted, but of those who were on foot, a great many were killed. When the King of England clearly perceived that he had gained the victory against his adversaries, he thanked our Lord with a good heart, and well had he cause, for of his people there were killed in the field not more than about sixteen hundred men of all ranks, among whom were the Duke of York, his great uncle, and the Earl of Oxford, [Suffolk], and truly, the day before when they were drawn up in order of battle, there were made five hundred knights or more. Afterwards the King of England finding himself victorious on the field, and, as is above said, all the French departed, excepting those who were prisoners or lying dead, he called some of his nobles to him on the ground where the battle had taken place, and when he had viewed it, he inquired the name of the castle which he saw near him, to which they replied that it was called 'Azincourt,' then said the king, 'as all battles ought to bear the name of the nearest fortress to where they occur, this shall now and for ever be called the battle of Azincourt.' When the king and his nobles had remained there for some time, without any of the French having showed themselves to attack him, and having been on the field full four hours, as it rained, and as evening was approaching, he retired to his quarters at Maisoncelles; and the archers did nothing after the defeat but stripping and disarming the dead, under whom they found many prisoners alive, among whom was the Duke of Orleans, with many others. Those archers brought the armour of the slain to their quarters by horse loads, and there also they carried the English who were killed in the battle, among whom were there brought the Duke of York and the Earl of Oxford, [Suffolk.] And true it is, that the English did not suffer a great loss excepting of those two. When night came on, and the King of England was informed that so much of the armour had been brought to his quarters, he caused it to be proclaimed in his host, that none should take more than he wanted for his own body, and that they were not yet beyond the reach of the King of France. They boiled [on fist bouillir] the bodies of the Duke of York and the Earl of Oxford, [Suffolk,] to enable them to carry their bones to England. Then the King of England commanded that all the armour, besides that which his people brought, with the bodies of such of the English as was slain in the battle, should be put in a house or barn, and there burnt, which was accordingly done. The next day, which was Saturday, the English quitted Maisoncelles very early with all their prisoners, and they went again on the field of battle, where they found some French still living,

whom they either killed or made prisoners. The King of England halted on the ground to view the dead, and it was a melancholy thing to see there the nobility, who had lost their lives for their sovereign lord the King of France, already as naked as they were born."

From two other sources, we will give the concluding events of this famous day:—

"After this bloody battle, the King of England, and the lords of his suite, bought of the lower soldiery all prisoners of consideration that they had taken, to put them to a heavy ransom, and to profit by their importance. They soon resolved, less from charity than interest, to increase the number of them, by raising those from among the slain who still breathed, or gave any signs of life, so that they might make money; and they employed the French in this melancholy office. This being done, the victorious king withdrew his host some paces, and there assembled his army, and after having motioned them with his hand to keep silence, he thanked them for having so generously hazarded their lives in his service, and desired them always to remember so fortunate a day as a most convincing proof of the justice of his arms, to recover in the country of his ancestors that which had been so unjustly withheld from him; he seriously warned them, nevertheless, not to pride themselves upon their success, and not to attribute to their bravery the triumph which they owed to the mere mercy of God. 'It is He only,' said he, 'who has worked the miracle in our favour, to defeat with so small a force such a formidable power, to lower and humiliate the pride of the French.' He added, that he ought to return thanks to Him that he had so few, or rather that they had not any loss of knights or important persons, but he assured them that he had been careful to have them all buried, and not to leave their bodies scattered on the field, to beasts and birds of prey. He likewise allowed them to perform the same offices to the French, and the Bishop of Therouenne consecrated a place which served for their cemetery. This he conceded to the wishes of the princes of the blood-royal of France, whom he treated as his dearly beloved cousins, and consoled and entreated to bear this turn of fortune with patience, who had only acted in her usual manner, by changing into grief the conclusion of what had proceeded so happily at the commencement, of which, nevertheless, he accused the bad disposition of their troops."—*Laboureur*, p. 1012.

"While for a long space of time the king had kept the field, and when the day had declined towards evening, by the counsel of his nobles and experienced men he returned to lodge with his army in the same village as on the preceding night, yet the goods the English left there, the French robbers had in the time of battle made their booty, both horses and other things. But on that very evening, the captive princes of France were servants to the king, who in the morning reckoned to have infallibly led him captive. For this is the changing of the right hand of the Most High, to whom be honour and glory for ever."—"The night being spent, the king returning with his army and captives through the middle of the plain on which the battle had taken place, as the more direct way, and finding all the bodies of the slain, which is wonderful to be heard, naked and entirely stript, proceeded to his castle of Gynes, and thence to his city of Calais, into which he was received with all reverence, and immense joy."—*Elmham*.

This victory, as is well known, was followed by no important results, beyond the salvation of the English army, at an extremely small expense. The king made the best of his way to Calais, crossed the Channel with a fair wind, and proceeded to London. He entered the city with a pomp and splendor beyond all that had ever been witnessed: the priest has described the variety of its magnificence in a manner which proves him more at home in celebrating the triumph of peace than the struggles of war.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A PEASANT.

[A TRUE STORY.]

AT the point where I commence this fragment, I was entering London a second time to try my fortunes once more. I had entered this great emporium of enterprize at an earlier period of my life, puffed with the pride of learning, flushed with hope, untaught by adversity, undismayed by disappointment; even then not possessed of large pecuniary means, certainly, but possessed of sufficient for my current wants; and having, as I imagined, before me, a sufficient prospect of being able to earn what might be necessary for me. I had not yet learned the lesson that a man may be both a good and an industrious workman, and yet be unable to find employment. I say I had not been taught this lesson practically, because undoubtedly I had a sort of indistinct presentiment, that this might not be so easy a matter in London as in Cambridge or a country village. Whether this presentiment sprung from that prophetic anticipation of future good or evil, which all, I imagine, have at some time or other experienced; or whether it was a part of the painful reminiscence of the struggles which I had in my boyish days read in the lives of Goldsmith, Johnson, &c. in the sketches of their lives which had fallen in my way; whether I report the indistinct conception of ill, which would at times overcloud my mind, sprung from one or other of these causes, I will not undertake to say.

Such, however, were the circumstances, and such the feelings with which I entered London for the first time. My second attempt took place, however, under very different circumstances, and under a marvellously different state of feeling. When I alighted from the coach at the Saracen's Head, I had just sixpence in my pocket, which I gave to the coachman, and I had not tasted food for twenty-four hours. As I had no money, so neither had I any property excepting an old portmanteau, in which the only articles of any value were a waistcoat, two or three cravats, a silk handkerchief which I had purchased at Longtown, during my sojourn at ———, and a few loose collars. The lack of means may, however, be supplied by the assistance of friends, but I had none; or by a perfect freedom of person, which I did not possess, or dared not then to exercise. Many a man has entered London poor and friendless, and has fought his way to wealth; but to be at once penniless and friendless, and devoid of personal freedom, is a combination of ill which can only be surmounted through the especial protecting kindness and care of Providence. A light heart and buoyant spirits may well compensate for a light purse; but where the heart is heavy and the spirits broken, it "makes a mighty differ."

I had not, however, entered on this desperate cast without having deeply and resolutely pondered on the consequences. Poverty and privation I regarded not; I had long been familiar with them; I had been nursed and brought up among them; and though I had occasionally escaped from their iron grasp, they still seemed determined to cling to me. But the imperfect enjoyment of my personal freedom, nay, the utter deprivation of it, which I hazarded the moment I set my feet in the streets of London, this was an alternative on which I had long meditated with agonizing sentiments; to avoid it I had fled to America; to avoid it I had submitted to every humiliation; to

return, therefore, once more within the reach of it may well be supposed to be the result of a determination to take the one chance of surmounting the difficulties of my condition, against the ten thousand chances that I should ignominiously fall beneath their pressure.

Within the four preceding months I had often meditated on this subject on the hills of Cumberland. One bound carried me across the border, where, if I could submit to poverty and privation, I might repose in peace, I might be free. I could range on the hills of Scotland, or idle along its mountain streams, and pore over its traditionary tales, and no one would disturb me. Years might thus pass away, and he from whom I had fled might relax in his rigour, and cease to regard or oppress me, and I might return: but how? my youth gone, and its strength become weakness; learning scattered and forgotten; even ambition, that last passion of human nature, faded: the desire to shine in the senate, or blaze in the forum, merged in the petty struggles of a village politician, or a pot-house orator. Every faculty that had been noble, or aspiring, or great, sunk, squandered, debased, degraded, or annihilated. I looked to Scotland; I looked at her snow-capped hills, and long and long and anxiously balanced the jewel liberty against all this degradation of state and prostration of intellect and purpose, and long and long the former prevailed. I used to put my shoulders against a large grey stone on an elevated part of King Harry's Moor, and there I would muse—muse on the future, for I seldom extended my regrets to the past—absorbed too in my own meditations. To be sure, my eye would sometimes wander over the villages within the view of my elevation, and the remembrance of days past would come over my soul like streams of bitter waters. But still the main struggle was as to the future; and make up my mind to Scotland and beggary, or try the south and hazard the thousand chances against me.

What can an Englishman do in Scotland? was the question that always recurred; and I could return no other answer to this question but "Nothing, nothing at all!" To go into Scotland to get my living seemed like stemming the torrent of the Rhine where it enters the German sea. The result, however, as I have already stated, was a determination to try London once more.

Well, what was to be done? Neither my means nor my situation would allow me to pause long, and yet I knew not very well how I could act beneficially. Still the question returned,—what was to be done? Friends I had none, money I had none, means of getting money I had none. For a moment I regretted the banks of the Eden and the Dee: I looked back to the mountains of the north; and bleak, and black, and beggarly as they are, I wished myself once more among them. I began to think that I had once more done a deed of fatal rashness; and, good heavens! what might be the result of it. Unsheltered and forlorn, friendless and penniless, I looked up to the bright view of heaven's firmament, which then seemed to shine more brightly and peacefully than it had ever shone before; and I implored the Great Being who dwells beyond, "to temper the storm to the shorn lamb," and not suffer me to pass into temptations and perils too hard for me to bear.

I took out two or three of the most valuable articles which were in my portmanteau, rushed into the street, and sold them for a few shillings to

the first Jew that came in my way. I paid the guard a shilling, which was his claim; and ordered my portmanteau to be deposited in one of the bed-rooms attached to the tap-room of the tavern.

I wandered about town by day, and I slept at the tap of the Saracen's Head by night. Nightly my bed cost me a shilling; a large sum with my small means. I tried and tried to get a lodging, and long and long I tried in vain. What is your reference? I had none, and turned away. I tried the obscurest and humblest abodes; I ransacked the purlieus of all the northern and western suburbs. At length I was directed to an abode where for several months I pitched my tent in peace. An honest baker and his wife took me into their humble dwelling; though humble their condition, peace, and plenty, and kindness dwelt beneath their roof. I paid them four shillings and sixpence a week for the apartment appropriated to my use.

The apartment in question was of the humblest order. One small bed, two chairs, a small deal table, upon which stood a fragment of a looking-glass, constituted all its furniture. My host and hostess, both verging towards the vale of years, were not altogether without means: every thing was neat, if not costly; and their furniture, if not oppressive by its quantity, bore evident marks of the incessant care of the mistress. Mine hostess was, in truth, though somewhat too fond of recording the merits of her first husband, and somewhat too vain of the time when she had presided over the dairy of her father, a domestic of the late king, and occupying a small farm down at Windsor, was nevertheless a most good, kind-hearted, matronly woman, and one who would have done no little credit to the best and purest days of English housewifery; the days when an English wife was more proud of her dairy than her drawing-room, and when the qualities of making cheese and knitting stockings, were held in more esteem than the imperfect and superficial accomplishments which have superseded the more homely, but more useful, occupations of our grandmothers.

With reference to this period of my life, I have often been asked how I contrived to surmount the accumulation of ills which at this time enveloped my fortune. When I speak of accumulation of ills, I speak of all which I have enumerated, and many others which I have not mentioned; and which, in sooth, are too delicate and too painful to be attended to, for the present at all events. But how did I contrive to emerge from this condition? It is a question which I can scarcely answer, even to my own mind. We see the sky overcast with clouds on a summer's morning, and ere the sun has reached half-way up his steep ascent they have all disappeared, and left in spotless and serene grandeur the azure vault of heaven. How, I might ask, have these dark clouds been dispersed? Human wisdom, I believe, cannot tell. I do not mean to give exactly the same answer to the question relative to myself, but still I could not say that I had emerged from the clouds which hemmed me in, by any violent and convulsive effort of my own. I have eaten and drank, and slept. I clothed myself comfortably. I have gone on my way peaceably, quietly endeavouring to do that which fell to my lot, but not very solicitously or painfully seeking what did not come before me. I acted, in a word, as nearly as I was able, in conformity with that great maxim of our moral conduct, that doing diligently the labour of the day, we ought not to concern ourselves too anxiously about the cares of the morrow.

I bethought me of all the friends of my former days ; but the friendship of some had become dim, and the friendship of some had become enmity ; and many were far away—and many, because of the humbled state of my fortunes, I could not visit—and many I dared not. I wandered about lonely and hopeless, but not reckless or in despair ; somehow or other the day still brought with it its daily bread, and the night still brought with it a shelter from the storm, and a pillow whereon to rest my weary limbs, and sleep away my cares for a season. In this great city, I was solitary and alone ; among all its accumulated multitudes, I had no associate nor any friend. Self-communion and solitary meditation became my companions. I still looked forward with hope, but not the hope of ambitious, aspiring, restless youth. I seemed to have passed over forty years of my life, and all the stirring and restless passions and feelings of the prime of manhood had passed away. I looked forward to a cottage, with its latticed window and turf fire ; and such an abode I still hoped might yet be mine—and in such a home I still hoped that I might find, if not that triumph which springs from the sunbeams of the world, that better source of peace which springs from the consciousness of having acted perseveringly and honestly.—I thought of days long gone by, and of scenes which, but for these self-communings and the remembrance of the past, had fled my memory for ever. I had seen men play the philosopher in humble conditions of life, why might not I ? My arm and my hand had been brought up to handle the plough, and the rake, and the spade, why might they not resume their ancient vocation ?

I thought of the old men I had known in my younger days—of their neat cottages, their pretty gardens, their little collection of books, and their wise discoursing, to which I had listened with glee in days when I little anticipated the passing scene. There was Isaac Nixon of the Haigh, the friend of my days of childhood, who, ever as the stranger passed by his cot, (which stood on a corner of Castle Carrock Moor, then a barren waste, lying between the north-east extremity of Cumberland,) would hail the passing stranger who paused to admire the white-washed cot and shaven hedge, would hail him with the jocund laugh of rural salutation, and tell with unsuspecting simplicity the history of his early days ; and still, as he concluded his narrative, would turn toward his house, his garden, and his little planting of Scotch firs which sheltered off the cold north-east, and say with a look of triumph:—"See, sir, see what men and women can do !" This was aye the burden of the old man's tale ; I never see a neat shaven hedge but I think of Isaac Nixon and his moral lesson. Then there was old John Dixon of Red Holls ; he, too, had gathered up wealth, the produce of his manual labour—he, too, had built his cot, nay, it was a mansion in miniature, and was famous, far and near, for its multifarious subdivisions, subdivisions so multifarious and so neatly adapted to their end, that it was said—nay, I will not repeat it, the expression was vulgar, but, however becoming to the rude inhabitants of that moorland district, would shock the ear of Southern delicacy. He, too, was a philosopher ; but his was of a different kind from that of Isaac Nixon ; the latter was a moral, the former a physical, philosopher. He read and studied Moore's Almanack, and talked about conjuration, and opposition, and quadratures, and the plans of the planets, and the movements of the stars, till my young fancy would get quite weary in

listening to his wisdom. He made wills too, and leases and agreements for all the country round; and his opinion, whether in point of law or medicine, was infallible. But my best and dearest old friend, was Joseph Liddell of Scolby, near Carlisle, the florist, famous alike for his good cheer and his beautiful garden. How shall I describe him? Years have elapsed since I saw him; perchance I had passed away from his memory, though he still lives fresh and unfaded in mine. The newspapers, those wretched chroniclers of human mortality, have recently told me that he has shuffled off this mortal coil, after having sojourned in this vale of tears for nearly a hundred years. Dear old man, how precious is thy memory to me! how many a long, long day have we sat and talked, and read, and walked, and conned, alternately, the morals of a ranunculus and the Rape of the Lock; contrasted the bright hues of a new carnation, fresh imported from the Netherlands, with the dark, and shaded, and confused colours which our cold ungenial climate had induced on those which had sojourned a few years among us. And then, when we had discoursed about fruits, and flowers, and poetry, and he had selected specimens of all the choicest and rarest of his collection for me, we would adjourn to his little cottage, and when we had regaled ourselves on an egg and a rasher of bacon, or a cup of tea, some swimming toast and a bit of Cheshire, off I would set, and traverse with all my speed across Inglewood Forest, to plant my flowers and think of the old man's kindness, till the period came round for another visit to return. A dream, such as I have been describing, would often seize possession of my mind—a dream I call it now, though I think a slight change of circumstances might have made it a reality; or, if reduced, would only have been a return to a mode of life which I had been brought up to, which I did not now look to for the first time through an Arcadian telescope. But then, an obstacle recurred; this plan might do for myself, if I had been utterly severed from all connexion; but there was another figure to be introduced on the canvass, and that spoiled all the symmetry and beauty of my delineation. There was my own dear Eliza; what would she say to this? This scheme would have done for a solitary, disappointed, resigned—I was going to say philosophic misanthrope—but I meant philanthropist—like myself. Alas! she lives no longer to share in my fortunes or calamities! Can I pass over this page and not shed one tear to her memory, and not record some brief memorial of her virtues? Spotless from all moral guilt, if human being ever was, it was her lot to undergo a degree of suffering, which even the martyr has seldom endured; to contemplate the approach of death with such placid firmness, that even that grim and dreaded tyrant seemed despoiled of his terrors; and to pass away so peacefully and quietly, and yet with such a perfect consciousness of all around her, that lovely as she was in life, she became almost lovelier in her death. She had been beautiful, yet not a feature of that beauty faded, not a line was distorted; even the clear, bright hues which her disorder had rather cherished, retained their brilliancy till the melancholy hour came when the grave closed over her for ever. Dear is the memory of thee, blessed spirit! fondly do I cherish every association which blends thee with the history of my life! Time, "with his cold wing," may wither every other impression, but all that is connected with thee and thine can know no change.

Amid the desolation which time works on the waste of life, thou wilt ever bloom to me, clothed in unfading beauty and verdure.

Well, I entered London in July, and between that period and the middle of the following February I made by my pen twenty-three sovereigns and a few shillings. Ah! I am omitting one item which produced me fifteen pounds, and what was still better, led me, through the interference of a friend, of whose kindness I shall through life bear the warmest remembrance, to an engagement on the London newspaper press. This was to report the proceedings of one of our courts of law for a daily paper; for which, guess, reader, the astonishment and delight with which I heard the proposal—for which I was to receive one hundred pounds a year. The whole current and complexion of my fortunes seemed to be changed by this unexpected event. In a pecuniary point of view it was absolutely an independance for me. It brought me within an arena whereon I had long sighed to play a part; and although mine was an humble ministerial office, I was at least on the arena, if not in point of fact one of the combatants. The forensic gladiators were at last clearly before my eyes, and I had an opportunity of becoming familiar with their arts, even though I should never be in a situation to practise them.

Well, as I was saying, a new prospect of life now broke forth to my anxious gaze. Difficulties to be sure there were many, which I had to contend with—many that must be obvious to every eye—many of a more dangerous and perilous character that are not obvious, and which I cannot here well explain; but which for three long years pressed on my mind with such powerful anxiety as to darken every hour, and render doubtful and uncertain the effort of every movement I took.

Well, I went on, and on, and on; sometimes advancing a little towards my object, then suddenly checked, and remaining stationary till some other event occurred to impel me on to another stage.

From the moment of my leaving the university to that of my being called to the bar, I had but one object before my mind. Other objects might interpose a transient interest; but this was incessant, powerful, oppressive. That great point accomplished, I was and am content to leave the risk to the progress of time and the natural course of events. I look back to the master minds of English jurisprudence and forensic eloquence, and I find among them all that can animate my ambition, or direct my path, or cheer my hopes. The time will come, I trust, when I shall have my reward for many an hour of midnight toil, and many an hour of solitary ramble of meditation, and many a pang of insult borne patiently, and many a long year of humiliation and wretchedness. There are some that watch my career with interest, and anxiety for my welfare; and there are many that would say, as they have already said in my times of calamity, "there are the mighty fallen, never to rise more." But I have seen many a look of insolence humbled, and many a sneer of hostility abashed into insignificance. I have no feeling of hostility to any man—I would not wish to cherish such a feeling; but yet I may be permitted to hope, and I verily believe, that the friend will finally triumph over the foe.

During the period of my connexion with the press, I acquired some information, which, as it was in some degree new and surprising to myself, may, by possibility, be so in some degree to others. Generally

speaking, the public are profoundly ignorant of the details and machinery by which this great engine of public opinion is brought into existence. The citizen or country gentleman finds *The Times* newspaper on his table, and it rarely occurs to him to ask, whence comes the mass of intelligence which is daily found in its columns? Who are the writers of the leading articles, which, from their character and intrinsic excellence, penetrate the closet and influence opinion through every portion of the British empire? What is the number in circulation? What is the value of the property of this journal?

On few subjects are the public under more misapprehension than on the absolute and relative circulation of several portions of the London daily press. The greater part of people would startle were they told that *The Times* circulates probably under 7,000 a day on an average; the paper is seen, as one may say, in every pot-house in London, and all over the country; and yet this is all its number.

The property of a paper is a matter of which most people have a very vague and imperfect knowledge. I believe I am very near the truth when I state the gross proceeds of *The Times* at 45,000*l.* a year. The present proprietor of *The Morning Chronicle* gave for it, I believe, 40,000*l.* The absolute property of *The Courier*, according to the current rate of its shares, is between 90,000*l.* and 100,000*l.* Estimating the value of *The Globe* on the same scale, the absolute property of it is probably somewhere about 35,000*l.* The profits of a paper arise almost entirely out of its advertisements, and hence the difference in value between the two last, notwithstanding their circulation is so nearly equal. A newspaper gets its advertisements by degrees, and, as it is supposed by the public, its numbers increase; but it retains them long after the cause by which they were acquired has vanished. It is thus that *The Courier*, which got its advertisements when it basked in all the sunshine of ministerial patronage, retains these when its numbers are reduced by one half, and the countenance of government is no longer held out to it.

These, however, it must be admitted, are the prizes in the lottery of newspaper speculation: and in this, as in every other lottery, there are more blanks than prizes. Mr. Murray, after having expended upwards of 10,000*l.* on his *Representative*, sold it to the proprietors of the *New Times* for about 600*l.*: and *The British Press*, after having ruined I know not how many capitalists, was sold to the same concern for, I believe, a considerably smaller sum.

The most remarkable, the peculiar feature, the circumstance which gives its importance to an English newspaper as the organ of public opinion, is to be found in the copious and faithful manner in which the proceedings of the House of Commons are reported. Without such a means of communicating their acts to the people of England, and to the world, the Commons House of Parliament would become a mere instrument of the sovereign or the aristocracy. True and unquestionable as this is, it is not less true that the reporting these proceedings is a breach of their privileges, and in direct violation of the standing orders read at the commencement of every session. Such a person as a reporter is not known within the walls of St. Stephen's Chapel. His existence is not recognised. He is at any moment liable to be committed to Newgate on the motion of any member of the house; and it is only necessary for any member to call out "*Strangers*

in the gallery," and the speaker must instantly order the gallery to be cleared.

In despite of all this, year after year does this folly go on—the house disowning the existence of reporters; and yet year after year the speaker is enlarging their comforts and conveniences. In the time of Woodfall and Johnson they were not distinguished from strangers—had no privileges apart from a mere stranger—had no accommodation whatever. It was then the practice on all important occasions, to open the gallery as early as eight or nine o'clock in the morning—it was instantly filled—and the helpless reporter, whose turn did not begin probably before midnight, was compelled to wait this long interval, amid a pressure and a perspiration which would have suffocated an ordinary man. Notes they could take none—the very sight of a goosequill would have cleared the gallery instantly. In this way were collected most of what is splendid in the harangues of Chatham, Pitt, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, &c. By degrees the back row of the gallery was secured to the exclusive use of the reporters; and on occasions, when a crowded house was expected, their admittance was secured by a private entrance. This was a great point gained; but in the frequent changes which arose out of the succession of new reporters as their turns came round, a great difficulty was experienced in getting in and out of the gallery at the two doors appointed for strangers. To obviate this difficulty a central door was provided for their private use, by which their ingress and egress is effected without inconvenience, or, at least, as little inconvenience as can be reasonably expected. Another accommodation has been recently added in the shape of a small room at the end of the gallery, appropriated to the use of the reporters, where they can hang up their cloaks and hats, repoint their pencils, repair their pens, supply their ink-bottles, rest themselves, compare their notes, plan their designs, and talk over the news of the day.

This is, I believe, pretty nearly the present state of things. The only question now is, whether it would not be possible to locate them more conveniently for the purpose of hearing the members. To this on the one hand there is an obstacle arising out of the privileges of the house; and on the other a sort of apathy among the reporters themselves, springing out of the conviction, that if greater facilities were furnished, a greater responsibility would be imposed—a responsibility which they conceive to be already great enough.

It is the fashion for some men to speak disparagingly of reporters, and despise, or affect to despise, at once the art and its professors. A member, ***** **** for instance, whose speeches are not of sufficient value to be very minutely reported, looks into the Times, say, and the Morning Chronicle, and he finds what he had very elaborately spoken, very briefly reported, and with considerable difference in the two journals. He at once jumps to the conclusion that there is no magic in the art; and that because his speeches are not accurately reported, therefore speeches cannot be accurately reported. If I am not very much misinformed, the worthy member is in the habit of arguing thus. Now the fact is this, that it cannot happen above once in a thousand times that this very worthy man, but not eloquent speaker, or great statesman, can have any thing to say of which any reader of a newspaper, from the Lands End to John o' Groat's, would want to know any more than the mere substance,

compressed in the shortest form possible. No class of men estimate this fact more justly than the reporters themselves; and therefore, as soon as this member, or one of his calibre, gets up, down drops every goose quill, a running conversation passes along the gallery, and one notes down a word, and another notes down a word of what is saying, just as suits his fancy, merely as catch-words, which are put into shape as soon as they get to their respective offices, just as may suit their humour, and without any the smallest regard to the precise "form of words" which had been delivered to the benches of St. Stephen's. This is the whole explanation of the discrepancies which are occasionally, nay I may say very frequently, occurring in the reported speeches of the minor speakers. But take a speech of Mr. Canning, or of Mr. Huskisson, on any important occasion, compare the reports given in the different leading journals, and the exactness of the agreement will surprise any one who can estimate the difficulty of reporting faithfully a parliamentary speech.

As it has been frequently the practice of members of the House of Commons to speak slightly of the men who were the means of communicating their harangues to the public; so on the other hand, the reporters have on several occasions taken upon themselves to retaliate by suppressing their speeches. It is said that the speeches of Mr. Windham were sunk, in consequence of some illiberal remarks of this kind, made by that eloquent speaker, but most proud and disdainful man; and that this circumstance preyed bitterly on his mind to the end of his days. The most recent example of this species of punishment was exhibited towards Mr. Spring Rice, who for a similar offence was doomed to silence nearly the whole of last session. Mr. Brougham, some years ago, was in the habit of indulging in the same show of censure, and was only saved by one voice from being sentenced to silence.

Such a state of things ought not to be suffered to exist. It is illiberal and mean for members of the House of Commons to speak disparagingly of men, who, from their very position, can demand no apology, and inflict no punishment but what I have spoken of, either in their individual or collective capacity; the very exercise of their profession in the house is a breach of privilege, and any attempt at complaint or remonstrance would immediately subject them to the authority of the house, and send them to Newgate. On the other hand, it is equally disreputable and inconvenient, that it should be in the power of such a body of men as a fragment of the reporters for the London newspaper press, to nullify the influence and suppress the sentiments of any member, however important the detail, or however eloquent the language. Such a fact is discreditable to the constitution of this illustrious assembly. It is a kind of tacit insult and annoyance to its privileges and powers which ought not to be suffered to exist for a day.

To keep up the form of the standing order against the presence of strangers, when its spirit and substance have so completely evaporated, is an insult on the common sense of the country. Strangers are present merely by sufferance; by one of those fictions in which the law of the land so greatly delights, it is supposed that they cannot be seen. If it be important that the proceedings of parliament should be accurately reported, and who can pretend to deny this, it would surely be common sense and common expediency to afford the best facilities

for doing it well. The House of Commons is the representative of the people, the express guardians of the people's interests; and yet by the theory of its constitution, the people are not allowed to be present at its consultations. Is it possible to imagine a greater absurdity? For that which alone gives notice and efficiency to its proceedings, we are indebted to an act which is a breach of its privileges; to an act springing not from any patriotic love of the common weal, not from a principle recognized in the laws and constitution of the land, but in direct contradiction of them, in the very teeth of them, in the very teeth of every judicial opinion and decision which has ever been recorded in books or delivered from the bench. We are in a word indebted for that which alone gives moral influence and actual power to the democratic branch of the constitution, to the mercantile spirit, perseverance, and constancy of a few individuals, growing out of nothing, and whose whole interest in the state after the accumulation of half a century does not cover a quarter of a million.

This thing is better managed in France, as indeed are many other things, though in our pride and national vanity we are little disposed to give them credit for their superiority. In the French Chamber of Deputies, there are tribunals expressly provided for the accommodation and exclusive use of the newspaper reporters.

The English papers are, with very few exceptions, what their name imports,—mere vehicles for the collection and propagation of news,—they are not like the French journals, a medium for the examination of sound, comprehensive, consistent views of political measures and political men. It has never been the fashion for the best writers of the day to write in newspapers; a circumstance arising probably, in part, from the certain reputation which this species of periodical has hitherto enjoyed, and partly from the mode in which they are conducted. The editor is usually a person who has made his way to this station through the ranks of a reporter, which I take to be (though I know not how to explain the fact) not the best school for the formation of political writers,—or he comes in as a proprietor, a circumstance which implies neither talent nor experience, but merely that the individual possesses some pounds, and wishes to speculate in newspapers. Now to this editor belongs the duty of supplying whatever is to be done in the shape of political discussion, this he usually does himself,—to the careful exclusion of the contributions of every other person; this is the general rule, rigidly and jealously observed. There are, and have been, exceptions. Mr. Perry, the late editor of the Morning Chronicle, never disdained the contributions of able men, nor to pay for them either, provided he had the reputation of them, for he could bear no one besides himself to be near the desk. The plan on which *The Times* is conducted, lets in the same principle in a different way. Their leading articles, admirable for every thing but their consistency and intemperance, are manifestly the production of different writers.

The French newspapers on the other hand, it is well known, are filled with the contributions of their most eminent writers and statesmen—of men whose speculations are alike valuable for the manner and the matter,—for their clear and liberal reasonings, and for their facts and statements.

(To be concluded hereafter.)

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

2d. In the affair between the Recorder of London and Mr. Sheriff Farebrother, the besetting sins of the English judge and the English trader are strikingly exemplified. I copy an account of the origin of the dispute, and some admirable remarks on its main features, from the leading article of the Morning Chronicle:—

“ Mr. Sheriff Farebrother wished to rescue a young man, named William Crane, sentenced to be imprisoned six months and whipped, for having stolen a piece of meat in Newgate-market, from the severe part of the sentence; and a petition, representing the respectability of the prisoner's connexions, and whatever else appeared likely to operate in his favour, having been put into the hands of the sheriff, with a view to his obtaining the recommendation of the judge who tried the prisoner to the secretary of state; he proceeded with it to the Old Bailey, and handed it to the recorder, requesting his signature. The recorder, who, whether or not *fortiter in re*, was never certainly much distinguished for the *suaviter in modo*, seems to have felt on the occasion somewhat as a dog feels when an attempt is made to deprive him of a rich bone. He instantly wrote on the back of the petition, ‘Scandalous.’* Adorned with this epithet, the petition was hardly in a state for presentation to Mr. Secretary Peel, but another petition having been got up and signed, the flogging was remitted, and the prisoner has been since liberated.

“ The recorder urged, that the offence was one of frequent occurrence, and it had become necessary to add to the severity of the punishment. Human nature is ingenious in finding arguments for punishing others for our own faults. Lord Redesdale says, an Irish peasant allows his son to run wild till the age of fifteen, and commences his lessons by felling him with a plough-shaft. If in the course of your progress through any of the lanes and alleys of this metropolis, your ears are assailed by a noise to be equalled only in Pandemonium, occasioned by the frantic rage of a father vented on a child; it is ten to one but you would find on inquiry, that the child has been suffered, by the neglect of the parent, to run wild; and that if due care had been displayed, the offence would not have been committed. Mr. Recorder's notions of justice have evidently been borrowed from the Irish peasant and Saffron-hill. James, and John, and Andrew, and Peter, and many others, have taken pieces of meat from Newgate-market with impunity; and, encouraged by this indulgence, William ventures in turn to take a piece, when lo! the recorder awakes, as it were, from a dream, and in his wrath makes William suffer not only for his own offences, but the offences of James, and John, and Andrew, and Peter. This is English justice, in which the recorder is certainly an adept. We must make an example of William, because we neglected our duty in the case of those who committed the same offence before him.

“ But this principle of allowing a judge to punish an individual not according to a scale fixed after a fair consideration of what, were the law fairly executed in all cases, would be sufficient to deter from the commission of particular offences, but with a severity proportioned to the frequency of the commission of the offence caused by former remissness, is atrocious in the highest degree, and cannot be too much stigmatised. If there is to be no proportion between the offence and the punishment, but the judge is to be guided by such considerations as those urged by Mr. Recorder, acquitting an individual, or punishing him with two or three days' imprisonment, for

* Your daws will ever be playing the eagle: this “ Scandalous ” was obviously an imitation of the “ This is too bad ” of Lord Liverpool.

what on another day, half a year's imprisonment, and a severe flogging is deemed too little, where are the limits of judicial discretion to be fixed?—Hanging would be still a more striking example than half a year's imprisonment and flogging—if the proportion between the offence and the punishment is to be disregarded, why not allow Mr. Recorder to order one wretch to be hanged, for what another wretch shall do with impunity? This would be the perfection of English justice. Away with such monstrous doctrines, which would enable any old judge, when his digestion went on kindly, to let all manner of vagabonds loose on society; that, on another day, when suffering from the gout, or an overflow of bile, he might indulge himself to his heart's content with flogging."

Every lawyer who goes a circuit knows that there is as much fashion in hanging and transporting as in the set, shape, substance, and colour of women's caps. At one time it is all the rage to hang; at another to evade justice by quirk and quibble. Blood is now the order of the day, and anon the milk of human kindness flows over the most hardened criminals. Lord Ellenborough's doctrine, that it is a matter of perfect indifference to society, whether the innocent or the guilty suffer, the mere example of suffering being all that is required, is the only argument to be offered in defence of this practice. The judge perceives that horse-stealing, or sheep-stealing, is much in vogue in a particular district, and he hangs all the horse-stealers, or sheep-stealers, for a season. The felonious public thereupon, observing that horse-stealing, or sheep-stealing, is attended with such disagreeable consequences, apply their parts to some other pursuit; crime takes another set; and when it has got sufficient head in its new direction, the judges hang away for it as before. The main advantage of this is, that the rogues are kept in constant practice in every province of roguery. The judges are their Voelkers—they exercise them in roguery as Voelker exercises his pupils in gymnastics—they suffer none of the muscles of crime to dwindle in repose, or to suffer by too constant and unrelieved an exertion. Whenever the thieves have indulged too much in one line of business, they are reminded of the maxim *ne quid nimis*, by a good batch of hanging. Thus the moving power, the very pendulum of our great machinery of crime, is the rogue swinging on the gallows. His vibrations give but a new jog to felonious ingenuity. In the East, where there are despots equal to our judges, men whose tails are of authority tantamount to our wigs, these things are more philosophically ordered. They punish first offences, drastically it is true, but in a manner which still recommends itself to our secret prejudices. When entertaining a party of distinguished Englishmen, Ali Pacha found some feathers in his pillau; he very naturally turned pale with rage on the occasion, and very properly considering the latitude and longitude, turned round to his attendants, and ordered the cooks to be led out and instantly bow-strung in the court-yard. The English guests, with the impertinent officiousness and disregard for the manners of other people which mark our countrymen, made a tremendous fuss, and begged off the peccant cooks. Bow-stringing a cook in the East is not a greater punishment than discharging one here; but let that pass. As Ali had despotic power, he was quite right in stopping first offences in pillaus. Our despots would overlook first feathers, and only begin laying about them when it had become customary to serve

up a whole feather bed. These off-hand Eastern punishments strangely captivate my imagination, particularly when cooks are the parties. I question whether in a good constitutional code there ought to be any law for cooks.* What a solacing sight it would be to a guest who had had a bad dinner at a friend's house, on leaving the door, to see the cook dangling from the lamp-iron; or what a polite attention it would be to send out a servant to the disappointed epicure just stepping, sad and unsurfeited, into his carriage with the message—

"My master's compliments, sir, and he has desired me to put the cook's head in the boot."

Their heads should be taken off with the carving-knife after the first offence, otherwise there can be no security against oiled butter.

The fault of our judges is, that they would not throttle a cook till he or she had poisoned a whole family.

But leaving the accursed race of cooks, who will doubtless find their dishes recorded against them, where the secrets of all stews and ragouts will be laid open, we pass to some excellent comments of the Chronicle on the money-chinking discourse of a city trader.

The lord mayor disapproved of the conduct of the recorder, and why?—

"We observe that the lord mayor threw in one of his characteristic touches. He 'strongly condemned the conduct of the recorder, who was the *paid servant* of that court, and yet had used language to one of the members of it which could not be tolerated. The sheriff was *not paid* for the important duties which he performed; on the contrary, his office was *extremely expensive*.' The being *paid* and *unpaid* enter as very important elements into the judgment of his lordship; but the offence of a *paid* man towards a man not only *unpaid*, but able to fill an *extremely expensive office*, is the very *ne plus ultra* of delinquency. If the individual insulted by the recorder had been a *paid man*, no matter how uprightly he might have discharged the duties of his office, and how acute his feelings, the offence would have been of a very different complexion. Is it possible for a lord mayor to have one thought into which Mammon does not enter?

"The people of this country are so corrupted by the everlasting incense offered up to wealth, that in order to exhibit the absurdity of what fell from the lord mayor, we must take an extreme case. The lord chancellor is a *paid servant* of the public; would the lord mayor have thought of taking the distinction in his case and that of a sheriff? O! BUT THE LORD CHANCELLOR IS PAID SO VERY MUCH—that alters the case. Who would not bow the knee to a *paid servant* of the public, in the receipt of 20,000*l.* a year?"

Nothing can be better than this—nothing richer than the subject, or more pertinent, more biting than the comment, or happy than the example. Lord mayors make one ashamed of one's nation, almost of one's species. The nasty, grovelling creatures, as Cobbett would say! The incarnation of folly and Mammon is a city of London lord mayor. He is the worshipful golden calf. This identical lord mayor, who considers the dispute between the recorder and the sheriff merely according to the incomes and disbursements of the parties, and who is not one whit worse than the rest of his sapient tribe, is the very man who talked of *respectable rogues and vagabonds*, meaning thereby,

* Architects also should be denied the protection of law, and regularly hung before their works, *pour encourager les autres*, as murderers used politically to be executed on the scene of their enormities.

rogues and vagabonds with money in their pockets. The discourse of these men is one perpetual money-chink. Every word they speak has the jingle of gold in it, and their morality rustles in bank notes. Trade has made our ethics more curiously despicable than those of any people on God's earth. We are every where cankered with the abject money-worshipping principle—prodigies of the foulest idolatry, that most inconsistent with the honourable pride of man.

I remember to have once asked a Gloucestershire gentleman how it happened, that a certain nobleman had acquired a good deal of influence over his majesty; his answer was—

“What, sir, *you mean* as to his *esteete*.”

The creature had no idea of an influence attributable to any other cause than an *esteete*, as he called it; and he would have resolved it into acres of pasture, woodland, and arable.

— I have more than once adverted to the case of the sensitive bailiff Levi, who brought an action for libel against a man who had dishonoured him by the too familiar addition of Bum to his name. The jury on the first trial returned a verdict for the defendant, to the sore scandal of Chief Justice Best, who saw much wicked and malignant libel in this peccant syllable Bum. Encouraged by the expression of the judge's sentiments, the wounded bailiff procured a new trial, and has again been defeated; so that his Bum still cleaves to him in spite of all the chief justice's efforts to rescue him from that vulgar addition. The charge of the worthy judge on this great occasion is worthy of notice, as he takes some pains in it to define the limits of the press, and to show that it offends against social order when it adds Bums to bailiffs.

“The Lord Chief Justice.—‘I am bound to tell you, gentlemen, what the law is upon the subject of actions for libel. It is my duty to state the law as it is; and, whether that law is wise or unwise is a question with which, in this place, we have nothing to do. It is the business of the legislature to alter it, if it is unwise; but, while it exists as law, we must administer it. The law, then is, gentlemen, that *whatever tends to hold up a man to ridicule is libellous*. I tell you, gentlemen, what the law is, because while it does exist, it is of advantage that it should be correctly known; and I wish the press to have every advantage it is fairly entitled to; for I am a better friend to the liberty of the press (though I know that my assertion will not be believed by some persons) than are those, who, while most loudly asserting its privileges, do all they can to destroy those privileges by suffering them to degenerate into abuses. The liberty of the press is, *the liberty of affording information on all subjects*, and of enlarging and improving knowledge of every description. It is the liberty, in matters of government, of speaking fearlessly the truth on points in which the writer may deem the ministers of government are in error; and as far as regards civil actions, it is the liberty of speaking truth in such a manner that the statement made may be put on record, so as to enable him against whom it is directed, fairly to meet and grapple with it. This is all the liberty which the press has, or ought to have—to go beyond these limits is but to abuse that liberty; and it is abused when it is employed for the purpose of holding a man up to ridicule. The object of ridicule is seldom to reform, but generally to wound the individual against whom it is directed. Its use is pleasant to those, who not being affected by it, can smile at it; but the person laughed at is in an uncomfortable situation, and feelings of uneasiness, and of anger, and irritation

are the only sentiments which are excited in him. Its use, therefore, is limited, while the injury it may do is great; and I am convinced there is no way more certain to render the press tyrannical, and at the same time to make it detested throughout the country, than in permitting it to hold up people to ridicule, as it too frequently does."

If it be the liberty of the press to afford information on all subjects, it must frequently be the liberty of the press to hold men up to ridicule, because, as men are often enough ridiculous, information cannot be given respecting their characters or actions without presenting them in ludicrous lights. This places the party in an *uncomfortable situation*, says our oracle; and perhaps it is right that persons placed in *uncomfortable situations* should be entitled to redress; but the misfortune here is, that the law to which so wide an application is given must in ninety-nine cases in a hundred be too heavy for the occasion. If a journalist could be sentenced to pay a fine of five shillings damages, we will say, and one shilling costs, for calling a bailiff a Bum, there would be no great harm in the chief justice's law. The Bum was placed in an *uncomfortable situation*; and it may be right that uncomfortable Bums should claim the care of justice. But if justice stoops to the injury of Bums, justice must accommodate its machinery to the insignificance of the wrongs it vindicates. It would be monstrous for example to make a man pay some pounds in damages, and many score pounds in costs, for placing a bailiff in an *uncomfortable situation* by calling him a familiar and not respectful proper name of his vocation. The law as it exists is not an engine for laying hold of straws: as it cannot be set in motion without immense cost, it should not be moved for trifles.

The chief justice of the Common Pleas is a great enemy to ridicule; all men are so who stand before the breaches of error. They have a vehement dread of this instrument, which, if properly used, opens the way for the approaches of reason, knocks away the rubbish piled up in the entrenchments of falsehood, and makes room for the escalade of truth. The propriety of applying ridicule to persons must always depend upon the circumstances. It may be allowable, but is oftener unwarranted. However, the Chief Justice Best would prohibit it altogether, on the grounds of its placing the party in an *uncomfortable situation*, and seldom effecting a reform. We believe that the law itself often places parties in an uncomfortable situation, and seldom effects a reform; but the punishment operates wholesomely as example, and so does ridicule, even personal ridicule, when properly applied. The propriety of the application is the grand question. There are follies, mischievous follies, to society which cannot be reached by law, and are only to be discountenanced by ridicule.

— So long as our religious fanatics and hypocrites, our Mawworms and Cantwells, waged war with the sports of the poor, directed their pious zeal against squeaking fiddles, fairs, and all the recreations of the lower orders, they received all the support they could desire, and enjoyed the solid satisfaction of extending the empire of gloom up to the boundaries of what is here termed *respectability*; encouraged by their victories over vulgar pleasures, they have pushed their interference to some of the enjoyments of the rich, and already we see a

disposition to make a stand against their impertinent inroads. A Gloucestershire clergyman has attacked races and plays, in a sermon preached and printed. Colonel Berkeley has taken this bull of Bashan by the horns. A better man for such a task could not be selected. Colonel Berkeley is, as I have before observed in this publication, what is expressively termed a hard-headed man, who has only to take a part on a greater theatre than that of Cheltenham, or in a greater world than the beau monde, and to distinguish himself. In the following speech he has done good service to a good cause: there is considerable dexterity as well as strength in his argument, and a certain raciness in the manner. The colonel obviously knows where to take a grip of a parson. When you grapple a parson by the examples of kings and bishops, you hold him as a dog by the nape of the neck; he wriggles himself about in a manner expressive of his helpless uneasiness, lolls out his tongue, and looks unspeakably foolish.

COLONEL BERKELEY'S DEFENCE OF RACES AND PLAYS.

"Gentlemen—Having had the honour of acting as one of the stewards at the establishment of racing in this city, I cannot feel indifferent to its success, and to the results arising from it; and consequently it was with some astonishment, not unmingled with alarm, that I heard that a clergyman of the Church of England, within ten miles of this spot, had denounced the most terrible anathemas against all who promoted or participated in races; and, not content with the effect which this awful sermon might produce on those who had the good fortune to hear it, I was likewise informed that he had published it, (*with a gentle hint to his flock, as to their temporal interests, in the preface,*) that all orthodox Protestants might be benefited by this valuable theological composition. Now, as I fairly avow the ignorance under which I laboured, and still do labour under, of the sin either of supporting or looking at a race, I purchased this sermon, and there found that the *Incumbent of Cheltenham* had roundly sent to the devil all those who frequented either race-courses or play-houses. Gentlemen, I cannot believe this to be the true doctrine of the Church of England; and, without taking upon myself to prove that it is not, I will affirm, that, if it is, the king, lords (*spiritual as well as temporal*), and commons, of this realm, have more to answer for than they probably are aware of; for not only have they been guilty of conniving at, and tolerating, these holds of Satan, but deliberately, and in the plenitude of their legislative wisdom, have they passed acts of Parliament for the special encouragement and protection both of races and play-houses; and yet no one bishop has been found who has even remonstrated or protested, in the House of Lords, against the passing of acts, which, according to this doctrine, can accomplish no other object than that of consigning thousands of souls to eternal perdition. If this be true, and that the 'ministers of God are set as the watchmen of the church,' I cannot, will not believe, that, out of twenty-four bishops and two archbishops—among whom names are to be found as illustrious for their learning, zeal, and true piety, as for their detestation of *cant and hypocrisy*—not one would have come forward, nay, that in a body they would not have risen to endeavour, at least, to put down that which it was their bounden and solemn duty to crush, by every means in their power. And this neglect on their part is the more unpardonable, as the seats of their bishoprics are, with very few exceptions, *the scenes of these races*; and consequently the evils arising from them must be periodically placed before their eyes. Notwithstanding which, they have been wholly passive, and have taken no steps to save the souls of those entrusted to their care, from this pernicious influence. As for his Grace the Archbishop of York, poor gentleman! he ought to look upon himself as a kind of joint tenant of the see with Beelzebub; for, in that city, they have their Spring Meetings, their August Meetings, &c. with all

the pride, pomp, and circumstance of Newmarket itself; and yet I have not heard that any of the dignitaries of the church objected to a translation of the archbishopric on account of the races; or that, when there, they pointed out to the venerable (and I may truly add, venerated) Earl Fitzwilliam, the wickedness he was guilty of, in running for a king's plate, or the still greater enormity that lay at his majesty's door in giving such plate to be run for. Nay, if the doctrines of this clergyman be correct, there must be a most lamentable laxity of discipline in the spiritual corps; if the Archbishop of Canterbury has failed in convincing the king that every time his majesty commands a play at Drury-lane or Covent-garden, (by the bye, the proprietors of these two places have letters patent for the corruption of souls!) or goes to Ascot races, to say nothing of the danger he incurs himself, he is actually giving incitement to the fiend to ensnare his liege subjects. But the fact is, that these truly pious and enlightened divines know well the value of a race; they know that there is no animal in the world like the English race-horse; they know that without races there would be no race-horse; that without the race-horse we should lose that superiority in our breed of horses which distinguishes us from the rest of Europe; that to this superiority we were mainly indebted for our successes in the Peninsular war; and, finally, when they returned thanks to Providence for the glories of the field of Waterloo, they did not forget the share the British cavalry had in the events of that day. For myself, gentlemen, I do not mean to claim any weight for my own private opinions. They are, however, totally unswayed by personal feelings: I support races solely because I believe them to be a *national good*, never having been master of a race-horse in my life, nor ever having won or lost 50*l.* on a racing bet. On the subject of theatricals, I admit, I cannot plead the same personal indifference: but I am inclined to think that the great body of the orthodox Church of England do not apprehend the same baleful effects from them as denounced in the publication I have mentioned. If they do, the dean and chapter of Westminster, at least, must live in a continual state of holy horror, and the former guardians of the abbey must have slept on their posts; for there, numbered among the illustrious dead, we find the names of Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Cumberland, Davenant, Dryden, and Congreve, recorded all, with one exception, for having written nothing else but plays; and sleeping in the same solemn sanctuary, are the mortal remains of Booth, Garrick, and Henderson, placed there for no other reason but that they had distinguished themselves *by acting plays*. I trust, gentlemen, that you will not think I have taken up your time with too long a sermon; but I hope, from the bottom of my heart, that I shall never see the time when an Englishman shall be reduced to such a state of *mental degradation* as to believe that he cannot see a race run, nor a play of Shakspeare acted, without having reason to dread the vengeance of offended heaven."

This is extremely good, with the exception of that argument which attributes our successes in the Peninsula to the superior breed of our horses. This is flummery and flimsy, as every soldier will inform the colonel; when I say every soldier, I do not include dragoons, who will of course maintain that there is nothing like leather, and who in the best sense of the word are not soldiers, but simply swordsmen, if they are any thing at all. Their attributes are indeed pretty fairly summed up in some vulgar song about "the bold dragoon with his long sword, saddle, bridle, &c."

The colonel's speech has produced several tedious commentaries from the pens of the neighbouring Pharisees; one of whom argues, that races should be abolished because a man was killed on his return from one of them. He also thus combats, after a dull and illogical fashion which has the drone of a sermon in it, some points of Colonel Berkeley's speech:—

"I shall now proceed, in the first place, to remark on the observations attributed to Colonel Berkeley. He commences by saying, that he cannot feel indifferent to the success of racing, 'and the results arising from it.' I would ask, what are these results in which he feels so interested? Are they the prostitution and licentiousness, the drunkenness and strife, the dissipation and profligacy, the spirit of gambling, the abundance of theft, the blasphemous language, and all the other vices which are universally the concomitants of racing? These are the results, the constant results, of racing—and I would say, that no man possessed of any moral sense, or who feels any regard for the existence of virtue, any regret at the abundance of vice, can look on these things with indifference, or without earnestly wishing that every origin of such results was destroyed. The gallant colonel then proceeds to state, that he cannot believe the doctrine inculcated by the Rev. Francis Close, in his memorable Sermon against the Races, to be the true doctrine of the Church of England. If it be not the doctrine of our church for its ministers to denounce every species of sin—to sound the trumpet of alarm when their flocks are rushing eagerly on destruction—to point out to them the danger of their course—and, if the gentle voice of persuasion be not sufficient, to urge a full display of all the horrors on which they are so madly venturing:—if it be not the doctrine of our church to prefer virtue to vice—righteousness to sin—to warn mankind from the latter, and urge them into the paths of the former:—if these be not its doctrines; and the colonel himself in the next line declares his inability to prove that they are not, then let me ask, what are the doctrines and principles which the ministers of the church of England ought to profess? With regard to the assertion he makes, that the King, Lords, and Commons of this realm have been guilty of conniving at and tolerating these strong holds of Satan, and have passed Acts of Parliament for the special encouragement and protection of races, I would say, this is a mis-statement, and an endeavour to mislead the public, by attempting to convince them that their crimes may be palliated by the same vices being indulged in and tolerated by their superiors; but fallacious indeed is this doctrine, and diametrically opposed to that of the Church of England, which says that every man must answer for his own sins. Our Kings, Lords, and Commons, being put into power to maintain the welfare and peace of the kingdom, were convinced that, in the present depraved state of human nature, it would prove highly prejudicial to the safety of the realm, if, in the plenitude of their power, they endeavoured, by enacting arbitrary laws, immediately to annihilate all those sports and sinful pastimes in which the people had long indulged; they well knew, that, if they at once attempted this by the strong arm of power, that inborn spirit of independence and obstinacy of an Englishman would rear him up in arms against the legislature, and prove subversive of the best interests of society. The acts they passed, therefore, were to encourage, or rather to license a few of these sources of vice; but tended, in a great measure, to curtail the majority of them, to render them fewer, and bring those which were permitted under the guidance of certain regulations. This is what our legislators have done; they knew they could not utterly abolish all the unhallowed amusements of the population; and having done this, they left the remainder to be effected by the ministers of the church displaying to their separate flocks the evil consequences of indulging in this species of sin. And if, as Colonel Berkeley asserts, the bishops have not risen up in a body in Parliament to set their faces against racing, still there are many who, in their ecclesiastical functions, have fulminated the thunders of divine wrath against the participators of sin—many of them have done all in their power to discourage races, and have approved of the exertions of the ministers of their diocese against them.

"But, sir, the argument, the only argument, which Colonel Berkeley urges on the behalf of racing, is to be found in the following passage:—'There is no animal in the world like the English race-horse; they know that without the races, there would be no race-horse; that without the race-horse, we should lose that superiority in our breed of horses which distinguishes us

from the rest of Europe; that to this superiority we are mainly indebted for our successes in the Peninsular war; and finally, when they returned—thanks to Providence for the glories of the field of Waterloo—they did not forget the share the British cavalry had in the events of that day.' But I contend that these arguments are fallacious;—that race-horses are not calculated for war; that our breed of war-horses has not been benefited by that of race-horses; that the improvements which have taken place in the latter breed have not been accompanied by proportionate results in the former: and, therefore, that our racing breed is not wanted. And I shall support my argument by stating, that the high reputation, the widely extended glory of our cavalry, is not newly obtained; on the contrary, if we refer to the *very earliest* annals of British history, we shall find that we were even then eminent for our cavalry, and that the activity, the strength, the instinct, and good discipline of our horses, struck terror even into the hardy legions of the Roman conqueror; and when the early Britons so far lost their traces of barbarism as to establish a coinage, they exhibited such regard for the noble animal for which they were celebrated, that they even represented him on their money."

If there were good horses in the very earliest annals of British history, before races were known, I also vehemently suspect, that in those days there were good men too, before parsons were known: though it cannot be denied, that the human race has every where been wonderfully improved by the latter politic invention.

If bishoprics were stakes, would parsons dislike races? How simoniacally they would jockey it!

The argument that the legislature encouraged just so much sin as could not be prevented, and could be dealt with by the parsons, is particularly felicitous, and equally true.

—The press will do good service to the community in suffering no instance of cant to pass unobserved. The Sunday Times quotes the following valuable example from the letter of a teacher in New South Wales, to his friends in England:—

"You will be glad to hear that I am doing well here, as an usher in a school, and have an ample salary to save money, so that on my return to my friends I think I can make them happy. I am highly respected here, and indeed so are all who behave well when they arrive here. The country is beautiful, and even in January the weather is sultry, though we have our cold season. I am intimate with the second person in the island, which gives me some consequence. ——— I hope you have *forgotten* the *imprudence* that brought me hither, *though I doubt not the Lord hath so ordained it for wise purposes!*"

The "*imprudence*," which "the Lord ordained for wise purposes," was an embezzlement. The wise purposes seem in the judgment of the writer to have been the fixing him in a comfortable situation. When good fortune attends criminality itself, the issue is set to the account of "*wise purposes*;" when disaster is the consequence, it is placed to the account of inscrutable will. No rogue can understand why the Lord should chasten him—that is past human comprehension. But Divine Wisdom prescribes his favours.

It is curious to imagine, what the society of this same thriving settlement of thieves may be two thousand years hence. The ancestors of a portion of our proud nobility were thieves of one kind, the

chieftain of rude times being often nothing better than a well-established robber. And why may not the descendants of another kind of thieves glory equally in their origin at some distant day, and proudly trace themselves to a Soames and a Filch, and dwell with romantic glow on their larcenous deeds? A descendant of Soames may have as much pride in recalling the deeds of that distinguished felon in the Strand, as a descendant of a border chief has in recounting his ancestors' levies of black-mail.

8th. The Morning Chronicle of this day has an article tracing some of our newest current jokes to their ancient origins. Half the Irish blunders, and all those which Lady Morgan heard, with her own ears, from the lips of her footman, are stolen from the Facetiæ of Hierocles. There is a jest attributed to Swift which is yet of higher antiquity. First I shall quote the modern story, then the ancient anecdote.

A servant, who had frequently been the unrequited bearer of gifts, having brought the dean a present of some game, and handed it to him in a boorish manner, the dean desired him to sit down in his chair, and observe how he, in his case, should perform the same ceremony. Accordingly the two persons changed characters for the moment, and the dean presented the game very respectfully, with his master's compliments; upon which the servant, receiving it, put his hand into his pocket, and pulling out half-a-crown said, "Here, my honest friend, is something for your trouble in bringing these fine birds."

Now for the ancients:—

A bad poet was in the habit of daily presenting Augustus with a copy of wretched verses, which Augustus received as the dean received his gifts, without thinking it necessary to make any requital for the service. At last, wearied with the poet's sycophantic importunity and vile rhyme, Augustus made some verses himself, about as bad as emperors' verses commonly are, and when next he met the poet, handed them to him with great ceremony. Having cast his eye over them, the poet very graciously put a small piece of coin into the Emperor's hand, saying—

"Οὐ κατὰ τὴν τοχὴν, ὦ Σεβαστε, πλεονα ἂν εἶχον πλεον' ἂν καὶ εἶδεν."

— Without reading the paragraph which we copy from a morning paper, no one can form an adequate idea of the depravity of human taste. It actually makes us shudder to think that there are such wretches in the world—in the provinces we should say—creatures so lost to all sense of hearing—monsters that are insensible of the excellence of Pasta, and who prefer Philipps to Zuchelli !!!

"We imagine the Liverpool pun on Madame Pasta, which has run the gauntlet through the London newspapers, must have been made by some one not over and above skilled in music. It would appear, at all events, that the country audiences do not exactly coincide with those of London in their taste. A French provincial paper says, 'C'est en vain que Paris tente de tout envahir, car le bon gout se trouve particulièrement dans la campagne;' but a Londoner would be inclined to doubt whether our provinces are equally blessed in regard to taste, at least if we are to judge from the critiques on the late musical meetings, which have appeared in the provincial journals. For

instance, a Worcester journal, in giving an account of Zuchelli, remarks the little effect he produced, and attributes it to the disadvantage he underwent by coming after the sensation produced by the *fine tones* and cultivated taste of Philipps. Our Norwich friends, also, were but little struck with Pasta; at Liverpool, again, she produced but little effect; and it was only her inimitable singing of 'Di tanti palpiti,' which seemed to them at all remarkable. Pasta! the divine Pasta! to lose her laurels at Norwich and Liverpool. How will our foreign readers reconcile the above with that part of the perfumer's puff, which states that there is nothing approved of throughout the country but *Pasta della Campagna*?"

The other day I saw it stated, that at a country musical festival the *Ombra Adorata* of Pasta was coldly received, after the *Rest, Warrior, Rest*, of Miss Stephens! And such things do not bring down present fire from heaven! Under a good government, the people of that guilty city should have been forthwith decimated, or Miss Stephens should have been appointed to inflict *Rest, Warrior, Rest*, on them for the rest of their days, in her peculiar barking manner of executing that piece of rubbish, so acceptable to the vulgar taste.

— It was objected on the passing of Mr. Martin's Act, for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, that too much was left to the fancy of individuals, not always competent to judge of what is proper or improper treatment of cattle. A tender hearted old lady, or cockney gentleman, may see cruelty in that which, to the judgment of those more skilled in the treatment of cattle, may be necessary discipline. In a police report I remark this questionable decision:—

"BOW-STREET.—CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—Mr. Dupree, of the firm of Dupree and Son, the contractors of the Savoy Wharf, Strand, appeared to answer the complaint of Mr. Docker, a gentleman residing in Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields, for a violation of Mr. Martin's Act, in having treated a horse with cruelty.

"Mr. Docker stated, that he was a great admirer of, and much experienced in, the treatment of horses, and was therefore very indignant at witnessing an act of unnecessary cruelty committed upon that noble creature. He saw the defendant's dray in the Strand, with a horse in the shafts, and he observed affixed to the harness of the head of the horse a piece of iron, which put the animal to great torture, as it prevented him from raising his head; there was also a corresponding piece of iron underneath, which prevented him from lowering his head, and the poor horse was compelled to hold his head in one position.

"Mr. Dupree admitted that what Mr. Docker had said was true; but stated, that the horse was a kicker, and could not be taken into the streets without danger to the public, unless the iron-work was affixed to his head.

"Mr. Docker said, that a kicking-strap was all that was necessary.

"Mr. Halls, the magistrate, recommended Mr. Dupree to remove the iron from the horse's head, and to use a kicking-strap instead.

"Mr. Dupree said the iron-work did not exactly fit, because it had been made for another of his horses, and he was positive the horse could not be worked without that guard.

"Mr. Halls said, that he must remove the guard, and the warrant should be suspended.

"Mr. Dupree left the office, and said he must shoot the horse."

Pleasant for Mr. Dupree and the horse, undoubtedly!

After all, the horse was not in a worse predicament than his majesty's soldiers, who, by virtue of stiff stocks, are compelled to hold their

heads in one position. But is it not rather going too far to prescribe to individuals the manner of preventing their horses from kicking? The story of the old man and his ass is no longer a fable; the legislature has adopted the principle of interference, and our busy-bodies are actively enforcing it. The man who sits behind, or walks beside the horse's heels, however, we cannot help thinking the most interested judge of the best manner of keeping them from his loins.

In another report Mr. Halls is stated to have said:—

“The safety of the public I should think would be best consulted by parting with the horse altogether. You have no right, Mr. Dupree, to keep an animal such as you describe this to be, particularly in such a crowded thoroughfare as the Strand.”

If really delivered, this was a mighty silly speech. If the horse was sold by Mr. Dupree, we suppose it would be worked by the purchaser; and if Mr. Dupree had no right to keep such an animal, we do not see how the matter, as concerns the public, is mended by his selling him to be kept by some body else. Mr. Halls is not exactly a Solomon.

12th. A kind of niaiserie frequently appears in the small print department of the Morning Chronicle, which is perfectly unaccountable. It is a theatrical twaddle, apropos of nothing. This is an example of the species:—

“Garrick was the original representative of Achmet, and Mossop played the character of Barbarosa, in Dr. Brown's tragedy, which was first acted at Drury-lane Theatre in 1755. On this occasion Garrick spoke the well-known Prologue, in the character of a Country Boy, written by himself, beginning thus:—

————— Measter! measter!
Is not my measter here among you, pray?
Nay, speak—my measter wrote this fine new play.
The actor-folks are making such a clatter!
They want the Pro-log—I know nought o' th' matter!
He must be there among you—look about—
A weezen pale-faced man, do—find him out—
Pray, measter, come—or all will fall to sheame;
Call measter —— hold—I must not tell his name.
Law! what a crowd is here! what noise and pother!
Fine lads and lasses! one o' top o' t'other,' &c. &c.

“The Epilogue was likewise written by Garrick, but spoken by Woodward, in the character of a fine gentleman. One line in it gave great offence to Dr. Brown, who was a man of the most consummate vanity, and he fancied—

‘Let the poor devil eat, allow him that,’ &c.

represented him in the light of an indigent person.

“Master Betty made his first appearance in London, on the 1st December, 1804, in the character of Achmet.”

Who, in the name of all that is silly, cares a straw to know that Garrick was the original representative of Achmet, and that Mossop played Barbarossa; and if the prologue quoted is as “well known” as it seems to be bad, where is the occasion for citing it? The anecdote touching the date of Master Betty's first appearance, and his character, was doubtless much desired by the intelligent public. The fact is eminently curious; the information derived from inaccessible sources.

13th. This interesting account of the fascination of snakes has appeared in the newspapers:—

[FROM PROFESSOR SILLIMAN'S JOURNAL.]

"FASCINATION OF SNAKES.—I have often heard stories about the power that snakes have to charm birds and animals, which, to say the least, I always treated with the coldness of scepticism, nor could I believe them until convinced by ocular demonstration. A case occurred in Williamsburgh, Massachusetts, one mile south of the house of public worship, by the way-side, in July last. As I was walking in the road at noon-day, my attention was drawn to the fence by the fluttering and hopping of a robin red-breast, and a cat-bird, which, upon my approach, flew up, and perched on a sapling two or three rods distant; at this instant a large black snake reared his head from the ground near the fence. I immediately stepped back a little, and sat down upon an eminence; the snake in a few moments slunk again to the earth, with a calm, placid appearance; and the birds soon after returned, and lighted upon the ground near the snake, first stretching their wings upon the ground, and spreading their tails, they commenced fluttering round the snake, drawing nearer at almost every step, until they stepped near or across the snake, which would often move a little, or throw himself into a different posture, apparently to seize his prey; which movements, I noticed, seemed to frighten the birds, and they would veer off a few feet, but return again as soon as the snake was motionless. All that was wanting for the snake to secure the victims seemed to be, that the birds should pass near his head, which they would probably have soon done, but at this moment a waggon drove up and stopped. This frightened the snake, and it crawled across the fence into the grass: notwithstanding, the birds flew over the fence into the grass also, and appeared to be bewitched, to flutter around their charmer, and it was not until an attempt was made to kill the snake that the birds would avail themselves of their wings, and fly into a forest one hundred rods distant. The movements of the birds while around the snake seemed to be voluntary, and without the least constraint; nor did they utter any distressing cries, or appear enraged, as I have often seen them when squirrels, hawks, and mischievous boys attempted to rob their nests, or catch their young ones; but they seemed to be drawn by some allurements or enticement, and not by any constraining or provoking power; indeed, I thoroughly searched all the fences and trees in the vicinity, to find some nest or young birds, but could find none. What this fascinating power is, whether it be the look or effluvium, or the singing by the vibration of the tail of the snake, or any thing else, I will not attempt to determine—possibly this power may be owing to different causes in different kinds of snakes. But so far as the black snake is concerned, *it seems to be nothing more than an enticement or allurements with which the snake is endowed to procure his food.*"

The last seems a questionable supposition. If the snake possessed the power of enticement or allurements described as so irresistible, the opportunities of instantly gratifying his appetites would be incessantly, and without any effort or exertion on his part, within his reach. Birds abound every where, and the snake would have nothing to do but to show himself, put forth his powers of pleasing, so renowned since the days of Eve, and have his wicked will of his prey. This easy and ready supply of the wants of any creature, seems inconsistent with the scheme of nature, who appears to have every where beset the victualling department with difficulties, which constitute the moving stimulus of the whole animal world. The cravings of the stomach excite the ingenuity and activity of man, beast, bird, and reptile; and were food to drop into any creature's mouth whenever it desired it, the probability is, that that creature would become wholly inert, which snakes are not.

— Whether the subjoined story be true or false, the moral of it is valuable in a philosophical point of view. It shows us the course of crime—how it is compelled, by the very pressure of society, to proceed in a circle. Ideas of virtue in the community perpetuate vice in the delinquent. A man who has once offended, is made an offender for ever, because he is rejected by those who are honest, or who value honesty, either for the fashion or the convenience of the thing. We see how mischievously this refusal of redemption to the criminal acts; but we know not how to propose a remedy. An almost universal prejudice, which is not without a foundation of reason, is not to be moved. The result to the mass to society may be obviously mischievous, but the individual accounts his own security paramount to every other consideration.

“EFFECTS OF PUNISHMENT.—A man named Delegne, after having suffered the punishment of hard labour for fourteen years, returned to the village of Chabris. During his imprisonment, he had acquired the confidence of his superior, who made him his head cook. In this place Delegne had saved some money, and he was able to purchase a small property. After his return, his conduct was irreproachable, and with one servant he cultivated his land assiduously. But it soon became known that he was from the neighbouring village of Meneton-sur-Cher, and that he came from the hulks. Did he go to market, everybody looked at him, and he remained alone. Did he go on Sunday to hear mass, the neighbours immediately avoided him, and a large space separated him from the rest of the congregation. Nobody would work for him—he could get no domestic; he was isolated and deprived of all communication with the inhabitants of Chabris. What was he to do in such circumstances? His conduct was regular—no person complained of him. He fulfilled all the duties of a citizen and a Christian, and yet everybody shunned him. What did he gain by being an honest man, since he was treated as if he were not one? He soon resolved on what he would do; he would return to the hulks. *There at least his conduct would be properly appreciated, and no person would blush to speak to him.* One morning before sun-rise he repaired to one of his neighbours, broke open his yard door and stole a fowl. He then went home, plucked the bird, and threw the feathers down at his door. Soon afterwards the proprietor of the house got up, and seeing the state of his poultry-yard, cried he had been robbed. The magistrates hastened to the spot to ascertain the fact of the breaking open, and began their search after the criminal. Delegne, as might be expected, was first visited. The feathers at his door were recognized by the owner. Delegne was the author of the robbery, there could be no doubt: and very soon Delegne showed them the fowl, and acknowledged that he had stolen it by night, by breaking open the door. Carried before the court for his fresh crime, Delegne acknowledged his guilt, and recounted all the circumstances; and in a written defence he explained all the reasons why he had committed it. He was again sent to the hulks.”—*Gazette des Tribunaux.*

13th.—An account of the hurricane in the West Indies begins in this gazette-like language:—

“It has pleased the Almighty disposer of events, in *the manifestation of his divine wrath*, and in the fulness of his wisdom, majesty, and power, to visit this island with a most violent and destructive storm,” &c. &c.

This is an odious blasphemy. A canting scribbler takes upon him to assume a certain knowledge of the will of the Almighty, and confidently to declare that a not unfrequent calamity is “a manifestation

of his divine wrath." How can an ass presume to be acquainted with the motives of a deity? The people of Antigua, notwithstanding this declared "manifestation of the divine wrath," will not think it necessary to look for the offence and avoid the provocation. The divine wrath has much changed its character, if it only destroys a few thousand pounds worth of property; and, as the Rejected Addresses have it, simply serves to

" — Raise the price of dry goods and tobaccos."

Most truly does the trite proverb say, that it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. This manifestation of the divine wrath is, it seems, particularly acceptable to that worthy class of the human species ycleped the thieves. Our pious Antigua journalist affirms that to them "these occurrences *are considered as a jubilee.*" Were the thieves therefore to hold the pen, they would surely write thus:—

"It has pleased the Almighty disposer of events, in the manifestation of his divine pleasure, and in the fulness of his wisdom, majesty, and power, to visit this island with a most violent and destructive storm," &c.

— The Leeds Intelligencer observes in these measured terms on the Third Report of the Emigration Committee:—

"We, however, solemnly and sincerely aver, that we believe so atrocious a system of cold-blooded diabolism, imbedded in a mass of false assumption, prejudice, and nonsense, as this volume contains, was never before presented to a nation by its legislature. *We declare before heaven, that many parts, both of the report and evidence, have caused our hair to stand on end, and palsied our whole mind and frame with astonishment and horror!*"

Is this true? Is it decent? Imagine, reader, a journalist with his hair standing on end as he peruses a sober parliamentary report; imagine it, we say—picture it to your mind's eye, for the man declares before heaven that it is true. If it be true, his hair ought to be kept from such unnatural insurrection by the befitting confinement of a fool's cap; if it be false, he should be whipped for his profane protestation. The mind and frame palsied with astonishment and horror are of a piece with the rest. Why will men indulge in such silly exaggerations, which so far from strengthening their language, strip it of all force, as they predicate, if any thing, a manifest and silly falsehood. We all know that men's hair does not stand on end over their reading—that it seldom stands on end at all—never, we may say, unless they happen to see ghosts, cobalts, brownies, or caco-dæmons with birds' beaks and sheeps' trotters; and therefore, when they tell us, "before heaven," that parliamentary reports have had such an effect on their capillary parts, we only set them down for silly bouncers, who will "say more in an hour than they can stand to in a month." The weakest minds, we may observe, are most addicted to these exaggerations; the fools always speak in superlatives; their language has no shades; it is invariably in the last extremes; they are electrified, thunder-struck, palsied with astonishment every hour of the day; and as for their hair standing on an end, there is nothing a little out of the common course of things which will not have that dismal effect on them.

15th.—The Chief Justice of the Common Pleas has just presented a fine example of judicial consistency. I quote from the Chronicle:—

“In a case of no public interest, depending on a question whether rent was or was not due when a distress was taken, a woman was cross-examined as to a connexion which had existed between her and a man that was now out of the country; and a question was put to her, which, if she had answered in the affirmative, might have made her subject to punishment.

“The Chief Justice told the witness she was not bound to answer the question.

“Mr. Serjeant Spankie (who with Mr. Serjeant Jones, appeared for the defendant) in his address to the jury, noticed this circumstance, and said that, fortunately for witnesses of this description, whatever might be the curiosity of advocates, the presiding judge would take care not to permit questions to be put, which, if answered, must degrade the witness.

“The Chief Justice observed that his learned brother (Spankie) was mistaken on that point. He (the Chief Justice) *would never, unless he was directed to do so by a decision in the House of Lords, refuse to permit questions which would have the effect of degrading the witness.* He should confine himself to cautioning witnesses that they were not compelled to answer questions which might render them amenable to punishment; but *he was convinced that, unless questions tending to degrade a witness were allowed to be put, many an honest and innocent man must suffer.*”

Nothing can be better, more rational and consistent with sound principles than this doctrine; but observe what follows: in the very next cause the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas gives effect to the vicious principle he has just so sensibly condemned:—

“BATHIEWS v. GALINDO.—This was an action on a bill of exchange, of which the defendant was the acceptor, and the plaintiff the indorsee. The defence was, that the bill now in dispute was a renewed bill, given on a usurious consideration. The witness called to prove this defence was a female, who, on her cross-examination, said she went by the name of Galindo, although that was not her real name; the defendant had two children, of the younger of whom she was the mother. She had lived under the protection of the defendant for six years.

“The Chief Justice here interrupted the cross-examination, observing that he ought not to have permitted this female to accuse herself in that manner, of living in a state of prostitution. At the same time, he thought enough appeared to justify him in rejecting her evidence. He certainly would not allow a man, who thus held out this woman to the world as his wife, to be in a better situation than a man who was really married. His lordship referred to a case that had occurred before Lord Kenyon, in which a man who was accused of forgery proposed to put into the box a woman,* whom in court he had already spoken of as his wife, but to whom he denied that character when he found that, as his wife, she could not be admitted an evidence in his favour.”

It is difficult to see how the self-accusation of a witness can militate against the ends of justice. If it concerns justice at all, it on the contrary must promote them. The community is obviously neither the better nor the worse for knowing that Mrs. Thingumbob was or is living in prostitution; and if a statement of the fact is necessary, in order completely to understand a case, we cannot discern the policy or the justice of excluding it. The witness herself is the only sufferer, and her suffering, whatever the degree of it may be, is but the penalty of her misconduct. Lawyers, however, cannot endure the idea of confessions in any shape, because their business is either the concealment or the discovery of guilt; avowal of the truth consequently

spoils their sport, and is therefore in every instance regarded as of evil example. The lawyer desires confession about as much as the hunter desires the fox to cut short the chase by meeting his pack of hounds.

"BLACK AND WHITE SWANS.—I was walking, between four and five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, in the Regent's Park, when my attention was attracted by an unusual noise on the water, which I soon ascertained to arise from a furious attack made by two white swans on the solitary black one. The allied couple pursued with the greatest ferocity the unfortunate *rara avis*, and one of them succeeded in getting the neck of his enemy between his bill, and shaking it violently. The poor black with difficulty extricated himself from this murderous grasp, hurried on shore, tottered a few paces from the water's edge, and fell. His death appeared to be attended with great agony, stretching his neck in the air, fluttering his wings, and attempting to rise from the ground. At length, after about five minutes of suffering, he made a last effort to rise, and fell with outstretched neck and wings. One of the keepers came up at the moment, and found the poor bird dead. It is remarkable, that his foes never left the water in pursuit, but continued sailing up and down to the spot wherein their victim fell, with every feather on end, and apparently proud of their conquest."—*Correspondent of a Morning Paper.*

I make no sort of doubt that this murder had its origin in taste. The white swans did not like the appearance of a black swan, and so they killed him. *De gustibus non disputandum*, says the silly maxim; *de gustibus est disputandum*, declares experience. White swans throttle black swans because they do not think black a proper colour for a swan; white men for years enthralled, scourged, and slew black men, because they did not think men of that colour entitled to the laws of humanity. Some philosopher has plausibly argued that the antipathy which an irrational creature conceives for another in any misfortune, arises from its apprehension that the evil it witnesses may be communicated to itself. Thus a bird who sees another with a broken leg, will attack him lest his bad example should affect legs in general, and his own private spags in particular. And thus analogously among tender hearted Christian creatures we may observe, that one shuns another who is poverty-struck, apprehending that the disorder is contagious. The white swans doubtless killed the black swan, because they vehemently feared that the evil example of his feathers would endanger the complexion of swandown throughout the land. They persecuted him as a prudent people would persecute Papists, fearing lest his deformity should be catching. Independent of this principle, however, there is another, which it would seem is always sufficient to set the more intelligent part of the creation together, tooth and nail. It has been sagaciously remarked, that if two bodies of men were drawn up opposite to each other, the one party we will say in red, the other in blue, and no cause of quarrel between them; each would soon begin to imagine some ground of superiority over the other, and to desire to establish it by blows. Thus it may be too with swans, and the opposition of colours may have been a sufficient cause of the deadly strife. The value of all distinctions, as promoters of ill-blood being understood, the names of Whig and Tory are used to array men against each other, amongst whom no difference but this purely nominal.

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and arbitrary one exists. Orange and green will embroil Ireland for years after the time shall have arrived when the occasion of those watch-words of dissension has ceased.

19th.—It will be remembered that Chief Justice Best was the judge who distinguished himself by declaring the legality of setting steel-traps and spring-guns, and arguing that our social system rested mainly on these contrivances, in consideration of the use and advantages of which our gentry were content to reside upon their estates, and give us the benefit of their example as Christians, and their unpaid services as magistrates. An action has just been tried before this great oracle of the law for an offence exactly similar in its nature to the practice of setting steel-traps or spring-guns. The only difference is, that the instrument was a vicious animal instead of a machine. But the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who holds the maiming or destroying of trespassers by machinery justifiable for the preservation of game, views in a very different light the maiming or destroying of trespassers by a vicious beast, for the assertion of a right probably as valued by the savage proprietor as hares and pheasants are by squires. *Causa facit rem dissimilem*. I quote the statement of the case, which was completely substantiated in evidence:—

“The defendant was a farmer, occupying two farms, at one of which, situated near Hadlow, in Kent, he resided, while the other, which was situated near Tottenham Marsh, in Middlesex, was often left under the superintendence of an agent. In the neighbourhood of Tottenham Marsh, it was the custom of certain inhabitants, who had a right of common on the marsh, to turn out their cattle, in the month of August in every year. Among those who claimed to exercise this right was the plaintiff, who was a cow-keeper, residing in that neighbourhood. Adjoining this marsh was a field belonging to the defendant, and between them there was but a very slight fence. A public way was claimed through this field by the inhabitants, but the defendant disputed that right, and he imagined that the best expedient to get rid of the right, was to get a vicious bull and put it into the field, in order to deter people from using the pathway. For that purpose he went to Farningham, in Kent, and there purchased a bull, which had been sentenced to death by its master in consequence of its viciousness. The defendant was warned of its dangerous propensities, but his answer was, ‘So much the better; it is just the thing I want.’ When he did get the bull down to his farm at Tottenham, he certainly did put a chain about its neck, but so loosely did it hang, that it did not in the least prevent the bull from indulging, to the fullest extent, in its viciousness. Soon after the bull had been put into the field, the plaintiff, in the course of his business, went to the marsh, to fetch away one of his cows, which he was about to drive to a farm he occupied just adjoining the marsh. As he was thus passing along near the defendant’s field, the bull leaped the fence or ditch which divided it from the marsh, and ran up to the cow. The plaintiff attempted to drive it away, but it overpowered and knocked him down, and while he was on the ground butted him and trampled on him. The injury he suffered was considerable; two of his ribs were broken, and one of his legs, which had been before slightly injured, was so much trampled on and bruised that he had been lame ever since, and would probably never entirely recover.

“The Lord Chief Justice summed up the case, and told the jury that, in his opinion, one thing was clear: and that was, that the conduct of the defendant had been most cruel, reckless, and scandalous; and if death had ensued, the consequences to himself would have been most serious; for he

would not have been allowed to keep bulls any more in this country, although he might perhaps in Botany Bay. If a man kept an animal which he knew to have very vicious propensities—and there could be no doubt that the defendant had that knowledge—and any person should be killed by that animal, the crime would be manslaughter, if not worse. *A man like the defendant ought, therefore, to be careful; for if he valued the life of a man less than the right to a path in his field, he might see that field no more; for if he should be the cause of the death of a man, and should be convicted of the crime before him (the Chief Justice) he would certainly remove such an offender to Botany Bay.* Though there was no man but must feel a strong degree of indignation at the cold-blooded and cowardly conduct of the defendant, yet they must not give their verdict on feeling, but on a full and calm consideration of the circumstances of this case. If the defendant was entitled to a verdict, let him have it; but if he gained that verdict, he would find he had lost by this day's proceedings one thing which he could not recover—namely, his character. What was the charge against him? Had these charges been proved? Had it been proved that he had kept a bull, which he knew to be vicious, in a field adjoining a public pathway? Of his knowledge that the animal was vicious there could be no doubt, after the evidence which had been given regarding the man at Farningham, who, though accustomed to drive such animals, and, no doubt, possessed of more courage than this defendant, had declined to drive the animal home, not from fear of his own life, but from a very honourable and proper wish not to endanger the lives of others. Yet such an animal had the defendant purchased for the express purpose of using it as a guard of the wretched right he claimed to keep fishermen out of his field. There had been much said of steel-traps and spring-guns; but no man, however eager after his game, had resorted to such means for their preservation, so cruel and atrocious, as those employed by the defendant. The jury would take all the circumstances into their consideration; and if they gave a verdict for the plaintiff, he thought they would be at liberty to give him considerable damages. They would have a right not merely to consider the effects of the injury he had received, but his feelings when he was knocked down by this vicious animal and butted and pawed almost to his destruction. Had he been destroyed, the defendant would not have had to have paid in money, but must have satisfied the public justice by the loss of his own liberty, perhaps by his own death."

Attend to these words; observe how exact the phrasing—how curiously the distinctions between this and the other cases of a similar nature are hinted:—

"A man *like the defendant* ought to be careful, for if *he* valued the life of a man less than the right to a path in his field, he might see the field no more; for if *he* should be the cause of the death of a man, and should be convicted of the crime before *him*, (the Chief Justice), he would certainly remove *such an offender* to Botany Bay.—"

How strictly personal is this charge! It is only a man *like the defendant* who may not value the life of a man less than the right to a path in his field; it is only *such a man* who may see that field no more, as *such an offender* would be removed by Chief Justice Best to Botany Bay, if he should be convicted of having destroyed a fellow creature by the described means. A man *unlike the defendant*, a squire for example, may without any sort of danger value the life of a man less than the right to a path in a wood; and *such a man*, after having caused the death, or mutilation, of a fellow creature, may see his wood again, because *such an offender* is not threatened with any kind of vengeance by the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

Again—remark this passage:—

“ If the defendant was entitled to a verdict, let him have it ; but if he gained that verdict, he would find he had lost by this day’s proceedings one thing which he would never recover—namely, his character.”

Why how is this ? When Sir William Best had to consider the cases of gentlemen who had valued the lives of men less than the right to a path, and the preservation of some wild birds, he never discovered that though they might gain a verdict they would lose their characters ! Peter Pindar makes Sir Joseph Banks, on the failure of his experiment to turn fleas red by boiling, exclaim—

“ Fleas are not lobsters, damn their eyes.”

We may fancy a learned judge saying to himself—

“ Farmers are not squires, damn their eyes.”

Man-flesh is meat for their masters. Gentlemen may cause trespassers to be put to death, but yeomen may not.

Now our learned judge comes to the ugly point:—

“ There had been much said of steel-traps and spring-guns ; but no man, however eager after his game, had resorted to such means for their preservation, so cruel and atrocious as those employed by the defendant.”

Here we see that the only distinction taken between this case and the practice of setting spring-guns, &c. turns on the nature of the instrument, which in fact constitutes the only real distinction. And are bulls more cruel than bullets?—is horn much more atrocious than lead ? a gore much more formidable than a great hole through the body ? This is purely a matter of taste. People of a bucolic turn may prefer having to do with a bull to having to do with a gun. The bull is a larger object ; his approaches can be seen ; not so the gun, which lies snug in ambush for mischief, and is first felt. Bulls too are sometimes sleepy, or indisposed to run about to toss trespassers, but guns are always ready to snap. The bull roars, and bellows, and carraunts about before he makes his onslaught, and thus gives a locus penitentiæ, or opportunity of flight ; the gun bites before it barks. Neither is agreeable, but we do not see that one is so much more cruel and atrocious than the other. If vicious bulls were employed for the preservation of game, their horns would be viewed in another light, and regarded as highly legitimate and constitutional vindicators of the rights of property. As we said before, *causa facit rem dissimilem*.

21st. “ We understand the lord high admiral has resolved upon fitting out another expedition to the North Pole.”—*Morning Paper*.

The expeditions to the North Pole are the most impudent hoaxes of the day, and they will be repeated yearly just so long as John Bull will consent to be gulled. Captain Parry will go out in the Spring, and return at Midsummer—

“ Quarter day you’ll have him back,
With his volume in his pack ”—

report no progress, and ask leave to go again. These expeditions are nice jobs for the individuals who spend their summer in the ice very agreeably, and return home for the winter season. They are of this use too—they make big books with pictures for Mr. Murray the bookseller; books giving very exact accounts of the nothing that has been done. The pictures are, however, very pretty; a view of a lump of ice and so forth, well worth a few thousand pounds to a gaping nation. If they call the thing by its right name, one would not be provoked to quarrel with it; let them honestly style them, Murray's Expeditions, the book-making Expeditions; and the character of a hoax would disappear. Captain Parry's trips, it will be observed, become shorter and shorter. The boating scheme ended exactly as all reasonable and experienced people anticipated. What humbug will be broached for the next season? To estimate properly these exploits, we ought to turn to the early voyagers, and see how much was done by them with slender means and little talk; and how far the performance exceeded the project—now, on the other hand, the project exceeds the performance.

— At a meeting for the conversion of the Jews, a "reverend gentleman related an interesting circumstance relative to a Jew, who had been converted by a pious layman of London. The latter, who was well acquainted with many Jews, invited five of them to his house, to discuss the merits of Christianity. He expounded the prophecies to them, and he made an observation to one of them which he could not refute. Incensed at this, the Jew knocked him down, when, instead, of resenting the insult, he got up with all the spirit of Christian meekness, and after gently rebuking him, sat down. The power of this meekness was irresistible. The Jew felt it, and shortly afterwards confessed to him that he was a Christian in heart."

This, it must be confessed, is a pleasant manner of converting Jews. "What next, Mr. Merriman?"

CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE.

THE TWO DROVERS.

[We are indebted to the Weekly Review, a sensible and industrious literary journal, for thus early gaining a sight of a part of the forthcoming work of Sir Walter Scott, which is expected with something like the old interest that used to attach to their publication. We know not how the journal in question was so fortunate, or so bold, as to appropriate to itself a whole though a short tale, from the unpublished sheets, except the editor avows the channel to have been Paris. We trust, however, that no short-sighted policy may induce the proprietors to complain of this apparent invasion of their copyright. They may rely on it, that publicity in any shape cannot hurt a book, and were every page of it bandied about by every review in the kingdom, that they would find their account in the attention thus drawn to it. In the present instance, the tale already

printed, and which, for its excellence, we propose to reprint, is calculated to produce a most favourable effect on the fortunes of the new novel. It shows that the author of *Waverley* is again on his old ground, and again unrivalled—again animated by a spirit, and charged with a knowledge of the subject, which always render him the irresistible master of the feelings of the reader. The character of Robin Oig, in this tale, is drawn with the hand that drew Rob Roy; it is a most skilful and a most powerful delineation. Skilful in its combination of the two men—the proud Highland gentleman, and the humble Scotch drover; and powerful in its representation of the force of national prejudice, and the strength of individual passion. The scenes are all living, and grounded on a description of a certain state and class of society, evidently drawn from observation, and thus highly valuable, and not spun out of the author's brain, after the manner of "historical novelists," such as Horace Smith's, when it must not only be false, but foolish. We trust no apology is necessary in our thus spreading, prematurely, the circulation of this tale: it is good, and we would prefer the excellence of a master even at second-hand; but more than that, it is an admirable *avant courier* of the book itself; and it is needless to disguise, that the world require to be told that something different is to be expected from the late unfortunate failures of this great author.]

It was the day after the Doune Fair when my story commences. It had been a brisk market, several dealers had attended from the northern and midland counties in England, and the English money had flown so merrily about as to gladden the hearts of the Highland farmers. Many large droves were about to set off for England, under the protection of their owners, or of the topsmen whom they employed in the tedious, laborious, and responsible office of driving the cattle for many hundred miles, from the market where they had been purchased, to the fields or farm-yards where they were to be fattened for the shambles.

The Highlanders, in particular, are masters of this difficult trade of driving, which seems to suit them as well as the trade of war. It affords exercise for all their habits of patient endurance and active exertion. They are required to know perfectly the drove-roads, which lie over the wildest tracts of the country, and to avoid as much as possible the highways, which distress the feet of the bullocks, and the turnpikes, which annoy the spirit of the drover; whereas on the broad green or grey track, which leads across the pathless moor, the herd not only move at ease and without taxation, but, if they mind their business, may pick up a mouthful of food by the way. At night, the drovers usually sleep along with their cattle, let the weather be what it will; and many of these hardy men do not once rest under a roof during a journey on foot from Lochamber to Lincolnshire. They are paid very highly, for the trust reposed is of the last importance, as it depends on their prudence, vigilance, and honesty, whether the cattle reach the final market in good order, and afford a profit to the grazier. But as they maintain themselves at their own expense, they are espe-

cially economical in that particular. At the period we speak of, a Highland drover was victualled for his long and toilsome journey, with a few handfulls of oatmeal and two or three onions, renewed from time to time, and a ram's horn filled with whiskey, which he used regularly, but sparingly, every night and morning. His dirk, or *skened-hue*, (*i. e.* black knife), so worn as to be concealed beneath the arm, or by the folds of the plaid, was his only weapon, excepting the cudgel with which he directed the movements of the cattle. A Highlander was never so happy as on these occasions. There was a variety in the whole journey, which exercised the Celt's natural curiosity and love of motion: there were the constant change of place and scene, the petty adventures incidental to the traffic, and the intercourse with the various farmers, graziers, and traders, intermingled with occasional merry-makings, not the less acceptable to Donald that they were void of expense; and there was the consciousness of superior skill; for the Highlander, a child amongst flocks, is a prince amongst herds, and his natural habits induce him to disdain the shepherd's slothful life, so that he feels himself no where more at home than following a gallant drove of his country cattle in the character of their guardian.

Of the number who left Doune in the morning, and with the purpose we have described, not *Glunamie* of them all cocked his bonnet more briskly, or gartered his tartan hose under knee over a pair of more promising *spiogs* (legs) than did Robin Oig M'Combich, called familiarly Robin Oig, that is young, or the lesser, Robin. Though small of stature, as the epithet Oig implies, and not very strongly limbed, he was as light and alert as one of the deer of his mountains. He had an elasticity of step, which, in the course of a long march, made many a stout fellow envy him; and the manner in which he busked his plaid and adjusted his bonnet, argued a consciousness that so smart a John Highlandman as himself would not pass unnoticed among the Lowland lasses. The ruddy cheek, red lips, and white teeth, set off a countenance which had gained by exposure to the weather, a healthful and hardy rather than a rugged hue. If Robin Oig did not laugh, or even smile frequently, as indeed is not the practice among his countrymen, his bright eyes usually gleamed from under his bonnet with an expression of cheerfulness ready to be turned into mirth.

The departure of Robin Oig was an incident in the little town, in and near which he had many friends, male and female. He was a topping person in his way, transacted considerable business on his own behalf, and was entrusted by the best farmers in the Highlands, in preference to any other drover in that district. He might have increased his business to any extent had he condescended to manage it by deputy; but except a lad or two, sister's sons of his own, Robin rejected the idea of assistance, conscious, perhaps, how much his reputation depended upon his attending in person to the practical discharge of his duty in every instance. He remained, therefore, contented with the highest premium given to persons of his description, and comforted himself with the hopes that a few journeys to England might enable him to conduct business on his own account, in a manner becoming his birth. For Robin Oig's father, Lachlan M'Combich, (or, son of my friend, his actual clan surname being M'Gregor), had been so called by the celebrated Rob Roy, because of the particular

friendship which had subsisted between the grandsire of Robin and that renowned cateran. Some people even say, that Robin Oig derived his Christian name from a man as renowned in the wilds of Lochlomond as ever was his namesake Robin Hood in the precincts of merry Sherwood. "Of such ancestry," as James Boswell says, "who would not be proud?" Robin Oig was proud accordingly: but his frequent visits to England and to the Lowlands had given him tact enough to know that pretensions, which still gave him a little right to distinction in his own lonely glen, might be both obnoxious and ridiculous if preferred elsewhere. The pride of birth, therefore, was like the miser's treasure, the secret subject of his contemplation, but never exhibited to strangers as a subject of boasting.

Many were the words of gratulation and goodluck which were bestowed on Robin Oig. The judges commended his drove, especially the best of them, which were Robin's own property. Some thrust out their snuff-mulls for the parting pinch—others tendered the *doch-andorrach*, or parting cup. All cried—"Good luck travel out with you and come home with you. Give you luck in the Saxon market—brave notes in the *leabhar-dhu* (black pocket-book), and plenty of English gold in the *sporrán* (pouch of goat-skin)."

The bonny lasses made their adieus more modestly; and more than one, it was said, would have given her best broach to be certain that it was upon her that his eye last rested as he turned towards his road.

Robin Oig had just given the preliminary "*Hoo-hoo!*" to urge forward the loiterers of the drove, when there was a cry behind him.

"Stay, Robin—bide a blink. Here is Janet of Tomahourich—auld Janet, your father's sister."

"Plague on her, for an auld Highland witch and a spaewife," said a farmer from the Carse of Stirling; "she'll cast some of her cantrips on the cattle."

"She canna do that," said another sapient of the same profession, "Robin Oig is no the lad to leave any of them, without tying Saint Mungo's knot on their tails, and that will put to her speed the best witch that ever flew over Dimayet upon a broom-strick."

It may not be indifferent to the reader to know, that the Highland cattle are peculiarly liable to be *taken*, or infected, by spells and witchcraft, which judicious people guard against by knitting knots of peculiar complexity on the tuft of hair which terminates the animal's tail.

But the old woman who was the object of the farmer's suspicion seemed only busied about the drover, without paying any attention to the flock. Robin, on the contrary, appeared rather impatient of her presence.

"What auld-world fancy," he said, "has brought you so early from the ingle-side this morning, Muhme? I am sure I bid you good even, and had your God-speed last night."

"And left me more siller than the useless old woman will use till you come back again, bird of my bosom," said the sybil. "But it is little I would care for the food that nourishes me, or the fire that warms me, or for God's blessed sun itself, if aught but weal should happen to the grandson of my father. So let me walk the *deasil* round you, that you may go safe out into the far foreign land, and come safe home."

Robin Oig stopped, half embarrassed, half laughing, and signing to

those around that he only complied with the old woman to sooth her humour. In the mean time she traced around him, with wavering steps, the propitiation, which some have thought has been derived from the Druidical mythology. It consists, as is well known, in the person who makes the *deasil* walking three times round the person who is the object of the ceremony, taking care to move according to the course of the sun. At once, however, she stopped short, and explained, in a voice of alarm and horror, "Grandson of my father, there is blood on your hand."

"Hush, for God's sake, aunt," said Robin Oig; "you will bring more trouble on yourself with this Taishataragh (second sight) than you will be able to get out for many a day."

The old woman only repeated, with a ghastly look, "There's blood on your hand, and it is English blood. The blood of the Gael is richer and redder. Let us see—let us see——"

Ere Robin Oig could prevent her, which, indeed, could only have been by positive violence, so hasty and peremptory were her proceedings, she had drawn from his side the dirk which lodged in the folds of his plaid, and held it up, exclaiming, although the weapon gleamed clear and bright in the sun, "Blood, blood—Saxon blood again. Robin Oig M'Combich, go not this day to England!"

"Prutt, trutt," answered Robin Oig, "that will never do neither—it would be next thing to running the country. For shame, Muhme—give me the dirk. You cannot tell by the colour the difference between the blood of a black bullock and a white one, and you speak of knowing Saxon from Gaelic blood. All men have their blood from Adam, Muhme. Give me my skened-hu, and let me go on my road. I should have been half-way to Stirling brig by this time—Give me my dirk, and let me go."

"Never will I give it to you," said the old woman—"Never will I quit my hold on your plaid, unless you promise me not to wear that unhappy weapon."

The women around him urged him also, saying few of his aunt's words fell to the ground; and as the Lowland farmers continued to look moodily on the scene, Robin Oig determined to close it at any sacrifice.

"Well, then, said the young drover, giving the scabbard of the weapon to Hugh Morrison, "You Lowlanders care nothing for these freats. Keep my dirk for me. I cannot give it you, because it was my father's; but your drove follows ours, and I am content it should be in your keeping, and not in mine. Will this do, Muhme?"

"It must," said the old woman—"that is, if the Lowlander is mad enough to carry the knife."

The strong Westlandman laughed aloud.

"Goodwife," said he, "I am Hugh Morrison from Glenae, come of the Manly Morrisons of auld langsyne, and never took short weapon against a man in their lives. And neither needed they: they had their broadswords, and I have this but supple (showing a formidable cudgel); for dirking ower the board, I leave that to John Highlandman. Ye needna snort, none of you Highlanders, and you in especial, Robin. I'll keep the bit knife, if you are feared for the auld spae-wife's tale, and give it back to you whenever you want it."

Robin was not particularly pleased with some part of Hugh Morrison's speech ; but he had learned in his travels more patience than belonged to his Highland constitution originally, and he accepted the service of the descendant of the Manly Morrisons, without finding fault with the rather depreciating manner in which it was offered.

"If he had not had his morning in his head, and been but a Dumfries-shire hog into the boot, he would have spoken more like a gentleman. But you cannot have more of a sow but a grumph. It's a shame my father's knife should ever slash a haggis for the like of him."

Thus saying (but saying it in Gaelic,) Robin drove on his cattle, and waved farewell to all behind him. He was in the greater haste, because he expected to join at Falkirk a comrade and brother in profession, with whom he proposed to travel in company.

Robin Oig's chosen friend was a young Englishman, Harry Wakefield by name, well known at every northern market, and in his way as much famed and honoured as our Highland driver of bullocks. He was nearly six feet high, gallantly formed to keep the rounds at Smithfield, or maintain the ring at a wrestling match ; and although he might have been overmatched perhaps, among the regular professors of the fancy, yet as a chance customer, he was able to give a bellyful to any amateur of the pugilistic art. Doncaster races saw him in his glory, betting his guinea, and generally successfully ; nor was there a main fought in Yorkshire, the feeders being persons of celebrity, at which he was not to be seen, if business permitted. But though a *sprack* lad, and fond of pleasure and its haunts, Harry Wakefield was steady, and not the cautious Robin Oig M'Combich himself was more attentive to the main chance. His holidays were holidays indeed ; but his days of work were dedicated to steady and persevering labour. In countenance and temper, Wakefield was the model of Old England's merry yeomen, whose clothyard shafts, in so many hundred battles, asserted her superiority over the nations, and whose good sabres, in our own time, are her cheapest and most assured defence. His mirth was readily excited ; for, strong in limb and constitution, and fortunate in circumstances, he was disposed to be pleased with every thing about him ; and such difficulties as he might occasionally encounter, were, to a man of his energy, rather matter of amusement than serious annoyance. With all the merits of a sanguine temper, our young English drover was not without its defects. He was irascible, and sometimes to the verge of being quarrelsome ; and perhaps not the less inclined to bring his disputes to a pugilistic decision, because he found few antagonists able to stand up to him in the boxing ring.

It is difficult to say how Henry Wakefield and Robin Oig first became intimates : but it is certain a close acquaintance had taken place betwixt them, although they had apparently few common topics of conversation or of interest, so soon as their talk ceased to be of bullocks. Robin Oig, indeed, spoke the English language rather imperfectly upon any other topics but stots and kyroes ; and Harry Wakefield could never bring his broad Yorkshire tongue to utter a single word of Gaelic. It was in vain Robin spent a whole morning, during a walk over Minch Moor, in attempting to teach his companion to utter, with true precision, the shibboleth *Llu*, which is the Gaelic for a calf.

From Traquair to Murder-cairn, the hill rung with the discordant attempts of the Saxon upon the unmanageable monosyllable, and the heart-felt laugh which followed every failure. They had, however, better modes of awakening the echoes; for Wakefield could sing many a ditty to the praise of Moll, Susan, and Cicely; and Robin Oig had a particular gift at whistling interminable pibrochs through all their involutions, and what was more agreeable to his companion's southern ear, knew many of the northern airs, both lively and pathetic, to which Wakefield learned to pipe a base. Thus, though Robin could hardly have comprehended his companion's stories about horse racing, cock fighting, or fox hunting, and although his own legends of clan fights and *creaghs*, varied with talk of Highland goblins and fairy folk, would have been caviare to his companion, they contrived nevertheless to find a degree of pleasure in each other's company, which had for three year's back induced them to join company and travel together, when the direction of their journey permitted. Each, indeed, found his advantage in this companionship; for where could the Englishman have found a guide through the Western Highlands like Robin Oig McCombich? And when they were on what Harry called the *right* side of the Border, his patronage, which was extensive, and his purse, which was heavy, were at all times at the service of his Highland friend, and on many occasions his liberality did him genuine yeoman's service.

The pair of friends had traversed with their usual cordiality the grassy wilds of Liddesdale, and crossed the opposite part of Cumberland, emphatically called The Waste. In these solitary regions, the cattle under charge of our drovers subsisted themselves cheaply, by picking their food as they went along the drove-road, or sometimes by the tempting opportunity of a *start and owerloup*, or invasion of the neighbouring pasture, where an occasion presented itself. But now the scene changed before them; they were descending towards a fertile and enclosed country, where no such liberties could be taken with impunity, or without a previous arrangement and bargain with the possessors of the ground. This was more especially the case, as a great northern fair was upon the eve of taking place, where both the Scotch and English drover expected to dispose of a part of their cattle, which it was desirable to produce in the market, rested and in good order. Fields were therefore difficult to be obtained, and only upon high terms. This necessarily occasioned a temporary separation betwixt the two friends, who went to bargain, each as he could, for the separate accommodation of his herd. Unhappily it chanced that both of them, unknown to each other, thought of bargaining for the ground they wanted on the property of a country gentleman of some fortune, whose estate lay in the neighbourhood. The English drover applied to the bailiff on the property, who was known to him. It chanced that the Cumbrian squire, who had entertained some suspicions of his manager's honesty, was taking occasional measures to ascertain how far they were well founded, and had desired that any inquiries about his inclosures, with a view to occupy them for a temporary purpose, should be referred to himself. As, however, Mr. Ireby had gone the day before upon a journey of some miles distance

to the northward, the bailiff chose to consider the check upon his full powers as for the time removed; and concluded that he should best consult his master's interest, and perhaps his own, in making an agreement with Harry Wakefield. Meanwhile, ignorant of what his comrade was doing, Robin Oig, on his side, chanced to be overtaken by a well-looking smart little man upon a pony, most knowingly hogged and cropped, as was then the fashion, the rider wearing tight leather breeches, and long necked bright spurs. This cavalier asked one or two pertinent questions about markets and the price of stock. So Donald, seeing him a well-judging civil gentleman, took the freedom to ask him whether he could let him know if there was any grass-land to let in that neighbourhood, for the temporary accommodation of his drove. He could not have put the question to more willing ears. The gentleman of the buckskin was the proprietor, with whose bailiff Harry Wakefield had dealt, or was in the act of dealing.

"Thou art in good luck, my canny Scot," said Mr. Ireby, "to have spoken to me, for I see thy cattle have done their day's work, and I have at my disposal the only field within three miles that is to be let in these parts."

"The drove can pe gang two, three, four miles, very praity weel indeed—" said the cautious Highlander; "put what would his honour pe axing for the peasts pe the head, if she was to tak the park for twa or three days?"

"We wont differ, Sawney, if you let me have six stots for winterers, in the way of reason."

"And which peasts wad your honour pe for having?"

"Why—let me see—the two black—the dun one—yon doddy—him with the twisted horn—the brockit—How much by the head?"

"Ah," said Robin, "your honour is a shudge—a real shudge—I could na have set off the pest six peasts petter mysell, me that ken them as if they were my pairns, puir things."

"Well, how much per head, Sawney," continued Mr. Ireby.

"It was high markets at Doune and Falkirk," answered Robin.

And thus the conversation proceeded, until they had agreed on the *prix juste* for the bullocks, the squire throwing in the temporary accommodation of the enclosure for the cattle into the boot, and Robin making as he thought, a very good bargain, providing the grass was but tolerable. The squire walked his pony alongside of the drove, partly to show him the way, and see him put into possession of the field, and partly to learn the latest news of the northern markets.

They arrived at the field, and the pasture seemed excellent. But what was their surprise when they saw the bailiff quietly inducting the cattle of Harry Wakefield into the grassy Gosheu which had just been assigned to those of Robin Oig M'Combich by the proprietor himself. Squire Ireby set spurs to his horse, dashed up to his servant, and learning what had passed between the parties, briefly informed the English drover that his bailiff had let the ground without his authority, and that he might seek grass for his cattle wherever he would, since he was to get none there. At the same time he rebuked his servant severely for having transgressed his commands, and ordered him instantly to assist in ejecting the hungry and weary

cattle of Harry Wakefield, which were just beginning to enjoy a meal of unusual plenty, and to introduce those of his comrade, whom the English drover now began to consider as a rival.

The feelings which arose in Wakefield's mind would have induced him to resist Mr. Ireby's decision; but every Englishman has a tolerably accurate sense of law and justice, and John Fleecebumpkin, the bailiff, having acknowledged that he had exceeded his commission, Wakefield saw nothing else for it than to collect his hungry and disappointed charge, and drive them on to seek quarters elsewhere. Robin Oig saw what had happened with regret, and hastened to offer to his English friend to share with him the disputed possession. But Wakefield's pride was severely hurt, and he answered disdainfully, "Take it all man—take it all—never make two bites of a cherry—thou cans't talk over the gentry, and blear a plain man's eye—Out upon you, man—I would not kiss any man's dirty latchets for leave to bake in his oven."

Robin Oig, sorry, but not surprised at his comrade's displeasure, hastened to entreat his friend to wait but an hour till he had gone to the squire's house to receive payment for the cattle he had sold, and he would come back and help him to drive the cattle into some convenient place of rest, and explain to him the whole mistake they had both of them fallen into. But the Englishman continued indignant:—"Thou hast been selling, hast thou? Ay, ay—thou is a cunning lad for kenning the hours of bargaining. Go to the devil with thyself, for I will ne'er see thy fause loon's visage again—thou should be ashamed to look me in the face."

"I am ashamed to look no man in the face," said Robin Oig, something moved; "and moreover, I will look you in the face this blessed day, if you will bide at the Clachan down yonder."

"Mayhap you had as well keep away," said his comrade; and turning his back on his former friend, he collected his unwilling associates, assisted by the bailiff, who took some real and some affected interest in seeing Wakefield accommodated.

After spending some time in negotiating with more than one of the neighbouring farmers, who could not, or would not, afford the accommodation desired, Henry Wakefield at last, and in his necessity, accomplished his point by means of the landlord of the alehouse, at which Robin Oig and he had agreed to pass the night, when they first separated from each other. Mine host was content to let him turn his cattle on a piece of barren moor, at a price little less than the bailiff had asked for the disputed inclosure; and the wretchedness of the pasture, as well as the price paid for it, were set down as exaggerations of the breach of faith and friendship of his Scottish crony. This turn of Wakefield's passions was encouraged by the bailiff (who had his own reasons for being offended against poor Robin, as having been the unwilling cause of his falling into disgrace with his master) as well as by the innkeeper, and two or three chance guests, who soothed the drover in his resentment against his quondam associate—some from the ancient grudge against the Scots, which, when it exists any where, is to be found lurking in the Border counties; and some from the general love of mischief, which characterizes mankind in all ranks of life, to the honour of Adam's children be it spoken. Good

John Barleycorn also, who always heightens and exaggerates the prevailing passions, be they angry or kindly, was not wanting in his offices on this occasion; and confusion to false friends and hard masters, was pledged in more than one tankard.

In the meanwhile Mr. Ireby found some amusement in detaining the northern drover at his ancient hall. He caused a cold round of beef to be placed before the Scot in the butler's pantry, together with a foaming tankard of home-brewed, and took pleasure in seeing the hearty appetite with which these unwonted edibles were discussed by Robin Oig McCombich. The squire himself lighting his pipe, compounded between his patrician dignity and his love of agricultural gossip, by walking up and down while he conversed with his guest.

"I passed another drove," said the squire, with one of your countrymen behind them—they were something less beasts than your drove, doddies most of them—a big man was with them—none of your kilts though, but a decent pair of breeches—d'ye know who he may be?"

"Hout ay—that might, could, and would pe Hughie Morrison—I didna think he could hae peen sae weel up. He has made a day on us; put his Argyleshires will have wearied shanks. How far was he behind?"

"I think about six or seven miles," answered the squire, "for I passed them at the Christenbury Cragg, and I overtook you at the Hollan Bush. If his beasts be leg-weary, he will be may be selling bargains."

"Na, na, Hughie Morrison is no the man for pargains—ye maun come to some Highland body like Robin Oig hersell for the like of these—put I maunt pe wishing you goot night, and twenty of them, let alane aue, and I maun down to the Clachan, to see if the lad Henry Waakfelt is out of his humdudgeons yet."

The party at the alehouse were still in full talk, and the treachery of Robin Oig still the theme of conversation, when the supposed culprit entered the apartment. His arrival, as usually happens in such a case, put an instant stop to the discussion of which he had furnished the subject, and he was received by the company assembled with that chilling silence, which, more than a thousand exclamations, tells an intruder that he is unwelcome. Surprised and offended, but not apalled by the reception which he experienced, Robin entered with an undaunted and even a haughty air, attempted no greeting, as he saw he was received with none, and placed himself by the side of the fire, a little apart from a table, at which Harry Wakefield, the bailiff, and two or three other persons, were seated. The ample Cumbrian kitchen would have afforded plenty of room even for a larger separation.

Robin, thus seated, proceeded to light his pipe, and call for a pint of twopenny.

"We have no twopence ale," answered Ralph Haskett, the landlord; "but as thou find'st thy own tobacco, it's like thou may'st find thine own liquor too—it's the wont of thy country, I wot."

"Shame, goodman," said the landlady, a blithe, bustling housewife, hastening herself to supply the guest with liquor.—"Thou knowest well enow what the strange man wants, and it's thy trade to

be civil, man. Thou shouldst know, that if the Scot likes a small pot, he pays a sure penny."

Without taking any notice of this nuptial dialogue, the Highlander took the flagon in his hand, and addressing the company generally, drank the interesting toast of "Good markets," to the party assembled.

"The better that the wind blew fewer dealers from the north," said one of the farmers, "and fewer Highland runts to eat up the English meadows."

"Saul of my pody, put you are wrang there, my friend," answered Robin, with composure; "it is your fat Englishmen that eat up our Scots cattle, puir things."

"I wish there was a summat to eat up their drovers," said another; "a plain Englishman canna make bread within a kenning of them."

"Or an honest servant keep his master's favour, but they will come sliding in between him and the sunshine," said the bailiff.

"If these pe jokes," said Robin Oig, with the same composure, "there is ower mony jokes upon one man."

"It is no joke, but downright earnest," said the bailiff. "Harkye, Mr. Robin Oig, or whatever is your name, it's right we should tell you that we are all of one opinion, and that is, that you, Mr. Robin Oig, have behaved to our friend, Mr. Harry Wakefield here, like a raff and a blackguard."

"Nae doubt, nae doubt," answered Robin, with great composure; "and you are a set of very feeling judges, for whose prains and pehaviour I wad not gie a pinch of sneeshing. If Mr. Harry Waakfelt kens where he is wranged, he kens where he may be righted."

"He speaks truth," said Wakefield, who had listened to what passed, divided between the offence which he had taken at Robin's late behaviour, and the revival of his habitual habits of friendship.

He now rose, and went towards Robin, who got up from his seat as he approached, and held out his hand.

"That's right, Harry—go it—serve him out," resounded on all sides—"tip him the bailer—show him the mill."

"Hold your peace all of you, and be —," said Wakefield; and then, addressing his comrade, he took him by the extended hand, with something alike of respect and defiance. "Robin," he said, "thou hast me ill enough this day; but if you mean, like a frank fellow, to shake hands, and take a tussel for love on the sod, why I'll forgie thee man, and we shall be better friends than ever."

"And would it not pe petter to bee cood friends without more of the matter?" said Robin; "we will be much petter friendships with our panes hale than proken."

Harry Wakefield dropped the hand of his friend, or rather threw it from him.

"I did not think I had been keeping company for three years with a coward."

"Coward pelongs to none of my name," said Robin, whose eyes began to kindle, but keeping the command of his temper. "It was no coward's legs or hands, Harry Waakfelt, that drew you out of the fords of Frew, when you was drifting ower the plack rock, and every eel in the river expected his share of you."

"And that is true enough," said the Englishman, struck by the appeal.

"Adzooks!" exclaimed the bailiff—"sure Harry Wakefield, the nattiest lad at Whitson Tryste, Wooler Fair, Carlisle Sands, or Stagshaw Bank, is not going to show white feather? Ah, this comes of living so long with kilts and bonnets—men forget the use of their daddles."

"I may teach you, Master Fleecebumpkin, that I have not lost the use of mine," said Wakefield, and then went on. "This will never do, Robin. We must have a turn-up, or we shall be the talk of the country side. I'll be d—d if I hurt thee; I'll put on the gloves gin thou like. Come, stand forward like a man."

"To pe peaten like a dog," said Robin; "is there any reason in that? If you think I have done you wrong, I'll go before your shudge, though I neither know his law nor his language."

A general cry of "No, no—no law, no lawyer! a bellyful and be friends," was echoed by the by-standers.

"But," continued Robin, "if I am to fight, I have no skill to fight like a jackanapes, with hands and nails."

"How would you fight then?" said his antagonist; "though I am thinking it would be hard to bring you to the scratch anyhow."

"I would fight with broadswords, and sink point on the first blood drawn—like a gentleman's."

A loud shout of laughter followed the proposal, which, indeed, had rather escaped from poor Robin's swelling heart, than been the dictates of his sober judgment.

"Gentleman, quotha!" was echoed on all sides, with a shout of unextinguishable laughter: "a very pretty gentleman, God wot—canst get two swords for the gentleman to fight with, Ralph Heskett?"

"No, but I can send to the armoury at Carlisle, and lend them two forks to be making shift with in the meantime."

"Tosh, man," said another, "the bonny Scots come into the world with the blue bonnet on their heads, and dirk and pistol at their belt."

"Best send post," said Mr. Fleecebumpkin, "to the squire of Corby castle, to come and stand second to the gentleman."

In the midst of this torrent of general ridicule, the Highlander instinctively gripped beneath the fold of his plaid.

"But it's better not," he said in his own language. "A hundred curses on the swine eaters who know neither decency nor civility!"

"Make room, the pack of you," he said, advancing to the door.

But his former friend interposed his sturdy bulk, and opposed his leaving the house; and when Robin Oig attempted to make his way by force he hit him down on the floor with as much ease as a boy bowls down a nine-pin.

"A ring, a ring!" was now shouted, until the dark rafters, and the hams that hung on them, trembled again, and the very platters on the *bink* clattered against each other. "Well done Harry"—"Give it him home, Harry"—"Take care of him now—he sees his own blood."

Such were the exclamations, while the Highlander, starting from

the ground, all his coldness and caution lost in frantic rage, sprung at his antagonist with the fury, the activity, and the vindictive purpose, of an incensed tiger-cat. But when could rage encounter science and temper? Robin Oig again went down in the unequal contest; and, as the blow was necessarily a severe one, he lay motionless on the floor of the kitchen. The landlady ran to offer some aid, but Mr. Fleecebumpkin would not permit her to approach.

"Let him alone," he said, "he will come to within time, and come up to the scratch again. He has not got half his broth yet."

"He has got all I mean to give him, though," said his antagonist, whose heart began to relent towards his old associate; "and I would rather by half give the rest to yourself, Mr. Fleecebumpkin, for you pretend to know a thing or two, and Robin had not art enough even to peel before setting-to, but fought with his plaid dangling about him. Stand up, Robin, my man; all friends now; and let me hear the man that will speak a word against you, or your country, for your sake."

Robin Oig was still under the dominion of his passion, and eager to renew the onset; but, being withheld on the one side by the peace-making Dame Heskett, and on the other, aware that Wakefield no longer meant to renew the combat, his fury sunk into gloomy sullenness.

"Come, come, never grudge so much at it, man," said the brave-spirited Englishman, with the placability of his country, "shake hands, and we will be better friends than ever."

"Friends!" exclaimed Robin Oig, with strong emphasis—"friends! Never. Look to yourself, Harry Waakfelt."

"Then the curse of Cromwell on your proud Scots' stomach, as the man says in the play, and you may do your worst and be d——; for one man can say nothing more to another after a tussel than that he is sorry for it."

On these terms the friends parted; Robin Oig drew out, in silence, a piece of money, threw it on the table, and then left the alehouse. But turning at the door, he shook his hand at Wakefield, pointing with his fore-finger upwards, in a manner which might imply either a threat or a caution. He then disappeared in the moonlight.

Some words passed after his departure, between the bailiff, who piqued himself on being a little of a bully, and Harry Wakefield; who, with a generous inconsistency, was now not indisposed to begin a new combat in defence of Robin Oig's reputation, "although he could not use his daddles like an Englishman, as it did not come natural to him." But Dame Heskett prevented this second quarrel from coming to a head, by her peremptory interference. "There should be no more fighting in her house," she said; "there had been too much already. And you, Mr. Wakefield, may live to learn," she added, "what it is to make a deadly enemy out of a good friend."

"Pshaw, dame! Robin Oig is an honest fellow, and will never keep malice."

"Do not trust to that; you do not know the dour temper of the Scotch, though you have dealt with them so often. I have a right to know them, my mother being a Scot."

"And so is well seen on her daughter," said Ralph Heskett.

This nuptial sarcasm gave the discourse another turn; fresh cus-

tomers entered the tap-room or kitchen, and others left it. The conversation turned on the expected markets, and the report of prices from different parts both of Scotland and England—treaties were commenced, and Harry Wakefield was lucky enough to find a chap for a part of his drove, and at a very considerable profit; an event of consequence more than sufficient to blot out all remembrances of the unpleasant scuffle in the earlier part of the day. But there remained one party from whose mind that recollection could not have been wiped away, by possession of every head of cattle between Esk and Eden.

This was Robin Oig M'Combich.—“That I should have had no weapon,” he said, “and for the first time in my life!—Blighted be the tongue that bids the Highlander part with the dirk—the dirk—ha! the English blood!—My muhme's word—when did her word fall to the ground?”

The recollection of the fatal prophecy confirmed the deadly intention which instantly sprang up in his mind.

“Ha! Morrison cannot be many miles behind; and if it were an hundred, what then!”

His impetuous spirit had now a fixed purpose and motive of action, and he turned the light foot of his country towards the wilds, through which he knew, by Mr. Ireby's report, that Morrison was advancing. His mind was wholly engrossed by the sense of injury—injury sustained from a friend; and by the desire of vengeance on one whom he now accounted his most bitter enemy. The treasured ideas of self-importance and self-opinion—of ideal birth and quality, had become more precious to him (like the hoard to a miser), because he could only enjoy them in secret. But that hoard was pillaged, the idols which he had secretly worshipped had been desecrated and profaned. Insulted, abused, and beaten, he was no longer worthy, in his own opinion, of the name he bore, or the lineage which he belonged to—nothing was left to him—nothing but revenge; and, as the reflection added a galling spur to every step, he determined it should be as sudden and signal as the offence.

When Robin Oig left the door of the alehouse, seven or eight English miles at least lay betwixt Morrison and him. The advance of the former was slow, limited by the sluggish pace of his cattle; the last left behind him stubble-field and hedge-row, crag and dark heath, all glittering with frost-rhime in the broad November moon-light, at the rate of six miles an hour. And now the distant lowing of Morrison's cattle is heard; and now they are seen creeping like moles in size and slowness of motion on the broad face of the moor; and now he meets them—passes them, and stops their conductor.

“May good betide us,” said the Southlander—“Is this you, Robin M'Combich, or your wraith?”

“It is Robin Oig M'Combich,” answered the Highlander, “and it is not.—But never mind that, put pe giving me the skene-dhu.”

“What! you are for back to the Highlands—The devil!—Have you selt all off before the fair? This beats all for quick markets.”

“I have not sold—I am not going north—May pe I will never go north again.—Give me pack my dirk, Hugh Morrison, or there will pe words between us.”

"Indeed, Robin, I'll be better advised or I'll gie it back to you—it is a wanchancy weapon in a Highlandman's hand, and I am thinking you will be about some barns-breaking."

"Pruitt, trutt! let me have my weapon," said Robin Oig impatiently.

"Hooly and fairly," said his well-meaning friend. "I'll tell you what will do better than these dirking doings—Ye ken Highlander and Lowlander, and Border-men, are a' ae man's bairns when you are over the Scots dyke. See, the Eskdale callants, and fighting Charlie of Liddesdale, and the Lockerby lads, and the four Dandies of Lustruther, and a wheen mair grey plaids, are coming up behind; and if you are wranged, there is the hand of a manly Morrison, we'll see you righted, if Carlisle and Stanwix baith take up the feud."

"To tell you the truth," said Robin Oig, desirous of eluding the suspicions of his friend, "I have enlisted with a party of the Black Watch, and must march off to-morrow morning."

"Enlisted! were you mad or drunk?—You must buy yourself off—I can lend you twenty notes, and twenty to that, if the drove sell."

"I thank you—thank ye, Hughie; but I go with good will the gaie that I am going—so the dirk—the dirk!"

"There it is for you, then, since less wunna serve. But think on what I was saying.—Waes me, it will be sair news in the braes of Balquidder, that Robin Oig M'Combich should have run an ill gate, and ta'en on."

"Ill news in Balquidder, indeed!" echoed poor Robin; "put Cot speed you, Hughie, and send you good marcats. Ye winna meet with Robin Oig again, either at tryste or fair."

So saying, he shook hastily the hand of his acquaintancc, and set out in the direction from which he had advanced, with the spirit of his former pace.

"There is something wrang with the lad," muttered the Morrison to himself; "but we will may be see better into it the morn's morning."

But long ere the morning dawned, the catastrophe of our tale had taken place. It was two hours after the affray had happened, and it was totally forgotten by almost every one when Robin Oig returned to Heskett's inn. The place was filled at once by various sorts of men, and with noises corresponding to their character. There were the grave, low sounds of men engaged in busy traffic, with the laugh, the song, and the riotous jest of those who had nothing to do but to enjoy themselves. Among the last was Harry Wakefield, who, amidst a grinning graup of smock-frocks, hobnailed shoes, and jolly English physiognomies, was trolling forth the old ditty,

"What though my name be Roger,
Who drives the plough and cart—"

when he was interrupted by a well-known voice, saying in a high and stern tone, marked by the sharp Highland accent, "Harry Waakfelt—if you be a man, stand up!"

"What is the matter?—what is it?" the guests demanded of each other.

"It is only a d——d Scotsman," said Fleecebumkin, who was by this time very drunk, "whom Harry Wakefield helped to his broth to-day, who is now come to have his *cauld kail* hett again."

"Harry Waakfelt," repeated the same ominous summons, "stand up if you be a man!"

There is something in the tone of the deep and concentrated passion, which attracts attention and imposes awe, even by the very sound. The guests shrunk back on every side, and gazed at the Highlander, as he stood in the middle of them, his brows bent, and his features rigid with resolution.

"I will stand up with all my heart, Robin, my boy, but it shall be to shake hands with you, and drink down all unkindness. It is not the fault of your heart, man, that you don't know how to clench your hands."

By this time he stood opposite to his antagonist; his open and unsuspecting look strangely contrasted with the stern purpose, which gleamed wild, dark, and vindictive, in the eyes of the Highlander.

"'Tis not thy fault, man, that, not having the luck to be an Englishman, thou canst not fight more than a school-girl."

"I *can* fight," answered Robin Oig sternly, but calmly, "and you shall know it. You, Harry Waakfelt showed me to-day how the Saxon churls fight—I show you now how the Highland Dunniewassal fights."

He seconded the word with the action, and plunged the dagger, which he suddenly displayed, into the broad breast of the English yeoman, with such fatal certainty and force, that the hilt made a hollow sound against the breast-bone, and the double-edged point split the very heart of his victim. Harry Wakefield fell, and expired with a single groan. His assassin next seized the bailiff by the collar, and offered the bloody poinard to his throat, whilst dread and surprise rendered the man incapable of defence.

"It were very just to lay you beside him," he said, "but the blood of a base pick-thank shall never mix on my father's dirk, with that of a brave man."

As he spoke, he cast the man from him with so much force that he fell on the floor, while Robin, with his other hand, threw the fatal weapon into the blazing turf-fire.

"There," he said, "take me who likes—and let fire cleanse blood if it can."

The pause of astonishment still continuing, Robin Oig asked for a peace-officer, and a constable having stepped out, he surrendered himself to his custody.

"A bloody night's work you have made of it," said the constable.

"Your own fault," said the Highlander. "Had you kept his hands off me twa hours since, he would have been now as well and merry as he was twa minutes since."

"It must be sorely answered," said the peace-officer.

"Never you mind that—death pays all debts; it will pay that too."

The horror of the bystanders began now to give way to indignation; and the sight of a favourite companion murdered in the midst of them, the provocation being, in their opinion, so utterly inadequate to the excess of vengeance, might have induced them to kill the perpetrator of the deed even upon the very spot. The constable, however, did his duty on this occasion, and with the assistance of some of the more

reasonable persons present, procured horses to guard the prisoner to Carlisle, to abide his doom at the next assizes. While the escort was preparing, the prisoner neither expressed the least interest, nor attempted the slightest reply. Only, before he was carried from the fatal apartment, he desired to look at the dead body, which, raised from the floor, had been deposited upon the large table, (at the head of which Harry Wakefield had presided but a few minutes before, full of life, vigour, and animation,) until the surgeons should examine the mortal wound. The face of the corpse was decently covered with a napkin. To the surprise and horror of the bystanders, which displayed itself in a general Ah! drawn through clenched teeth and half-shut lips, Robin Oig removed the cloth, and gazed with a mournful, but steady eye on the lifeless visage, which had been so lately animated, that the smile of good-humoured confidence in his own strength, of conciliation at once, and contempt towards his enemy, still curled his lip. While those present expected that the wound, which had so lately flooded the apartment with gore, would send forth fresh streams at the touch of the homicide, Robin Oig replaced the covering, with the brief exclamation, "He was a pretty man!"

My story is nearly ended. The unfortunate Highlander stood his trial at Carlisle. I was myself present, and as a young Scottish lawyer, or barrister at least, and reputed a man of some quality, the politeness of the sheriff of Cumberland offered me a place on the bench. The facts of the case were proved in the manner I have related them; and whatever might be at first the prejudice of the audience against a crime so un-English as that of assassination from revenge, yet when the rooted national prejudices of the prisoner had been explained, which made him consider himself as stained with indelible disgrace when subjected to personal violence; when his previous patience, moderation, and endurance, were considered, the generosity of the English audience was inclined to regard his crime as the wayward aberration of a false idea of honour, rather than as flowing from a heart naturally savage, or perverted by habitual vice. I shall never forget the charge of the venerable judge to the jury, although not at that time liable to be much affected either by that which was eloquent or pathetic.

"We have had," he said, "in the previous part of our duty, (alluding to some former trials,) to discuss crimes which infer disgust and abhorrence, while they call down the well-merited vengeance of the law. It is now our still most melancholy duty to apply its salutary, though severe enactments, to a case of a very singular character, in which the crime (for a crime it is, and a deep one) arose less out of the malevolence of the heart than the error of the understanding—less from any idea of committing wrong, than from an unhappily perverted notion of that which is right. Here we have two men, highly esteemed, it has been stated, in their rank of life, and attached it seems, to each other as friends; one of whose lives has been already sacrificed to a punctilio, and the other is about to prove the vengeance of the offended laws; and yet both may claim our commiseration at least as men acting in ignorance of each other's national prejudices, and unhappily misguided rather than voluntarily erring from the path of right conduct."

"In the original cause of the misunderstanding, we must in justice give the right to the prisoner at the bar. He had acquired possession of the inclosure, which was the object of competition, by a legal contract with the proprietor Mr. Ireby; and yet, when accosted with reproaches undeserved in themselves, and galling doubtless to a temper at least sufficiently susceptible of passion, he offered, notwithstanding, to yield up half his acquisition, for the sake of peace and good neighbourhood, and his amicable proposal was rejected with scorn. Then follows the scene at Mr. Heskett the publican's, and you will observe how the stranger was treated by the deceased, and I am sorry to observe, by those around, who seem to have urged him in a manner which was aggravating in the highest degree. While he asked for peace and for composition, and offered submission to a magistrate, or to a mutual arbiter, the prisoner was insulted by a whole company, who seem on this occasion to have forgotten the national maxim of 'fair play;' and while attempting to escape from the place in peace, he was intercepted, struck down, and beaten, to the effusion of his blood.

"Gentlemen of the jury, it was with some impatience that I heard my learned brother, who opened the case for the Crown, give an unfavourable turn to the prisoner's conduct on this occasion. He said the prisoner was afraid to encounter his antagonist in fair fight, or to submit to the laws of the ring; and that, therefore, like a cowardly Italian, he had recourse to his fatal stiletto, to murder the man whom he dared not to meet in manly encounter. I observed the prisoner shrink from this part of the accusation with the abhorrence natural to a brave man; and as I would wish to make my words impressive, when I point his real crime, I must secure his opinion of my impartiality, by rebutting every thing that seems to me a false accusation. There can be no doubt that the prisoner is a man of resolution—I wish to Heaven that he had less, or rather that he had had a better education to regulate it.

"Gentlemen, as to the laws my brother talks of, they may be known in the bull-ring, or the bear-garden, or the cock-pit, but they are not known here. Or, if they should be so far admitted as furnishing a species of proof, that no malice was intended in this sort of combat, from which fatal accidents do sometimes arise, it can only be so admitted when both parties are, *in pari casu*, equally acquainted with, and equally willing to refer themselves to, that species of arbitrement. But will it be contended, that a man of superior rank and education is to be subjected, or is obliged to subject himself, to this coarse and brutal strife, perhaps in opposition to a younger, stronger, or more skilful opponent? Certainly even the pugilistic code, if founded upon the fair play of merry Old England, as my brother alleges it to be, can contain nothing so preposterous. And, gentlemen of the jury, if the laws would support an English gentleman wearing, we will suppose, his sword, in defending himself by force against a violent personal aggression of the nature offered to this prisoner, they will not less protect a foreigner and a stranger involved in the same displeasing circumstances. If, therefore, gentlemen of the jury, when thus pressed by a *viz major*, the object of obloquy to a whole company, and of direct violence from one at least, and as he might

reasonably apprehend, from more, the panel had produced the weapon which his countrymen, as we are informed, generally carry about their persons; and the same unhappy circumstances had ensued which you have heard detailed in evidence, I could not in my conscience have asked from you a verdict of murder. The prisoner's personal defence might indeed, even in that case, have gone more or less beyond the boundary of the *moderamen inculpatæ tutelæ*, spoken of by lawyers, but the punishment incurred would have been that of manslaughter, not of murder. I beg leave to add, that I should have thought this milder species of charge was demanded in the case supposed, notwithstanding the Statute of James I. cap. 8, which takes the case of slaughter by stabbing with a short weapon, even without malice prepense, out of the benefit of clergy. For this statute of stabbing, as it is termed, arose out of a temporary cause; and as the real guilt is the same, whether the slaughter be committed by the dagger, or by sword or pistol, the benignity of the modern law places them all on the same, or nearly the same footing.

"But, gentlemen of the jury, the pinch of the case lies in the interval of two hours interposed betwixt the reception of the injury and the fatal retaliation. In the heat of affray and *chaude mêlée*, law, compassionating the infirmities of humanity, makes allowance for the passions which rule such a stormy moment—for the sense of present pain, for the apprehension of further injury, for the difficulty of ascertaining with due accuracy the precise degree of violence which is necessary to protect the person of the individual, without annoying or injuring the assailant more than is absolutely necessary. But the time necessary to walk twelve miles, however speedily performed, was an interval sufficient for the prisoner to have recollected himself; and the violence with which he carried his purpose into effect, with so many circumstances of deliberate determination, could neither be induced by the passion of anger, nor that of fear. It was the purpose and the act of predetermined revenge, for which law neither can, will, nor ought, to have sympathy or allowance.

"It is true, we may repeat to ourselves, in alleviation of this poor man's unhappy action, that his case is a very peculiar one. The country which he inhabits was, in the days of many now alive, inaccessible to the laws, not only of England, which have not even yet penetrated thither, but to those which our neighbours of Scotland are subjected, and which must be supposed to be, and no doubt actually are, founded upon the general principles of justice and equity which pervade every civilized country. Amongst their mountains, as among the North American Indians, the various tribes were wont to make war upon each other, so that each man was obliged to go armed for his own protection, and for the offence of his neighbour. These men, from the ideas which they entertained of their own descent and of their own consequence, regarded themselves as so many cavaliers, or men-at-arms, rather than as the peasantry of a peaceful country. Those laws of the ring, as my brother terms them, were unknown to the race of warlike mountaineers; that decision of quarrels by no other weapons than those which nature has given every man must to them have seemed as vulgar and as preposterous as to the noblesse of

France. Revenge, on the other hand, must have been as familiar to their habits of society as to those of the Cherokees or Mohawks. It is, indeed, as described by Bacon, at bottom a kind of wild, untutored justice; for the fear of retaliation must withhold the hand of the oppressor where there is no regular law to check daring violence. But though all this may be granted, and though we may allow that, such having been the case of the Highlands in the days of the prisoner's fathers, many of the opinions and sentiments must still continue to influence the present generation, it cannot, and ought not, even in this most painful case, to alter the administration of the law, either in your hands, gentlemen of the jury, or in mine. The first object of civilization is to place the general protection of the law equally administered, in the room of that wild justice, which every man cut and carved for himself, according to the length of his sword and the strength of his arm. The law says to the subjects, with a voice only inferior to that of the Deity, 'Vengeance is mine.' The instant that there is time for passion to cool, and reason to interpose, an injured party must become aware, that the law assumes the exclusive cognizance of the right and wrong betwixt the parties, and opposes her inviolable buckler to every attempt of the private party to right himself. I repeat, that this unhappy man ought personally to be the object rather of our pity than our abhorrence, for he failed in his ignorance, and from mistaken notions of honour. But his crime is not the less that of murder, gentlemen, and, in your high and important office, it is your duty so to find. Englishmen have their angry passions as well as Scots; and should this man's action remain unpunished, you may unsheath, under various pretences, a thousand daggers betwixt the Land's-end and the Orkneys."

The venerable judge thus ended what, to judge by his apparent emotion, and by the tears which filled his eyes, was really a painful task. The jury, according to his instructions, brought in a verdict of guilty; and Robin Oig M'Combich, *alias* M'Gregor, was sentenced to death, and left for execution, which took place accordingly. He met his fate with great firmness, and acknowledged the justice of his sentence. But he repelled indignantly the observations of those who accused him of attacking an unarmed man. "I give a life for the life I took," he said, "and what can I do more?"—Vol. i. p. 293—351.

THE LAW OF BLASPHEMY.

THE Law of Blasphemy sorely perplexes the lawyers. They would fain ground on it some show of reason, but the difficulties baffle their ingenuity, and they are compelled to content themselves with offering strings of words and phrases signifying nothing. In old songs a tol-lol-de-rol-lol is introduced to eke out the measure; in the law of blasphemy the same object is accomplished by the words "for Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land." Tol-lol-de-rol-lol would answer all the purposes of sense as well as "for Christi-

anity is part and parcel of the law of the land ;" but in the court of justice sitting before our lord the king at Westminster, " for Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land," sounds better, inasmuch as it is more deceitful than tol-lol-de-rol-lol. By the force of the *for*, it sounds like a reason, which tol-lol-de-rol-lol does not. Nevertheless we could wish that judges would cease instancing as an argument for interfering with opinions on religious matters the too often quoted " for Christianity is a part and parcel, &c." and sing tol-lol-de-rol-lol instead, because, as it would as infallibly command a verdict, it would more strikingly exemplify the power of the law which is, thank God, superior to reason. We are men of that turn that we are ready to believe any thing that any person of authority or a very big wig tells us ; and if we were informed that Christianity was part and parcel of an old woman's frowzy flannel petticoat, we would not presume to doubt it ; but having acceded to the truth of the fact, we must yet ask what connexion there is between it and the desired consequence. If Christianity be part and parcel of the law of the land, does that justify the prosecution of A or B for disbelieving it ? or further, to state the extreme case, for attempting to bring it into contempt ? Men in the houses of parliament, and many more out of the houses of parliament, are very properly, worthily, and indefatigably employed in bringing the law of the land into contempt, and that without incurring any risk of prosecution. The averment, therefore, that Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land, will not warrant interference with religious opinions. In charging the jury on the trial of Mr. Taylor for blasphemy, Lord Tenterden sung the old song, with such little verbal variations as were necessary to disguise the vulgar baldness of the tune :—

" He (Lord Tenterden) should not be acting according to the duty he owed his conscience, or the duty required by the office which he then held, if he did not tell them that the Christian religion (he spoke not then of any of the many sects into which opinions had divided it,) but the Christian religion in its substance was a part of the law of the country, *as perfectly inviolable in that substance*, and as fully entitled to protection in every manner and degree, as our civil constitution itself."

One kind of galimathias is as good as another. Let us say that—

" The Christian religion in its substance is a part of the sirloin of beef, as perfectly inviolable in that substance, and as fully entitled to protection in every manner and degree as our plum-pudding itself." Nonsense ; if the Christian religion were in its substance a part of the sirloin of beef, a sirloin of beef is not inviolable in its substance ; and so the proposition comes to nothing. True, and if the Christian religion be part and parcel of the law of the land, the law of the land is not inviolable in its substance. Its substance and form are, under the blessing of heaven, undergoing change in every session of Parliament. The Christian religion is neither a part nor parcel of any thing in the world, it is no more a part or parcel of the law of the land, than it is a part or parcel of Lord Tenterden's wig ; it is simply and solely a belief in the truth. It were a great evil to shake men's belief in the truth ; but in all things except religion we have such

reliance on the power of truth, that we think it unnecessary to defend it with pains and penalties.

Suppose a genius should arise among us, and discover that our astronomy was all wrong, and endeavour by the force of argument and ridicule to prove the error of reliance on lunar observations, and the whole system which guides our sailors over the seas. It would be dreadful were he to succeed in dashing our sextants from our hands, in shaking our navigators' confidence in the nautical almanack, and teaching them to despise the sun, the moon, and all the stars; but yet we question whether the world would see the wisdom of prosecuting this man for propagating his opinions, though the reception of them would be attended with such disastrous practical consequences. Astronomy is "part and parcel" of navigation; but in protecting navigation we have never yet thought it necessary to make a disbelief in the Newtonian System, a misdemeanour punishable with fine and imprisonment. Had astronomy its priests, and were the science *established*, and improvement in it prohibited, such however would surely be the case, "and crops of infidels would be provoked to doubt that the stars do move." In medicine how many absurd beliefs are propagated, to the perdition of numberless bodies; and would it be proposed to punish fanciful valetudinarians for endeavouring to shake their neighbours' faith in Maton, Warren, and Paris? In all things, spiritual or temporal, sacred or profane, leave to Reason the vindication of its own wrongs; to Truth the maintenance of her own cause.

In his charge to the jury, in the case of Mr. Taylor, Lord Tenterden was obviously much perplexed for a share of argument for his law, and he was compelled to resort to mystifications and definitions absolutely amounting to nothing. Thus, for example, he declared, that "every man in this country had a right of private judgment upon every subject; and however injurious those opinions might prove, either to himself or to others, so long as he continued to keep those opinions to himself, the laws of the country could take no cognizance of his offence." What a brilliant discovery is this! So long as a man keeps his opinions to himself, he cannot be punished. Wonderful! because so long as he keeps them to himself, they are undiscovered. here his lordship touches upon a difficulty. When do a man's opinions begin to be punishable? They are not punishable when confined to his own breast, as they are then unknown; and they are punishable when proclaimed in a public place. Graduating the scale from unknown to declared, where do opinions begin to be criminal? If a man avows opinions to his wife, are they punishable?—if he avows them to his family, are they punishable?—to his servants, are they punishable?—avowed to his friends, are they punishable?—spoken in a tavern, are they punishable?—in a theatre?—in a chapel, we know they are punishable. We have the extremes ascertained. In his breast his opinions are innocent; declared in a public room, criminal. It is desirable that the intermediate stages of innocence and criminality should be distinctly fixed.

SKETCHES OF PERSIA.

Sketches of Persia, from the Journals of a Traveller in the East. London. Murray. 2 Vols. 12mo. 1827.

WE have not had, for a long time, a more varied treat than has been afforded us by these charming volumes; they have been published we believe some months; and how it is that we had not met with them before a few weeks ago we cannot divine. They ought to have been found on every table; been the subject of all literary conversation; and formed the welcome food of the periodicals. The author is understood to be Sir John Malcolm, the most able and accomplished of our Eastern travellers and officers: had we known nothing more of him and his works, all the good that has been said of him would here be amply confirmed. His liveliness, his good humour, his great information, his varied resources, his knowledge of character, and his remarkable personal accomplishments, are all apparent in these sketches, and show themselves in the most agreeable manner. For to the ordinary interests of the anecdotes, incidents, and descriptions, which form the body of the work, is added an indirect pleasure arising from the author's endeavour to conceal his identity, and write of himself in the third person. The elchee, the Persian name for an ambassador, is described, his thoughts are guessed at, and his manners alluded to by himself, in the character of a member of the mission; and as the part is supported by considerable humour, and occasionally gives rise to some little goodnatured self ridicule, it adds a considerable charm to the narrative: such are the recommendations which enhance the value of this work, and which, moreover, show it to be the production of the lighter hours of a statesman, a philosopher, a soldier, a scholar, and a man of the world. Our character of these sketches will be confirmed by the extracts we shall make from them.

Sir John Malcolm has made two official journies to the court of Persia, on the part of the Supreme Government of India; the first was in 1800, and the other ten years afterwards. In these sketches, incidents which happened in both embassies are recorded, not in any regular order, but partly following the course of the second journey, and partly introducing, by way of comparison, the events of the former expedition.

Publications respecting Persia have of late been frequent. Sir John Malcolm's own excellent history has spread many sound views respecting the course of events in that country. Mr. Frazer's travels throw great light upon the state of its government, the condition of its population, and the character of its people. The amusing novel of Hajji Baba, written, as it is said, by Mr. Morier, has presented similar information in a more palatable form to the lover of fiction. The Persian Gil Blas does for Persia what Le Sage did or intended to do for Spain. The "Sketches" continue the series; and on the whole present the people and its government in a more favourable light than any of its predecessors. Not that its author denies or throws a doubt upon the facts recorded by the writers we have mentioned; but his greater experience makes allowance for circumstances, and enables

him to take a much deeper view into the whole case. The writings of Frazer present an arid desert of tyranny, oppression, corruption, and immorality. Sir John Malcolm makes greater allowance for the difference of national habits and feelings; and shows, without effort indeed, and in an extremely pleasant manner, that that which would deserve their names in one country, may bear a very different value in another; but these things will be better proved by the author himself as we go along.

The first sketch describes the voyage to the Persian Gulf from Bombay. The monotony of the voyage is relieved by the author's study of a remarkable character—one Peterson, a blunt sailor, the master of the vessel. His history is entertaining; but we must pass it over for more instructive matter. A good account is given of Muscat, and its enterprising and enlightened Imaum, of whom much has been heard in this country since the dates of these sketches. We have seen letters written by him, in which he keeps up a correspondence with friends who have visited him at Muscat; and to whom he sends not only letters, but trifling presents, as marks of esteem, though he contrives to select those articles which never pass the king's customs. The slave market gives rise to some reflections on Oriental slavery, on the part of the author, which will enlighten many who are led away by the mere name of a thing:—

“The slave in eastern countries, after he is trained to serve, attains the condition of a favoured domestic; his adoption of the religion of his master is usually the first step which conciliates the latter. Except at a few seaports, he is seldom put to hard labour. In Asia there are no fields tilled by slaves, no manufactories in which they are doomed to toil; their occupations are all of a domestic nature, and good behaviour is rewarded by kindness and confidence, which raises them in the community to which they belong. The term *gholam*, or slave, in Mahomedan countries, is not one of opprobrium, nor does it even convey the idea of a degraded condition. The Georgians, Nubians, and Abyssinians, and even the Seedee, or Caffree, as the woolly-headed Africans are called, are usually married, and their children, who are termed *house-born*,* become, in a manner, part of their master's family. They are deemed the most attached of his adherents: they often inherit a considerable portion of his wealth; and not unfrequently (with the exception of the woolly-headed Caffree) lose, by a marriage in his family, or by some other equally respectable connection, all trace of their origin.

“According to the Mahomedan law, the state of slavery is divided into two conditions—the perfect and absolute, or imperfect and privileged. Those who belong to the first class are, with all their property, at the disposal of their masters. The second, though they cannot, before emancipation, inherit or acquire property, have many privileges, and cannot be sold or transferred. A female, who has a child to her master, belongs to the privileged class; as does a slave, to whom his master has promised his liberty, on the payment of a certain sum, or on his death.

“The greatest encouragement is given in the Koran,† and by all commentaries on that volume, to the manumission of slaves. Mahomed has said, ‘Unto such of your slaves as desire a written instrument, allowing them to redeem themselves, on paying a certain sum, write one, if ye know good in them, and give them of the riches of God, which he hath given you.’

“It is in obedience to this precept that pious Mahomedans often grant small pieces of land to a slave, or teach him a profession, that he may, through industry and frugality, attain the means of paying for his freedom,

* “*Khâna-zâdeh*,”

† “*Vide Sale's Koran, vol. ii. p. 186.*”

at the same time that he acquires habits which render him worthy of the great gift. Mahomedans are also encouraged to manumit their slaves by the law, which gives them a title, as residuary heir, to any property of which the person to whom they may have granted freedom dies possessed.

"On one point the slaves in Mahomedan countries are on a footing with free females: they are only liable, for any crimes they commit, to suffer half the punishment to which a free man would be subject. This law proceeds on the ground of their not being supposed on a par, as to knowledge or social ties, with other parts of the community. The application, however, of this principle of justice to cases where the law awards death or amputation, has puzzled the wise mullahs, or doctors, who have resorted to the usual remedy of writing ponderous volumes upon the subject; but I do not learn that they have yet discovered a plan by which an offending woman or slave can be punished with the loss of half a life; or an operation be performed, which will leave them with a half-amputated limb."—Vol. i. pp. 18—21.

Sir John confesses, that his foible is a too great anxiety to display the wonders of science to the astonishment of the natives. We have several amusing instances of the effects of these exhibitions—from the infliction of electric shocks to the fascinating horrors of a phantasmagoria. The first specimen of this kind occurs at Muscat:—

"Soon after our arrival at Muscat we were visited by men of all nations and colours. I was principally attracted by the appearance and manners of some Arabs from the interior, who were brought on board by their countrymen to see an English ship of war. Their figures were light and elastic, their countenances expressed quickness and energy. The most remarkable of their features were their dark rolling eyes, which perhaps struck me more from their wandering rapidly from one object to another, glistening with wonder at all they saw. A good telescope happened to be placed so as to give a complete view of one of the farthest fortifications. I called an Arab to look through it, and he did so for about a minute, then gazed with the most eager attention at me, and, without saying a word, dashed over the ship's side. When the boat he was in got to a little distance, he exclaimed, 'You are magicians, and I now see how you take towns; that thing, (pointing to the telescope,) be they ever so far off, brings them as near as you like.' We were much amused with his simplicity, but no arguments could prevail on him to return and receive such a lesson on optics as might dispel his delusion in supposing us to be adepts in the black art."—Vol. i. pp. 24, 25.

On landing at Bushire the inhabitants were particularly struck with the uniform appearance of the elchee's guard; and the regularity of their movements, most particularly delighted a fanatical accountant:—

"Having acquired this correct information about the shores of the gulf, I landed at Abusheher,* a Persian seaport, celebrated as the mart of chintzes and long-ells, of dates and asafœtida. We were met on the beach by the whole population of the town. What appeared to excite most admiration was the light company of his majesty's 84th regiment, whose uniform appearance caused no slight wonder. Struck with their similarity of look, one man exclaimed, 'These fellows must all have had the same father and mother!' 'That cannot be,' said another, 'for they must all have been born on the same day.' 'They are proper devils, I'll warrant them,' said an old woman who had been looking at them very attentively. They had now received the order to march, and the regularity with which their feet moved was a new subject of surprise. An old merchant, called Hajee Ismael, whose life had been spent amongst his accounts, and who delighted in every thing that was regular,

* "Abusheher is the proper name, but it is better known to Europeans by the abbreviated appellation of Bushire."

stood at a corner as they passed in files, and kept saying, as he noted them with his fingers, 'correct,* correct, correct.' Take it all in all, our landing seemed to give pleasure to the men and children of the port of Abusheber."—Vol. i. pp. 33, 34.

The elchee at his first visit had a plan for introducing potatoes into Persia, in which he succeeded: they are now called the "Malcolm plum" in that country. His wishes were warmly seconded by a benevolent merchant, who pretended to be much interested in the project, and who obtained a promise of a considerable quantity for seed. As the season was, however, too far advanced for sowing, the merchant became impatient, and unluckily exposed the insincerity of his professions, by suggesting to his excellency, that as it was too late to receive the potatoes, a piece of broad cloth, or a present of a pair of pistols, would not be unworthy of the elchee's wonted liberality. The true Persian showed himself prematurely; and when ridiculed by his excellency he retired in disgrace, and bore the name of Potatoes to the day of his death.

An old servant of the English factory at this place, in his dying moments, bore testimony to the merits of the establishment here in a manner worthy of a well-selected jest-book:—

"The English factory, which had long been at Gombroon, had been removed some years before to Abusheber. All the old servants had accompanied it, and one, of the name of Suffer, had recently died, of whom I was delighted to hear, from the best authority, an anecdote, which did credit to the kindness of our countrymen, while it showed that even in this soil good usage will generate strong and lasting attachment. When poor Suffer, who had been fifty years a servant in the factory, was on his death-bed, the English doctor ordered him a glass of wine. He at first refused it, saying, 'I cannot take it; it is forbidden in the Koran.' But after a few moments he begged the doctor to give it him, saying, as he raised himself in his bed, 'Give me the wine; for it is written in the same volume, that all you unbelievers will be excluded from Paradise; and the experience of fifty years teaches me to prefer your society in the other world, to any place unto which I can be advanced with my own countrymen.' He died a few hours after this sally."—Vol. i. pp. 36, 37.

In Persia no one walks, and consequently the whole establishment of the elchee must be mounted on something or other. This brings him in contact with the Arab horse dealers, who are not particularly unlike their brethren in this country. It is singular that association with one of the noblest and gentlest of animals should invariably taint its keeper with roguery: no man is to be trusted on the subject of his horse, whether he be English or Arab. The Arabian owners and breeders of this animal are even more particular in their prejudices than the men on the turf in this equestrian country; their care of their animals, their value of them, and their skill, are not to be equalled on the plains of Newmarket, or the wolds of Yorkshire. Our author's anecdotes of horse dealers are always amusing.

"Hyder, the elchee's master of the chase, was the person who imparted knowledge to me on all subjects relating to Arabian horses. He would descant by the hour on the qualities of a colt that was yet untried, but which, he concluded, must possess all the perfections of its sire and dam,

* "Hissab," the Persian word, literally means an account; metaphorically, 'correct, or according to a just account.'"

with whose histories, and that of their progenitors, he was well acquainted. Hyder had shares in five or six famous brood mares; and he told me a mare was sometimes divided amongst ten or twelve Arabs, which accounted for the groups of half naked fellows whom I saw watching, with anxiety, the progress made by their managing partner in a bargain for one of the produce. They often displayed, on these occasions, no small violence of temper; and I have more than once observed a party leading off their ragged colt in a perfect fury, at the blood of Daghee or Shumehtee, or some renowned sire or grandsire, being depreciated by an inadequate offer, from an ignorant Indian or European.

"The Arabs place still more value on their mares than on their horses; but even the latter are sometimes esteemed beyond all price. When the envoy, returning from his former mission, was encamped near Bagdad, an Arab rode a bright bay horse of extraordinary shape and beauty, before his tent, till he attracted his notice. On being asked if he would sell him—'What will you give me?' said he. 'It depends upon his age; I suppose he is past five?' 'Guess again,' was the reply. 'Four.' 'Look at his mouth,' said the Arab, with a smile. On examination he was found rising three; this, from his size and perfect symmetry, greatly enhanced his value. 'The envoy said, 'I will give you fifty tomans.*"' 'A little more, if you please,' said the fellow, apparently entertained. 'Eighty!—a hundred!' He shook his head, and smiled. The offer came at last to two hundred tomans! 'Well,' said the Arab, seemingly quite satisfied, 'you need not tempt me any farther—it is of no use; you are a fine elchee; you have fine horses, camels, and mules, and I am told you have loads of silver and gold: now,' added he, 'you want my colt, but you shall not have him for all you have got.' So saying, he rode off to the desert, whence he had come, and where he, no doubt, amused his brethren with an account of what had passed between him and the European envoy.

"Inquiry was made of some officers of the Pasha of Bagdad respecting this young man; they did not know him, but conjectured that, notwithstanding his homely appearance, he was the son or brother of a chief, or perhaps himself the head of a family; and such Arabs, they said, when in comparative affluence, no money could bribe to sell a horse like the one described.

"I was one day relating the above story to Abdulla Aga, the former governor of Bussorah, who was at Abusheher, having been obliged to fly from Turkey. He told me that, when in authority, he several times had great trouble in adjusting disputes among Arab tribes, regarding a horse or mare which had been carried off by one of them from another; not on account of the value of the animals, that having been often offered ten-fold, but from jealousy of their neighbours becoming possessed of a breed of horses which they desired to remain exclusively in their own tribe. An Arab shaikh or chief, he told me, who lived within fifty miles of Bussorah, had a favourite breed of horses. He lost one of his best mares, and could not for a long time discover whether she was stolen or had strayed. Some time afterwards, a young man of a different tribe, who had long wished to marry his daughter, but had always been rejected by the shaikh, obtained the lady's consent and eloped with her. The shaikh and his followers pursued; but the lover and his mistress, mounted on the same horse, made a wonderful march, and escaped. The old chief swore that the fellow was either mounted upon the devil or the favourite mare he had lost. After his return he found, on inquiry, the latter was the case; that the lover was the thief of his mare as well as of his daughter, and that he had stolen the one for the purpose of carrying off the other. He was quite gratified to think he had not been beaten by a horse of another breed, and was easily reconciled to the young man in order that he might recover the mare, which appeared an object about which he was more solicitous than his daughter."—Vol. i. pp. 41—45.

* "A toman is a nominal coin nearly the value of a pound sterling."

The elchee's anecdotes of hunting are nearly as amusing as those of horses. The following is the mode of hunting with dogs and hawks on the coast of Bushire:—

“The huntsmen proceed to a large plain, or rather desert, near the sea-side: they have hawks and greyhounds; the former carried in the usual manner, on the hand of the huntsman: the latter led in a leash by a horseman, generally the same who carries the hawk. When the antelope is seen, they endeavour to get as near as possible; but the animal, the moment it observes them, goes off at a rate that seems swifter than the wind; the horsemen are instantly at full speed, having slipped the dogs. If it is a single deer, they at the same time fly the hawks; but if a herd, they wait till the dogs have fixed on a particular antelope. The hawks, skimming along the ground, soon reach the deer, at whose head they pounce in succession, and sometimes with a violence that knocks it over. At all events, they confuse the animal so much as to stop its speed in such a degree that the dogs can come up; and in an instant men, horses, dogs, and hawks, surround the unfortunate deer, against which their united efforts have been combined. The parts of the chase that surprised me most was the extraordinary combination of the hawks and the dogs, which throughout seemed to look to each other for aid. This I was told, was the result of long and skilful training.”—Vol. i. pp. 52, 53.

Another mode of hunting is thus described as practised here and in the interior of Persia:—

“Persons of the highest rank lead their own greyhounds in a long silken leash, which passes through the collar, and is ready to slip the moment the huntsman chooses. The well-trained dog goes alongside the horse, and keeps clear of him when at full speed, and in all kinds of country. When a herd of antelopes is seen, a consultation is held, and the most experienced determine the point towards which they are to be driven. The field (as an English sportsman would term it) then disperse, and while some drive the herd in the desired direction, those with the dogs take their post on the same line, at the distance of about a mile from each other; one of the worst dogs is then slipped at the herd, and from the moment he singles out an antelope the whole body are in motion. The object of the horsemen who have greyhounds is to intercept its course, and to slip fresh dogs, in succession, at the fatigued animal. In rare instances the second dog kills. It is generally the third or fourth; and even these, when the deer is strong, and the ground favourable, often fail. This sport, which is very exhilarating, was the delight of the late king of Persia, Aga Mahomed Khan, whose taste is inherited by the present sovereign.”—Vol. i. pp. 54, 55.

The elchee also describes a mode of taking the bustard with two species of hawks—the one taught to scud along the ground, the other to take wing:—

“The novelty of these amusements interested me, and I was pleased, on accompanying a party to a village, about twenty miles from Abusheher, to see a species of hawking peculiar, I believe, to the sandy plains of Persia, on which the hubara,* a noble species of bustard, is found on almost bare plains, where it has no shelter but a small shrub called geetuck. When we went in quest of them we had a party of about twenty, all well mounted. Two kinds of hawks are necessary for this sport; the first, the cherkh (the same which is flown at the antelope), attacks them on the ground, but will not

* “The hubara usually weighs from seven to eleven pounds. On the head is a tuft of black and white feathers; the back of the head and neck are spotted black; the side of the head and throat are white, as well as the under part of the body; the breast is slate-coloured; the feathers of the wing are greenish brown, speckled with black; the bill of very dark grey; and on each side of the neck is a large and handsome tuft of feathers, black and white alternately.”

follow them on the wing ; for this reason, the bhyree, a kaww well known in India, is flown the moment the hubara rises.

" As we rode along in an extended line, the men who carried the cherkhs every now and then unhooded and held them up, that they might look over the plain. The first hubara we found afforded us a proof of the astonishing quickness of sight of one of the hawks ; he fluttered to be loose, and the man who held him gave a whoop, as he threw off his hand, and set off at full speed. We all did the same. As first we only saw our hawk skimming over the plain, but soon perceived, at the distance of more than a mile, the beautiful speckled hubara, with his head erect and wings outspread, running forward to meet his adversary. The cherkh made several unsuccessful pounces, which were either evaded or repelled by the beak or wings of the hubara, which at last found an opportunity of rising, when a bhyree was instantly flown, and the whole party were again at full gallop. We had a flight of more than a mile, when the hubara alighted, and was killed by another cherkh, who attacked him on the ground. This bird weighed ten pounds. We killed several others, but were not always successful, having seen our hawks twice completely beaten, during the two days we followed this fine sport."—Vol. i. pp. 55—57.

The elchee had with him a few couple of foxhounds intended for a present to the king of kings, which gave him an opportunity of showing in his turn the English mode of hunting. The impression made upon the Arabs will appear from the description of it by the natives :—

" One morning we killed a fox, after a very hard chase ; and while the rest of the party were exulting in their success, cutting off poor reynard's brush, praising the hounds, adding some two feet to a wall their horses had cleared, laughing at those who had got tumbles, and recounting many a hair-breadth escape, I was entertained by listening to an Arab peasant, who, with animated gestures, was narrating to a group of his countrymen all he had seen of this noble hunt. ' There went the fox,' said he, pointing with a crooked stick to a clump of date-trees ; ' there he went at a great rate ; I hallooed, and hallooed, but nobody heard me, and I thought he must get away ; but when he got quite out of sight, up came a large spotted dog, and then another and another ; they all had their noses on the ground, and gave tongue, whow, whow, whow, so loud that I was frightened :—away went these devils, who soon found the poor animal ; after them galloped the Faringees,* shouting and trying to make a noise louder than the dogs : no wonder they killed the fox among them ; but it is certainly fine sport. Our shaikh has no dogs like these.' The last remark was assented to by all present, and the possession of a breed of dogs, which their shaikh had not, added not a little, in the eyes of those peasants, to the character of the Mission."—Vol. 1, pp. 58—59.

An extraordinary character, called Tollemache, alias Derveish Abdulla, forms the subject of some remarkable anecdotes : his remarkable facility in assuming the character and speaking the language of different Oriental countries, is unrivalled by any of those travellers who have mounted the turban.

" Before we took our departure, the shaikh gave the elchee and his suite an entertainment. Among other subjects of conversation at this feast, the name of the Derveish Abdulla, who had some years before visited that port, and sailed for India, was mentioned. I smiled as they related stories of his sanctity, and still more as I found different parties, a Turk, a Persian, and an Arab, contending for the honour their country derived from his belonging to it. ' You have only to hear him speak, and repeat poetry,' said Hajee Is-

* " Faringee, which is a corruption of Frank, is the name given to an European over all Asia."

mael, 'to be certain he is a Persian.' 'It is his recital of passages of the Koran, that convinces me he is an Arab,' said the shaikh. 'You may say what you like,' said Abdulla Aga, 'but no man but a native of Turkey ever spoke Turkish like Derveish Abdulla.'

"At this part of the conversation I put in my word, and said, 'Really, gentlemen, you are all mistaken; the far-famed Derveish you mention is a Frenchman, his real name is Tollemache, and I know him well.' It was not a mere smile of incredulity with which they listened. The remark I had made, while it received not the least credit, excited unpleasant feelings, and a friend near me whispered that it was better to abstain from the subject."—Vol. 1. pp. 59—60.

The following is a short history of this remarkable person, who has attained such proficiency in the language and manners of the natives of Asia, as to deceive the most learned.

"Mons. Tollemache, the son of a dragoman at Constantinople, was many years ago recommended to Mr. Warren Hastings, who patronized him; but a quarrel, in which he was involved at Calcutta, led to his leaving that city and going to the north-western part of India, from whence he went into the countries of Cabool, Khorassan, and Persia, and was lost trace of by his European friends for twelve years. His latter name in Persia was the Derveish Abdulla, under which he became renowned for his piety and learning. He had officiated as first reader of prayers before the late king, who honoured him with his favour. He came to Abusheher, from whence he went to Surat, where, after his overtures of service to the English government had been refused, he proceeded to the Isle of France, and is mentioned in Lord Wellesley's notes as the person employed there with Tippoo Sultan's ambassadors. On proceeding afterwards to the Red Sea he was made prisoner by Admiral Blanket, and sent to Bombay, where I became acquainted with him at the house of a friend with whom he resided.

"The memory of Tollemache was stored with rare Persian poems and songs: his conversation was, from his various knowledge, very entertaining. Of his power to assume any Asiatic character, the following anecdote will suffice. He had been dilating on his success in deceiving natives of the countries through which he passed, and observed me to be rather incredulous. I had not remarked his leaving the room some minutes before I did, but, when driving out of the gate, I was so annoyed by the importunities of a Mahomedan mendicant, who was almost naked, that I abused him, and threatened to use my whip if he did not desist, when the fellow burst into a fit of laughter, and asked me if I so soon forgot my acquaintances? I could hardly credit my eyes and ears on recognising Tollemache; and the recollection of this occurrence prevented me saying more to my friends at the shaikh's party, whom I left in the belief that the Abdulla was a saint upon earth."—Vol. 1, pp. 60—62.

All have heard of the respect paid by Orientals to a portly form; apropos, to an instance of this feeling the author gives an amusing anecdote from the history of Nadir Shâh.

"The Emperor of Constantinople, Mahmood the Fifth, the great rival of Nadir Shah, desiring to humble the vanity of that conqueror, and knowing he valued himself more on his superior bodily power and stentorian voice than on any other qualities, selected, as an envoy to Persia, a porter of extraordinary personal strength and most powerful lungs.

"The envoy had merely charge of a letter, which he was told to deliver in person to the king, to require an answer, and return. The fame of this remarkable diplomatist preceded him; and Nadir was advised not to receive him, as his deputation was deemed an insult. But curiosity overcame all other considerations, and he was introduced one day that there was a very full court.

"When the Turk approached the throne, Nadir, assuming his fiercest look,

and exerting his voice to the utmost, said, 'What do you desire of me?' Almost all started, and the hall vibrated to the sound; but the envoy, with an undaunted air, and in a voice of thunder, which made Nadir's appear like the treble of a child, exclaimed, 'Take that letter, and give me an answer, that I may return to my master.'

"The court were in amazement; all eyes were turned on Nadir, whose frowning countenance gradually relaxed into a smile, and, turning to his courtiers, he said, 'After all, the fellow certainly has merit.' He was outdone, but he could not help, like Hajee Hashem, respecting in another the qualities he valued in himself.

"Nadir is stated to have retorted the intended insult, by saying to the envoy, when he gave him leave to depart, 'Tell Mahmood I am glad to find he has one man in his dominions, and has had the good sense to send him here, that we may be satisfied of the fact.'"—Vol. i, pp. 67—68.

The elchee himself was fortunate in the robustness of his form and his power of supporting fatigue. And in order to make a favourable impression on the Persians, he appears to have rode fifty or sixty miles every morning, and at last to have almost worn out his mehmendar, or entertainer on the journey. The poor man's fatigue caused him to make a favourable mention of the elchee's qualities in the journal kept by him to be shown to the monarch.

"The elchee and the English gentlemen with him, rise at dawn of day; they mount their horses and ride for two or three hours, when they come home and breakfast. From that time till four o'clock, when they dine, the elchee is either looking at horses, conversing, reading, or writing; he never lies down, and, if he has nothing else to do, he walks backwards and forwards before his tent-door, or within it. He sits but a short time at dinner, mounts his horse again in the evening, and when returned from his ride, takes tea, after which he converses or plays at cards till ten o'clock, when he retires to rest; and next day pursues nearly the same course.

"What I chiefly remark is, that neither he nor any of the gentlemen sleep during the day, nor do they ever, when the weather is warm, recline upon carpets as we do. They are certainly very restless persons; but when it is considered that these habits cause their employing so much more time every day in business, and in acquiring knowledge than his majesty's subjects, it is evident that at the end of a year they must have some advantage. I can understand from what I see better than I could before, how this extraordinary people conquered India. My office is very fatiguing, for the elchee, though a good-natured man, has no love of quiet, and it is my duty to be delighted with all he does, and to attend him on all occasions."—Vol. i, pp. 71—72.

The author gives an anecdote of this same mehmendar, which will assist the reader in comprehending the authority of his office.

"My friend, Mahomed Sheriff Khan, was, as appears from his journal, a keen observer. He had the reputation of being a good soldier; but his distinguishing feature was pride in his condition, as the chief of a tribe, and as representing, in his person, a portion of the authority of the King of Kings. This pride, however, which often flamed forth in real or assumed rage, was much regulated in its action by a regard for his own interests. He was always civil to the elchee and those with him, but to all upon whom his office gave him claims his demeanour was haughty and overbearing, till soothed by concession or bribes. I met the mehmendar one morning, with a man leading a beautiful Arab colt, to which he pointed, saying, 'That old scoundrel, Shaikh Nasser (governor of Abusheher), had very nearly deprived me of that animal.' 'What!' said I, 'could he venture to take him from you?' 'No,' said he; 'the horse was his; but he had concealed him so carefully that I was near going away without getting him. I heard of him

before I left Shiraz, and have been on the search ever since I came to Abusheher. I have just found him, hidden in an inner room, covered with dirt: and then to hear how the old fool whined about this colt of his favourite daghee,* as he called him. He meant him, he said, to mount his son, a puny wretch, who was standing by, entreating me to listen to his father's prayer, and not to take away their only favourite; to save which they offered several useless animals and some money. But I laughed out loud,' concluded Mahomed Sheriff Khan, stroking his grizzly beard, 'and said, they knew little of an old wolf like me, if they thought I was to be moved by their bleating, or tricked by their cunning. Go,' said I to the old shaikh, 'and build a boat for that hopeful heir of yours; it will befit him better than a horse like this, which is only suited for a son of mine to ride upon.'

"I soon afterwards saw old Shaikh Nasser moving slowly along, muttering his usual phrase, 'There's no harm done: Persian scoundrels, Arab fools, all will go to hell together! God is just!—Well, well, there is no harm done.' I spoke to him—he took no notice, but went to his usual seat to superintend some carpenters, who were building a vessel which had been on the stocks about seventy years; there his smothered passion found vent in the most virulent abuse of all his tribe who approached him. When I spoke to him some time afterwards, he seemed in better humour. 'This ship,' said he, pointing to the ribs of the rude vessel, 'will be finished some day or other, and she will hold us all: There is no harm done.'

"Mahomed Sheriff Khan used to laugh at his own habits, which he deemed less personal than belonging to his condition. One day, when riding through the streets, he observed me looking significantly at his Turkuman horse stretching his long neck to seize some greens, which a man was carrying in a basket on his head—'He has learnt it,' said my friend, with a smile."—Vol. i. pp. 73—75.

An excellent story is told by an old gentleman, the governor of Kazeroon, of the mode in which he was deprived of his sight. It would seem that even pain is in some degree arbitrary, and that it was not so very absurd in the fishmonger who said that the eels did not care about being skinned, because they were so used to it. But the author's remarks sufficiently show the philosophy of the anecdote.

"Riza Kooli Khan, the governor of Kazeroon, came to pay the elchee a visit. This old nobleman had a silk band over his eye-sockets, having had his eyes put out during the late contest between the Zend and Kajir families for the throne of Persia. He began, soon after he was seated, to relate his misfortunes, and the tears actually came to my eyes at the thoughts of the old man's sufferings, when judge of my surprise to find it was to entertain, not to distress us, he was giving the narration, and that, in spite of the revolting subject, I was compelled to smile at a tale, which in any country except Persia would have been deemed a subject for a tragedy; but as poisons may by use become aliment, so misfortunes, however dreadful, when they are of daily occurrence, appear like common events of life. But it was the manner and feelings of the narrator that, in this instance, gave the comic effect to the tragedy of which he was the hero.

"'I had been too active a partizan,' said Riza Kooli Khan, 'of the Kajir family, to expect much mercy when I fell into the hands of the rascally tribe of Zend. I looked for death, and was rather surprised at the lenity which only condemned me to lose my eyes. A stout fellow of a ferasht came as executioner of the sentence; he had in his hand a large blunt knife which he meant to make his instrument: I offered him twenty tomans if he would use a penknife I showed him. He refused in the most brutal

* "A celebrated stud-horse of Shaikh Nasser."

† "Ferasht is a menial servant employed in a house to keep it clean and take care of the furniture. He also pitches tents, spreads carpets, &c. &c."

manner, called me a merciless villain, asserting that I had slain his brother, and that he had solicited the present office to gratify his revenge, adding, his only regret was not being allowed to put me to death.

" 'Seeing,' continued Riza Kooli, 'that I had no tenderness to look for from this fellow, I pretended submission, and laid myself on my back; he seemed quite pleased, tucked up his sleeves, brandished his knife, and very composedly put one knee on my chest, and was proceeding to his butchering work, as if I had been a stupid innocent lamb, that was quite content to let him do what he chose. Observing him, from this impression, off his guard, I raised one of my feet, and planting it on the pit of his stomach, sent him heels over head in a way that would have made you laugh (imitating with his foot the action he described, and laughing heartily himself at the recollection of it). I sprung up; so did my enemy; we had a short tussle—but he was the stronger; and having knocked me down, succeeded in taking out my eyes.

" 'The pain at the moment,' said the old Khan, 'was lessened by the warmth occasioned by the struggle. The wounds soon healed; and when the Kajirs obtained the undisputed sovereignty of Persia, I was rewarded for my suffering in their cause. All my sons have been promoted, and I am governor of this town and province. Here I am in affluence, and enjoying a repose to which men who can see are in this country perfect strangers. If there is a deficiency of revenue, or any real or alleged cause for which another governor would be removed, beaten, or put to death, the king says, 'Never mind, it is poor blind Riza Kooli; let him alone:' so you observe, Elchee, that I have no reason to complain, being in fact better defended from misfortune, by the loss of my two eyes, than I could be by the possession of twenty of the clearest in Persia;' and he laughed again at this second joke."—Vol. i. pp. 89—92.

At Shiraz the elchee's party are entertained on a stack of roses about as large as an English haystack. Here they met with one of the most celebrated writers of verse and tellers of stories, accomplishments valued beyond all others in Persia. The power of these men appears to be considerable; we can vouch for the excellence of several of their tales, for they are given in these sketches, and their facility of countenance and variety of voice are so great as to bring those who are ignorant of their language fully within their influence. As Derveish Seffer was about to commence one of his stories, he perceived two Englishmen rising to depart: on inquiring the reason, he was told they did not understand his language: he would not allow that this made any difference, he asserted that he would quickly bring them within his power: they remained, and were nearly as much interested in the narrative as those who perfectly understood him. We wish we had room for some of these stories, but they are all too long for quotation, and are too well told to be abridged. Poets are rife every where in Persia, and love to exchange the airy product of the brain for something more substantial. The elchee had occasion for all his ingenuity to avoid the attacks of these bores.

"A poet of Shiraz, named Moollâh Adam, had gone a stage from that city to present an ode to the elchee, whom he had in this long and laboured production compared to Roostem, the hero of Persia, for valour; to Peerân Weeseh, the Solomon of Tartary, for wisdom; and to Hâtim-Tâi, the most munificent of Arabian princes, for generosity. He had been rewarded for his trouble, but was not satisfied, and his genius was taxed to obtain something more. While we were sitting in the room, at the gateway of the beautiful garden of Jehân-Noomâ, looking at the mules carrying our baggage towards Isfahan, this votary of the muses made his appearance; his professed

object was to take leave; his real purpose was to read an epigram of four lines,* the concluding one of which was—

‘ Moollâh Adam neek sâ’et yâft.’

“This line, from sâ’et signifying hour or watch, might either be translated,

‘ Moollâh Adam chose a good (or propitious) hour ;’

or,

‘ Moollâh Adam got a good watch.’

“The animals, laden with the most valuable articles, were at the moment on the road below the window where we were seated, and the elchee, pointing to them, said, ‘Sâ’et goozesht,’ the hour is past, or, the watch is gone. The countenance of the poet, which had, on reading his last line, glistened with expectation, changed for a moment, but was soon covered with forced smiles, and he declared that he would rather carry the elchee’s happy reply into the city than ten watches. I trembled lest this flattery should succeed; it did not; and he departed apparently in good humour, but inwardly, no doubt, much disappointed.”—Vol. i. pp. 200, 201.

The inhabitants of Cashan are given to weaving; an employment which ensures their degeneracy in the eyes of their neighbours, the Turkumans, the savage highwayman of the plains, who rides for weeks together, marches thousands of miles in extent, loves no employment but plundering, and values life at the expense of the priming of his pistol. The force of education in converting a Cashanee into a hero is shown in the following anecdote:—

“My old friend Mahomet Shereeff Khan Burgshattee told me he had once a convincing proof that a Cāshānee might be a brave man. ‘On returning,’ said he, ‘from the pursuit of a small party of plundering Tūrkūmāns, I found that ten of my men had surrounded a fine looking youth, who was on a dry spot in a morass, where not more than two could approach him at a time. He had only a sword and a spear, but refused to yield; inviting his opponents to use their fire-arms, since they durst not fight him on equal terms. Struck with his appearance and courage, I solicited him to surrender, and assured him he should be well treated. ‘I know better,’ said he, ‘than to regard the promises of a faithless Persian, who the moment I was unarmed would maltreat and murder me.’ I ordered my men to withdraw to a distance, and after making a vow he should be well used, and leaving my arms on the ground, I rode forward, saying, I will confide in you, though you dare not trust me. The youth, subdued by this action, sprung from his horse, threw down his spear and sword, and hastened to kiss my stirrup; offering at the same time his services, which I accepted.

“‘I desired him to remount,’ continued Mahomed Shereef Khan, ‘and we rejoined my astonished followers. After complimenting him on his courage, I asked where he was born?’ ‘At Cashan,’ he said. ‘You a Cāshānee!’ I replied with surprise. ‘I am,’ said he; ‘my father was a silk weaver, and I had just begun to learn his business, being about twelve years of age, when having gone with some companions to amuse ourselves at a distance from the town, we were surprised and carried off by a party of Tūrkūmāns. I was adopted into the family of one of their chiefs, who carefully instructed me in horsemanship and the use of arms. I have ever since accompanied him in his plundering incursions into Persia and other countries.’

“‘Now,’ said the old mehmandar, ‘this man continued twenty years with me; he only died about a twelvemonth ago, and maintained till the day of his death the character he had established at our first meeting. This example,’ he concluded, ‘satisfies me that it is possible the son of a weaver, if properly brought up, may be a brave man. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt these silk manufactories give bad habits, and spoil many a good soldier.’” Vol. ii. pp. 5—7.

* “Roobâi or Quatrain.”

Some of the Turkuman tribes have been reduced to a state of order by the present king: and the change is lamented as one of the most cruel innovations. It is thus bewailed by Râhmen Beg:—

“ ‘The possession of our families,’ said Rahmân Beg, as he concluded this short history of his tribe, ‘compelled our chiefs to enter into a compact not to plunder, and they have been obliged to give their children as hostages for its faithful performance. The present king has improved upon the policy of his uncle; a colony of our tribe is established at Teheran; some are in service, and the others, though strictly watched, are permitted to trade. If matters go on in this way our sons will become a set of blackguard horse-dealers instead of gallant warriors, and their children will be instructed in the art of cheating unwary citizens, instead of the more manly occupation of plundering a rich traveller. We shall have no more fine Persian girls to keep our tents clean, and dress our victuals, nor active fellows to rub our horses, or attend our flocks! What a sad change! And as to our profits in breeding and selling horses, I have known more money given in one day for the ransom of a nobleman or a wealthy merchant, than our whole tribe can now make in trafficking in cattle for a twelvemonth!’

“ ‘I asked Rahmân Beg, how he, as a Mahomedan, could reconcile himself to make slaves of persons of the same religion? ‘What,’ said he, ‘do you count these rascally sheâhs, the Persians, who deny the first four caliphs, to be of the same religion as we Soonees?—they are vile scismatics.’ ‘Then,’ I observed, ‘when you made Soonees captives, you did not make them slaves?’ ‘Why! I don’t know; I think,’ he added, laughing, ‘we should in such case have been compelled to become sheâhs ourselves; for slaves we must have.’”—Vol. ii. pp. 14, 15.

These plunderers train their horses as much as we do our racers or hunters. Before they begin their expeditions, they put them into complete condition, and the marches they perform are astonishing. Some have gone forty *fersekhs* (140 miles) within twenty-four hours; and it was ascertained, on most minute inquiry, that parties of them, in their predatory inroads, were in the habit of marching from twenty to thirty *fersekhs* (from 70 to 105 miles) for twelve or fifteen days together without a halt. Before proceeding on a foray, they knead a number of small hard balls of barley-meal, which when wanted they soak in water, and this serves for food both for man and horse. They ride with snaffles, and allow their horses to go slouching along with their necks loose. It is the pride of an English horseman to keep his horse’s head up: of this practice the Turkuman speaks with contempt. “ ‘It is taking the animal,” said Râhman Beg, “off his natural position, and for what? to get a little readiness in the plain: and for this power of skirmishing, you hurt, if you do not altogether lose, the long walk, trot, and gallop to which we trust in our forays.”

The women of these tribes are as much at home on horseback as the men:—

“ ‘The qualities most prized amongst these tribes are courage in men, and chastity in women. The females who dwell in tents wear no veils. They welcome strangers, are very hospitable, and their manner, though confident, is by no means immodest. The elchee on his return from the first mission, when riding one day near a small encampment of Afshâr families, expressed doubts to his mehmandar, a Persian nobleman, as to the reported boldness and skill in horsemanship of their females. The mehmandar immediately called to a young woman of handsome appearance, and asked her in Turkish if she was a soldier’s daughter? She said she was. ‘And you expect to be a mother of soldiers,’ was the next observation. She smiled. ‘Mount that

horse,' said he, pointing to one with a bridle but without a saddle, 'and show this European elchee the difference between a girl of a tribe and a citizen's daughter.' She instantly sprung upon the animal, and setting off at full speed did not stop till she had reached the summit of a small hill in the vicinity, which was covered with loose stones. When there, she waved her hand over her head, and came down the hill at the same rate at which she had ascended it. Nothing could be more dangerous than the ground over which she galloped; but she appeared quite fearless, and seemed delighted at having had an opportunity of vindicating the females of her tribe from the reproach of being like the ladies of cities."—Vol. ii. pp. 21, 22.

The wandering tribes of Persia are not more remarkable for their attachment to their chief than for the affection relations bear to each other, and the strength of those ties by which every individual is bound to the community of which he is a part. As a confirmation of this fact, our author relates the following anecdote, which he calls authentic and affecting:—

"Twelve men had been robbed and murdered under the walls of Shiraz. The perpetrators of this atrocious act could not for a long period be discovered, but Kerreem Khan deeming this occurrence so deeply injurious to that impression of security and justice which it was the labour of his life to establish, commanded the officers of justice to persevere in their search till the offenders were detected, threatening them and others who had heard the cries of the murdered men with vengeance, unless they effected a discovery, which he considered essential to his own reputation.

"After some months had elapsed, it was discovered by accident that a small branch of Kerreem Khan's own tribe of Zend, at that time encamped near Shiraz, were the murderers. Their guilt was clearly proved, and all who had been actually engaged in the murder were sentenced to death. Powerful intercession was made that some at least should be pardoned, but the prince had vowed that every man should suffer, and their being of his own favoured tribe made him more inexorable. They had, he said, brought disgrace on him as their sovereign and as their chief, and could not be forgiven.

"When the prisoners were brought before him to receive sentence, there was amongst them a youth of twenty years of age, whose appearance interested every spectator; but their anxiety was increased to pain when they saw the father of this young man rush forward and demand, before they proceeded to the execution, to speak to the prince. Permission was granted, and he addressed him as follows:—

" 'Kerreem Khan, you have sworn that these guilty men shall die, and it is just; but I, who am not guilty, come here to demand a boon of my chief. My son is young, he has been deluded into crime; his life is forfeited, but he has hardly tasted the sweets of life; he is just betrothed in marriage; I come to die in his stead: be merciful! let an old worn-out man perish, and spare a youth, who may long be useful to his tribe; let him live to drink of the waters, and till the ground of his ancestors!'

"Kerreem Khan is stated to have been greatly moved by the old man's appeal: he could not pardon the offence, having sworn on the Koran that all concerned should be put to death; and with feelings very different from our ideas of justice, but congenial to those of the chief of a tribe, he granted the father's prayer, and the old man went exultingly to meet his fate. While all around were filled with pity, his son, wild and distracted with grief, was loud in imploring the prince to reverse his decree, to inflict on him that death which he merited, and to save the more valuable life of his aged, devoted, and innocent parent."—Vol. ii. pp. 30—32.

We are sorry that our limits do not permit us to quote a long and very interesting conversation between the elchee and his friends on the condition of Oriental women. It fully appears as the result,

however, that their power is not short of what it is elsewhere ; and that their liberty, if not quite as great as in Europe, extends to a point where habit renders them satisfied ; and to go beyond which would not be acceptable to them. We will quote a "screed" of this doctrine:—

" 'So you see,' said Jaffier, 'this liberty of choice which your forward, though inexperienced, young ladies exercise, has bad as well as good effects. Now our daughters never run away ; and as they have seldom ever seen their destined husbands, if they have no love for them, neither have they any dislike. The change from the condition of a girl under the strict subjection of her mother to that of a wife at the head of her own part of the household is so agreeable, that they are too happy to adopt it.

" 'You English take your ideas of the situation of females in Asia from what you hear and read of the harems of kings, rulers, and chiefs, who being absolute over both the men and women of their territories, indulge in a plurality of wives and mistresses. These, undoubtedly, are immured within high walls, and are kept during life like slaves ; but you ought to recollect, that the great and powerful, who have such establishments, are not in the proportion of one to ten thousand of the population of the country. If a person of inferior rank marry a woman of respectable connexions, she becomes mistress of his family ; and should he have only one house, he cannot place another on an equality without a certainty of involving himself in endless trouble and vexation, if not disgrace. The dower usually settled upon such a lady, added to other privileges, and an unlimited authority over her children and servants, give her much importance ; and she is supported by her relations in the assertion of every right with which custom has invested her.

" 'With regard to liberty, such a lady cannot only go to the public bath, but she visits for one or two days, as she chooses, at the house of her father, brother, sister, or son. She not only goes to all these places unattended, but her husband's following her would be deemed an unpardonable intrusion. Then she has visitors at home ; friends, musicians, and dancers ; the husband cannot enter the lady's part of the house without giving notice. I only wish,' said Jaffier Ali, laughing, 'you could see the bold blustering gentleman of the merdāneh in the ladies' apartment ; you would hardly believe him to be the same person. The moment his foot crosses the threshold, every thing reminds him he is no longer lord and master ; children, servants, and slaves look alone to the lady. In short, her authority is paramount : when she is in good humour, every thing goes on well ; and when in bad, nothing goes right. It is very well for grandees, who, besides power and wealth, have separate houses and establishments, and are above all regard for law and usage, to have harems, and wives, and female slaves ; but for others, though they may try the experiment, it can never answer ;' and he shook his head, apparently with that sincere conviction which is the result of experience."—
Vol. ii. pp. 39—41.

In the East a story or apologue is produced, in illustration of every moot point. The discussion respecting the authority of women brings up the following pleasant fiction:—

" 'Sâdik Beg was of good family, handsome in person, and possessed of both sense and courage ; but he was poor, having no property but his sword and his horse, with which he served as a gentleman retainer of a nabob. The latter, satisfied of the purity of Sâdik's descent, and entertaining a respect for his character, determined to make him the husband of his daughter Hooseinee, who, though beautiful, as her name implied, was remarkable for her haughty manner and ungovernable temper.

" 'Giving a husband of the condition of Sâdik Beg to a lady of Hooseinee's rank was, according to usage in such unequal matches, like giving her a slave, and as she heard a good report of his personal qualities, she offered no

objections to the marriage, which was celebrated soon after it was proposed, and apartments were assigned to the happy couple in the nabob's palace.

" 'Some of Sâdik Beg's friends rejoiced in his good fortune; as they saw, in the connexion he had formed, a sure prospect of his advancement. Others mourned the fate of so fine and promising a young man, now condemned to bear through life all the humours of a proud and capricious woman; but one of his friends, a little man called Merdek, who was completely hen-pecked, was particularly rejoiced, and quite chuckled at the thought of seeing another in the same condition with himself.

" 'About a month after the nuptials, Merdek met his friend, and with malicious pleasure wished him joy of his marriage. 'Most sincerely do I congratulate you, Sâdik,' said he, 'on this happy event!' 'Thank you, my good fellow, I am very happy indeed, and rendered more so by the joy I perceive it gives my friends.' 'Do you really mean to say you are happy?' said Merdek, with a smile. 'I really am so,' replied Sâdik. 'Nonsense,' said his friend; 'do we not all know to what a termagant you are united? and her temper and high rank combined, must no doubt make her a sweet companion.' Here he burst into a loud laugh, and the little man actually strutted with a feeling of superiority over the bridegroom.

" 'Sâdik, who knew his situation and feelings, was amused instead of being angry. 'My friend,' said he, 'I quite understand the grounds of your apprehension for my happiness. Before I was married I had heard the same reports as you have done of my beloved bride's disposition; but I am happy to say I have found it quite otherwise; she is a most docile and obedient wife.' 'But how has this miraculous change been wrought?' 'Why,' said Sâdik, 'I believe I have some merit in effecting it, but you shall hear.

" 'After the ceremonies of our nuptials were over, I went in my military dress, and with my sword by my side, to the apartment of Hooseinee. She was sitting in a most dignified posture to receive me, and her looks were any thing but inviting. As I entered the room, a beautiful cat, evidently a great favourite, came purring up to me. I deliberately drew my sword, struck its head off, and taking that in one hand and the body in the other, threw them out of the window. I then very unconcernedly turned to the lady, who appeared in some alarm; she, however, made no observations, but was in every way kind and submissive, and has continued so ever since.'

" 'Thank you, my dear fellow,' said little Merdek, with a significant shake of the head—'a word to the wise;' and away he capered, obviously quite rejoiced.

" 'It was near evening when this conversation took place; soon after, when the dark cloak of night had enveloped the bright radiance of day, Merdek entered the chamber of his spouse, with something of a martial swagger, armed with a scimitar. The unsuspecting cat came forward as usual to welcome the husband of her mistress, but in an instant her head was divided from her body, by a blow from the hand which had so often caressed her. Merdek having proceeded so far courageously, stooped to take up the dismembered members of the cat, but before he could effect this, a blow upon the side of the head from the incensed lady laid him sprawling on the floor.

" 'The tattle and scandal of the day spreads from zenâneh to zenâneh with surprising rapidity, and the wife of Merdek saw in a moment whose example it was that he imitated. 'Take that,' said she, as she gave him another cuff, 'take that, you paltry wretch; you should,' she added, laughing him to scorn, 'have killed the cat on the wedding day.'"—Vol. ii. pp. 54—57.

Stories on all subjects occur of infinite variety; and a practised story-teller will not give any tale twice in the same words, or with the same incidents. Moollâh Adeenah, the story-teller to his majesty, told the author (Sir John Malcolm) that he considered it as much as his head was worth to tell a tale twice without variations to the king of kings.

All Orientals are great sticklers for ceremony ; and the chief task of a diplomatist is to protect his dignity, by not using either phrases or motions which will compromise his rank. When the king's guards came out to meet the elchee, he took care on dismounting to receive the chief Nou Roz Khan Kajir, not to put his foot to the ground before the other, which would have been a mark of inferiority. To what a pitch of extravagance this bigotry is carried, may be judged by the following dispute.

"Some points of no small consequence underwent discussion the day after we reached Teheran. The Persian language is very copious, and has many terms which, though signifying in substance the same, have a shade of difference in the application, which enables those versed in such matters to use them so as to denote the rank and respective relations of the parties who hold intercourse with each other. For instance, the word friendship may be expressed by three or four terms, which imply superiority, equality, or inferiority. The speaker may, by the manner in which he introduces the expression 'I have a regard for you'—'I esteem your friendship'—'My duty always attends you'—or, 'My service is at your command,' mark the respect or relation in which he holds him whom he addresses. These are in Persia, as with us, expressions of courtesy ; but in that country the subject meets much more attention than we give it, and especially in all communications with a foreign envoy.

"Both the elchee and his host, Hajee Ibrahim, might have smiled inwardly at the trifling nature of such forms, but the relation in which they stood towards each made it necessary to observe them ; and as the terms they used in conversation were likely to serve as a standard to others, it was judged necessary to have a congress of merzâs or secretaries, skilled in such niceties, to settle this important point.

"Two very formal men were deputed by the minister ; and Aga Meer and Mahomed Hoosein, the Indian moonshee, attended on the part of the elchee. The negotiation was opened on the admitted basis of perfect equality of rank between the parties. Notwithstanding the apparent simplicity of the subject, much discussion ensued. My Indian friend gave me a full account of it. 'The minister's meerzâs,' said he, 'endeavoured to establish points which, though seemingly trivial, would have given a shade of superiority to their master which I would not admit : they rather alarmed Aga Meer, who, being a Persian, could not be expected to stand up against them, at the hazard of giving offence to those of his country who were in power : but what did I care,' said Mahomed Hoosein, swelling with the part he had acted at this conference, 'for their prime minister? I know no superiors but my master and the English government.

"'They told me,' he added, 'that by giving now and then a term of respect to Hajee Ibrahim, more than he received, the elchee would add to the consequence of that minister, and not diminish his own, as they were informed that people in England cared little about such matters. I told them, however, that the elchee, in all he did or said, considered the impressions he was to make in Persia, not in England, and that he would abandon no claims to respect, even in matters of the slightest word or form, which tended in any manner to affect his representative character with the nation to which he was sent.

"'Seeing,' said the good moonshee, 'that nothing was to be gained from me, they came at last to an amicable arrangement.' The word friendship, which implies a perfect equality, may be used in common conversation ; but occasionally the terms, 'my duty waits upon you,' or, 'my service is at your command,' are to be introduced, with this express provision, that whenever one party in the excess of his politeness uses them, the other is to take the earliest opportunity of doing the same. This rule is also to be particularly observed in the important phrases of 'you represented,' 'you said,' or 'you

commanded.' 'You said,' is settled as the term of equality, but 'you commanded,' it is agreed, may be frequently interchanged, as tending to show the great respect the parties entertain for each other.

"Possessed of this information, I watched the first interview of those for whom this arrangement was made with no little interest. I noticed that the elchee replied immediately to the first concession made by Hajee Ibrahim by a similar expression: but when he himself made one some time afterwards, which did not meet with so prompt a return, I was amused to see him retreat upon his terms of equality. This had the desired effect. No more encroachments were made upon his dignity; and from his conduct on this occasion, and others of similar importance, he was no doubt considered by the Persians as a most accomplished diplomatist."—Vol. ii, pp. 117—121.

This battle of words was neither the first nor the last on this subject. One point insisted upon for a moment was that the elchee should appear in the costume of Queen Elizabeth, in which they produced a picture of Sir Anthony Shirley; they were, however, fairly laughed out of this scheme. Another affair of ceremony caused some mirth to all, but especially to the King of Kings. The anecdote is thus told by the principal person in it:—

"A number of the first nobles and ministers solicited, and were permitted, to give dinners to the elchee. Amongst these was a near relation of his majesty, called Mahomed Hoosein Khan. It was expected that this nobleman would visit the elchee; but he did not pay this mark of respect. The consequence was, the elchee wrote to decline the honour of waiting upon him. This caused the greatest confusion: Hajee Ibrahim was sent for several times by the king, and at last brought a message, intimating, that if the elchee would give way on this occasion, his majesty would deem it a personal favour, and would take care he should never again be placed in such a situation. The hajee added his own entreaties, saying, 'If you do not go, the indignity put upon this proud kajir chief will be exclusively ascribed to my advice.' Consideration for the minister weighed more with the elchee than all other motives, and he agreed to recall his excuse, stating, that he did so at the express desire of the king.

"The elchee, when he entered the dinner apartment, though he must have known his host by the dignified distance at which he sat from his guests, nevertheless, choosing to mark the absurdity of going to dine with a man with whose person he was unacquainted, turned to the mehmandar, and said, 'Which of these ourahs is Mahomed Hoosein Khan Doodakee?' The poor mehmandar was so confounded that he could only answer by pointing to the personage inquired after, who now advanced with an air of offended pride, while the whole assembly looked astounded.

"Notwithstanding this bad beginning the party went off very well, chiefly owing to the pleasant manners and information of the minister, Rizâ Koolee Khan, who exerted himself not a little to promote good humour.

"We were not aware, till we returned home, of one cause of the surprise which the interrogation, addressed to the mehmandar, had occasioned. The elchee, who understood Persian, was wholly ignorant of Turkish, and consequently did not know that the title of Doodakee, which he gave to his host, from having heard him so called, was not one of honour, but a nickname, signifying 'Thick-lip,' which he had received from the conformation of that feature, and which was useful in distinguishing him from a hundred other Mahomed Hoosein Khans belonging to the Turkish tribe of Kajir.

"The king, we were informed, was delighted with this story, and used some time afterward, when our host was standing amongst other chiefs near the throne, to exclaim, 'Which of all these omrahs is Mahomed Hoosein Khan Doodakee?'"—Vol. ii, pp. 144—146.

Among other laughable incidents we must not omit the practical refutation of the incredulous doctor on the subject of electricity:—

"One of the chief means of astonishing our Persian friends, on the first mission, was an electrifying machine, with the effects of which we surprised and alarmed all, from majesty itself to the lowest peasant.

"When it was exhibiting at Shiraz for the gratification of Cherâgh Ali Khan, who had come to pay the elchee a visit, this formal minister expressed himself satisfied with the sparks he saw elicited, and the slight shocks which were given to others. He declined receiving one himself, though he expressed a conviction that he was above being startled, like those upon whom he had seen the experiment tried. This great man, having very condescendingly taken a walk into the garden to give his attendants an opportunity of seeing the effects of the wonderful machine, returned while they were encircling the operator (our doctor) and holding each other's hands in expectation of the shock. It is, in Persia, deemed very indecorous for any one to have his back turned when a man of rank enters the apartment; but for domestics to behave in this manner is an almost inexpiable offence. The good people of whom I speak were, however, in too breathless a state of expectation to observe the approach of their lord, who, enraged by this apparent rudeness, seized, with a most indignant air, the shoulder of one of them to take him to task. At this moment, whether by accident or design has never yet been discovered, the shock was given. Each quitted the hold of his neighbour, and started back; while Cherâgh Ali Khan, who felt it the more from its being unexpected, staggered against the wall, and looked the very picture of terror.

"The elchee, who had entered the room with him, could not repress his mirth. This was the signal for all; and even the lowest of the domestics went away tittering at what had befallen their magnificent master, who, after a short pause, during which dignity had a struggle with good sense, allowed the latter to gain the victory, and laughed like others at what had occurred.

"At Isfahan all were delighted with the electric machine, except one renowned doctor and lecturer of the college, who, envious of the popularity gained by this display of our superior science, contended publicly, that the effects produced were moral, not physical—that it was the mummary we practised, and the state of nervous agitation we excited, which produced an ideal shock; but he expressed his conviction, that a man of true firmness of mind would stand unmoved by all we could produce out of our glass-bottle, as he scoffingly termed our machine. He was invited to the experiment, and declared his readiness to attend at the next visit the Begler-Beg paid the elchee.

"The day appointed soon arrived. The Begler-Beg came with a numerous retinue, and amongst others the doctor, whom we used to call 'Red Stockings,' from his usually wearing scarlet hose. He was, we found, notwithstanding his learning and reputed science, often made an object of mirth in the circles of the great and wealthy at Isfahan, to whom he furnished constant matter of amusement, from the pertinacity with which he maintained his dogmas. He had nearly, we were told, lost his life the year before, by marching up to a large buck-antelope, which was known to be vicious, but which, according to the theory of the philosopher, was to be overawed by the erect dignity of man, provided he was fearlessly approached. The consequence of this experiment was different from what the theorist expected. The wild animal very unceremoniously butted the doctor into a deep dry ditch in the field where he was grazing, and the learned man was confined to his bed nearly three months, during which he had ample time to consider the causes of this unlooked-for effect.

"Though the above, and similar instances might afford reason for concluding, that Red Stockings, with all his philosophy, was not overwise; I discovered that he maintained his ground in the first society, by means common in Persia as in other countries. He was in fact, 'A little* of the fool,

* "Poco di matto" is deemed by the Italians an essential quality in a great man's companion."

and not too much of the honest.' This impression of his character, combined with his presumption, made us less scrupulous in our preparations to render him an example for all who might hereafter doubt the effects of our boasted electricity; and indeed our Persian visitors seemed anxious that the effect should be such as to satisfy the man who had dared us to the trial, that it was physical, not moral.

"The philosopher, notwithstanding various warnings, came boldly up, took hold of the chain with both hands, planted his feet firmly, shut his teeth, and evidently called forth all his resolution to resist the shock. It was given; and poor Red Stockings dropt on the floor as if he had been shot. There was a momentary alarm; but on his almost instant recovery, and the elchee explaining that the effect had been increased by the determination to resist it, all gave way to one burst of laughter. The goodnatured philosopher took no offence. He muttered something about the re-action of the feelings after being overstrained, but admitted there was more in the glass-bottle than he had anticipated."—Vol. ii. pp. 176—180.

With a large quantity of agreeable and instructive matter before us, which we had marked as peculiarly delightful, we must stop here. We can truly say, we know no writing so charming of the kind, unless it be the prose of Lallah Rookh; and if that prose combined as the "Sketches" do, the instruction of the "History of Persia" with the variety and entertainment of the Arabian Nights, it would then have equalled in merit this last valuable present from the stores of the celebrated elchee, whose name is famous in mouths that were never taught, either before or since, to syllable the appellation of an Englishman.

QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR OCTOBER. No. LXXII.

It is not new to observe that the Quarterly has abandoned its character of a critical journal, so that in thus bringing it before our inferior court we are not holding the rod over Aristarchus. To criticise criticism is to re-cut chaff, but to give an opinion on the last Quarterly is as legitimate as to pronounce upon the last novel. Mr. Murray's Review is the best pamphleteer in Europe, and in as much as all the world is crying out against the dullness of the number last published, we take upon ourselves to inform the said world that it is misled by a grave exterior, and has mistaken solid sense and sound information for uninteresting stupidity. Granted that nothing can be less taking than the first cursory glance of its contents;—Christian Library—Agriculture and Rent—Saving Banks and Poor Rates—Geology—Chinese State Trials—and a rear of three sheets on planting Scotch firs. An appalling catalogue, doubtless; and yet this is the best and most entertaining number that has met our eyes for a long time. More agreeable instruction, a pleasanter collection of facts, or more useful subjects for speculation, were never classed together in one periodical. It may be caviare to the general, and the editor may be blameable in a financial point of view in dealing so largely at a stroke in statistics and agriculture; but better than the nicest judgment on the most charming of books, is a volume of healthy facts coming fresh from life and experience. We have no fault to find, excepting one great reproach against a part of the article on Rent and Agriculture, and of that we shall speak in its turn.

Article I. is another attack upon the false miracles and pretended saints of the Catholic Church. Sœur Providence is the spiritual sister of Sœur Nativité, who is called again into the light of day by the inveterate Southey, in order that the unhappy Mr. Butler may gain nothing by disowning poor Nativité. The sketch here given of the Sœur Providence and her spiritual director and biographer Boudon, is extremely interesting. With the curious information and the knowledge of effect which distinguish Dr. Southey, he has drawn a picture of these fanatical hypocrites, of which, though the subject may be disgusting, the strength of the colouring and the liveliness of the action must seize upon the attention of every spectator, however apathetic. It is an object with the writer to prove that these pretended saints, and these narratives of an enthusiastic devotion, have been kept up in a series for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Church, and with its sanction, and by its authority. It is perhaps going too far to attribute any systematic contrivance to the heads of a church, the spirit of which was to produce these voluntary sacrifices; and when it was always so immediately the interest of the director and confessor to exaggerate these inflictions, and to encourage the unfortunate devotee in carrying them on to a point where the limits of endurance call in the aid of hypocrisy. What M. Boudon, Archdeacon of Evreux, was in his youth, may be gathered from the following anecdote:

"Boudon's enthusiasm went beyond this; for, during this part of his life, his word may fairly be taken, and we may believe him to have been sincerely an enthusiast. He would sometimes steal out at night, with one or two of his more zealous associates, in search of some houseless mendicant: having found one, which was easily done in so large a place as Rouen, he would conduct the beggar secretly to his chamber, wash his feet, then dry them with his long hair, and then, by an exertion of that filthy piety which the Romish books always represent as heroic, drink some of the water in which they had been washed! He would then give the beggar his bed, lie on the floor himself, or pass the remainder of the night in prayer, catechise his guest early in the morning, and then dismiss him secretly as he had brought him in. He acknowledged afterwards the extreme imprudence and danger of such conduct, and yet appeared willing to have it believed that all had been done under the protection of a special providence, the house never having been robbed by any of the fellows whom he had thus introduced. 'C'est que ce qui se fait par charité, se trouve toujours bien fait,' he used to say. 'Heureux oubli, qui nous fait perdre de vue nos intérêts de Jésus Christ!'"

—p. 329.

Sister Providence was a hopeful pupil of this holy man, as may be learned from the following passage:—

"Her call was now to what he denominates a high perfection. She was admirable for the grace which ran from her in full measure and overflowing, for mortifying her senses. The scraps of meat which had been thrown aside by others, she collected for her own food, and seasoned them with soot instead of salt, to render them the more unsavoury. She mixed gall and candle-grease in her pottage. Other practices of the same kind are related as exploits of saintly virtue, which were, in the very act, miraculously rewarded. They are too loathsome to be expressed in our language, but the original passages are inserted below for the satisfaction of those who might otherwise be disposed to think that we have spoken too severely of this nasty superstition. Such passages are common in the lives of the Romish saints; but it is worthy of especial notice that the book from which these are extracted, is part of a

Bibliothèque Chrétienne, at this time publishing, not for the Spaniards or Portuguese, but for the instruction and edification of the youth of France."—pp. 346, 347.

The passage referred to is this:—

"Elle prit la résolution, pour se vaincre, de panser la tête d'une jeune fille qui avait une gale affreuse; elle mettait de cette gale dans sa bouche, et enfin elle le mangeait: mais que Dieu est bon, qu'il est doux à ceux qui l'aiment! Elle a assuré qu'en se mortifiant de la sorte, il avait répandu tant de douceur sur une chose qui naturellement lui devait causer une peine extrême, que jamais elle n'avait rien mangé qui fut si agréable à son goût, et que même elle ne pouvait pas s'imaginer aucun mets, pour délicat qu'il pût être, qui en approchât. Elle se surmontait encore à sucer des linges qui avaient si à des cautères, et qui étaient pleins de pus qui en sortait; et en continuant de cette manière à se vaincre avec tant de générosité, Dieu, tout bon, continuait de sa part à la favoriser, lui faisant trouver de délices en ce qui doit donner naturellement plus d'horreur. Elle ne pouvait faire réflexion sur cette conduite de l'aimable Providence divine, sans entrer dans des étonnemens de ses admirables bontés. Que Dieu est bon, s'écriait elle, de se contenter de si peu que la créature fait pour son service! Que ses libéralités sont surprenant à son égard, puisqu'il récompense si délicieusement, et avec tant de promptitude, les petits efforts qu'elle fait, avec son secours, de se surmonter pour sa gloire. Elle a souvent mangé des crachats, qui étaient dans les églises, et ailleurs; et elle l'a fait tant de fois, qu'à la fin, elle y était comme accoutumée, et n'en recevait presque plus de peine, pp. 88, 89. These *vilains crachats* are frequently spoken of."—p. 347.

Article II. *Sir John Malcolm's Sketches in Persia* is a tolerably amusing paper; but the writer is solely indebted to his book for all the ideas in it.

Article III. *Agriculture and Rent.*

This is a curious mixture of instructive fact and wrong-headed theory. Had the writer confined himself to the history of farming, and to suggestions for its practical improvement, he would have performed a useful office, for which he may be qualified. But in addition to this branch of his subject, he has occupied himself with a refutation of Mr. Ricardo's theory of Rent, and an exposure of the follies of political economists, whom he calls the "doctors." Even in the half-witted pamphlets which come out by scores on these subjects, we have never met with greater blindness or more unbecoming arrogance: in a Quarterly Review, the representative of a large class, both in politics and literature, which is under the control and guardianship of a highly salaried editor, the publication of such trash is beyond measure disgraceful. The writer introduces the subject by referring to former articles in the Quarterly, and pretends that he had imagined that this "weed of political economy," (the doctrine of Rent,) had been destroyed forsooth, by him and his colleagues; but finding his mistake, that he is "pestered by a new crop, he must a second time take the pruning-knife in hand." Such a clumsy wielder of the knife is he, that he cuts off his own limbs, and only wounds and mutilates the cause he would befriend. The passage in which the well-known definition of Rent is refuted by this sage, runs thus:—

"The authors, whose opinions we propose to examine, are not, by any means, remarkable for perspicuity; but, as far as we can comprehend their lucubrations, they divide the united kingdom into concentric circles."—p. 405.

[Here this mathematician draws three concentric circles—the innermost one is inscribed

No. 1, producing 100 qrs.

The second, No. 2, producing 80 qrs.

The outermost, No. 3, producing 60 qrs.

Though we see not the slightest occasion for a figure on the occasion, for the “authors” he speaks of divide the *United Kingdom* in no such manner, had Mr. Ricardo introduced the “*United Kingdom*” into his definition, this gentleman might perhaps have picked a hole in his logic.]

“These circles are assumed to diminish gradually in fertility as they recede from the centre: the centre circle, No. 1, is supposed to produce 100 quarters of wheat on a given extent of land—No. 2, 80 quarters, and No. 3, 60 quarters respectively. Having constructed their machinery, our doctors proceed to its application,—‘As long,’ (say these oracles,) ‘as the most fertile soil contained in the centre circle, No. 1, is the sole land existing in a state of tillage, no rent can by possibility accrue to the owners of it—no, not though this state of things should endure as long as the waters of the Thames flow into the ocean; but the moment the less fertile district, No. 2, is taken into cultivation, then a rent will accrue, not from this district, which will yield nothing to the owner, but from the district first tilled, or No. 1; and this rent will be equivalent to (100—80) 20 quarters of wheat, being the difference between the produce of No. 1 and the produce of No. 2. The progress of population will cause a progressive demand for agricultural produce, and the owners of the last district, No. 3, will at length be induced to undertake the cultivation of their land also: we are assured, however, that they will not derive to themselves any advantage from this measure in the shape of rent: the only result of the exertions of the No. 3 people will, it seems, be the creation of a rent of 20 quarters, to be paid to the owners of No. 2, and the addition of 20 quarters to the rent already received by the owners of No. 1.

“How marvellous, as well as multiplied, are the discoveries of this ‘most practical and exact of all the sciences!’ It appears that there are certain districts in this kingdom, which, although regularly cultivated year after year, yield *no rent* to their owners;—we are gravely assured that the owners of these districts reclaim them from a state of waste, and reduce them to tillage, not for the sake of any advantage or profit which will accrue to themselves from this operation, but with the view of augmenting the revenues of their neighbours, who happen to be the proprietors of better land. Human nature cannot be represented in a more amiable light: disinterestedness could scarcely have arrived at a higher pitch amidst the shades of Paradise. We must fairly acknowledge, that we lived in this world many years without having the slight suspicion that the cultivation of the sides of Ben Nevis, or Plinlimmon, was the cause of the rent which is paid for land in the hundreds of Essex. In our intense ignorance of the earth, and all that it inherit, we had taken the effect for the cause: we had actually imagined that David Jenkins cultivated oats on the slope of Plinlimmon because the rent of land occupied by Ralph Hodges, in the hundred of Rochford, had gradually been raised to 40s. per acre; but the notion never for a moment entered our minds, that the said Hodges paid rent because the said Jenkins cultivated oats.

“Notwithstanding the pomp and solemnity with which it has been announced, and the pertinacity with which it has been maintained, we must submit that this highly-vaunted theory is perfectly untenable—that it involves a singular instance of the substitution of cause for effect. We think we can show that the whole theory is a perfect delusion—that the rent now paid for the most fertile soils, in a state of tillage, would have existed, in at least its present amount, even if no land of an inferior quality had been brought under the plough: nay, if we do not grievously deceive ourselves, we

shall, in the very teeth of this theory, establish the fact, that the cultivation of inferior soils, so far from enhancing the rent paid for those of a more fertile quality, has a direct and irresistible tendency to retard the rapidity with which the rent of the better soils would otherwise have accumulated. If we succeed in our object, we shall convince our readers, that the agriculturist who reclaims a waste, and brings it under tillage, or who, by improved husbandry, adds to the produce of land already cultivated, does not quite deserve to be sent to the tread-wheel, as the philosophers would fain persuade us; but that he is a benefactor to his country,—all that any lecturer, or professor of political economy, may assert to the contrary notwithstanding.

“Let us suppose that, at the time of the Roman invasion, Julius Cæsar should have found this island uninhabited—that he should have settled a colony of 20,000 husbandmen, each having a wife and three children, on the most fertile district, No. 1, containing 100,000 acres of land. This district, divided among them, would give to each five acres a-piece. We will suppose this land to be brought into a state of tillage, and to yield three quarters of wheat per acre. The produce would then be 300,000 quarters of wheat, to be divided among 20,000 cultivators; this would give to each of them fifteen quarters a-piece, to maintain himself and his wife and three children. We may imagine that, in the course of twenty years, the number of able-bodied workmen would increase from 20,000, to 40,000. Supposing the whole produce still to remain the same and to be divided among them, the share of each workman would be reduced from fifteen quarters to seven and a half quarters; but, as one workman would be still equal to the cultivation of five acres of land, the owner would be enabled to put the other seven and a half quarters into his chest, and subsist thereon, if he chose, without working: in other words, the wages of labour being reduced, by the competition of an increasing population, from three quarters to one quarter and a half per acre, the owner would by this means be enabled to secure to himself a surplus of one quarter and a half, from each acre, as rent. A further increase of population would effect a further reduction of the wages of labour, attended with a corresponding augmentation of rent; and this process would continue to go on until wages had arrived at a point below which human life could not be sustained. This would act as a check upon the increase of the people, and prevent its reaching the point of starvation; but long before this period arrived, the district next in fertility to that already occupied would attract the attention of the increasing population. The hard-working members of the colony would soon perceive that the district possessing a second degree of fertility would yield a better return for labour than could be obtained in the old and more fertile district, in its over-peopled condition. Let it be assumed, that in this second district the labour of one man would raise ten quarters of wheat upon five acres: this would offer a bonus of two and a half quarters to each labourer who should emigrate from the old colony, and settle in the new district. This emigration of the surplus population would raise the wages of labour from seven and a half quarters to ten quarters per man in the old colony; for no man would be content to work at home for seven and a half quarters, whilst, by removing into the neighbouring district, he could earn ten quarters of wheat per annum; and, in consequence of this advance in the rate of wages, the rent of land in the old colony would fall from one and a half quarters to one quarter per acre. Society would go through the same process in the second district, which had marked its progress on that first settled: as long as any land would reward the cultivator with a return of two quarters per acre, wages could not fall below this amount—no rent would accrue in this district, and the rent paid in the older, and more fertile district, would remain stationary; but in the course of time all the land of the second district would become appropriated, the population would increase beyond the demand for agricultural labourers, and wages would fall: this fall of wages would create rent in the second district, and in the same degree would add to the rent already paid in the first and most fertile district. Our

egregious theorists contend that the cultivation of a less fertile soil forms the *cause* which creates rent on that which possesses naturally a greater degree of fertility: it is, on the contrary, quite evident that the very reverse of this is the truth. The increase of population, on a district of any given fertility, gradually introduces an increased intensity of competition among the labourers: this competition brings on a fall in the wages of labour, which is inevitably accompanied with the creation and the gradual augmentation of rent. This fall in the value of labour renders it profitable to cultivate soils which it would not have answered to bring into a state of tillage while the wages of labour remained high. The cultivation of inferior soils, is not, therefore, the *cause*, but the *consequence* of the rent which has already accrued upon land of a better quality; and, so far is it from being calculated to raise the price of provisions, to lower the rate of wages, and injure the interests of the labourer, that it has a direct and powerful tendency to arrest the rapidity with which wages would fall, and rents rise, in the most fertile districts, if the cultivation of inferior soils offered no outlet for the surplus population."—pp. 405—408.

Now in answer to all this nonsense, we may ask, if land of the first quality is to be had without asking for, that is, if the quantity is illimitable, what reason is there for paying any thing to have the use of it. But when the prime land is all taken possession of, and a man for subsistence is obliged to resort to land of inferior quality, then the superior land is worth paying for. As he is going to pitch his tent in the inferior country, suppose some possessor of a portion of the superior, were to say to him, pay me something and you shall have the use of mine. Now what should this payment be; it is evidently the difference between the quantity produced by the two qualities of land, on the application of the same labour. When the same reason operates on the the second quality, that is, when it is all taken up, and a third and still inferior soil is called into request, then it will be a privilege to get even the second-rate land, and a person will willingly pay something for it rather than go to a still inferior soil. Is it not extraordinary, that in one of the first reviews in Europe, and on a most important subject, whereon such men as Ricardo, Malthus, and Mill, have spent their days and nights, a man who is thus to be put down, should be allowed to spread his ignorant and arrogant blunders.

The *cause* of which this writer talks so much, the cause of rent, is not, as he absurdly supposes, the inferiority of the soil, but the limited quantity of the best soil. It is not because Ralph Hodges pays rent that therefore David Jenkins cultivates; but since all the world cannot have such land as that of said Hodges, therefore others must be content to pay well for it, or like said Jenkins go to Wales for such land as will only grow oats.

It is hardly possible to be guilty of a greater absurdity than that we have exposed; and yet the perverse ingenuity of this writer has contrived to wriggle himself still deeper into the mire. Listen:—

"We should not do justice to this subject, were we to omit stating that independently of the principle to which we have just adverted, another source of rent will speedily arise, wherever *property* in the soil becomes once recognized.

"Let it be assumed, that the 20,000 colonists already mentioned had divided 100,000 acres of fertile land, as property, among themselves. It is clear enough that no man would have given any one of these proprietors any

rent, or payment for leave to occupy his allotment, if, in the immediate neighbourhood, a grant of land, equally convenient and productive, could have been obtained gratis. But, let us suppose that these allotments had been occupied and cultivated by their owners for the space of half a century, and that, during this interval, houses had been built, hedges planted, ditches, drains, and roads made—we apprehend that a stranger would be disposed to give the owner of any one of these allotments, thus improved, a portion of the produce, in the shape of rent, although he might, if he pleased, obtain, on the other side of the hedge, in an unimproved and uncultivated state, a grant of land fully equal to it in its natural quality of productiveness.”

Thus does this writer imagine that the return made upon capital laid out in houses and other improvements is rent; and not only this, but that it is the consequence which marks a recognition of the rights of *property*. It may well be said that the learned and ingenious professor of political economy, at one of our universities, withdrew from contributing to the Quarterly Review, on the appearance of some such articles as these in conjunction with his own. It would murder the reputation of any man, however eminent, to be accused of such reasoning as is contained in the specimens we have quoted. Good easy man! how light a labour did it appear to him to put down the “Doctors.”

Looking at this article in another point of view, it is a useful and a pleasant production, though not an accurate one: of this other division of the paper take the following samples:—

Of the introduction of the culture of turnips into this country:—

“Until the beginning of the eighteenth century, this valuable root was cultivated among us only in gardens or other small spots, for culinary purposes; but Lord Townshend, attending King George the First on one of his excursions to Germany, in the quality of secretary of state, observed the turnip cultivated in open and extensive fields, as fodder for cattle, and spreading fertility over lands naturally barren; and on his return to England he brought over with him some of the seed, and strongly recommended the practice which he had witnessed to the adoption of his own tenants, who occupied a soil similar to that of Hanover. The experiment succeeded; the cultivation of field turnips gradually spread over the whole county of Norfolk; and in the course of time it has made its way into every other district of England. The reputation of the county as an agricultural district dates from the vast improvements of heaths, wastes, sheepwalks, and warrens, by inclosure and manuring—the fruit of the zealous exertions of Lord Townshend and a few neighbouring land-owners—which were, ere long, happily imitated by others. Since these improvements were effected, rents have risen in that county from one or two shillings to fifteen or twenty shillings per acre; a country of sheep-walks and rabbit-warrens has been rendered highly productive; and by dint of management, what was thus gained has been preserved and improved even to the present moment. Some of the finest corn-crops in the world are now grown upon lands which, before the introduction of the turnip husbandry, produced a very scanty supply of grass for a few lean and half-starved rabbits. Mr. Colquhoun, in his ‘Statistical Researches,’ estimated the value of the turnip crop annually grown in this country at fourteen millions; but when we further recollect that it enables the agriculturist to reclaim and cultivate land which, without its aid, would remain in a hopeless state of natural barrenness; that it leaves the land so clean and in such fine condition, as almost to insure a good crop of barley and a kind plant of clover, and that this clover is found a most excellent preparative for wheat, it will appear that the subsequent advantages derived from a crop of turnips must infinitely exceed its estimated value as fodder for cattle. If we

were, therefore, asked to point out the individual who, in modern times, has proved the greatest benefactor to the community, we should not hesitate to fix upon the ingenious nobleman, whom the wits and courtiers of his own day were pleased to laugh at as 'Turnip Townshend.' In something less than one hundred years, the agricultural practice which he introduced from Hanover has spread itself throughout this country, and now yields an annual return which, probably, exceeds the interest of our national debt."

Of Mr. Barclay's improvements in Kincardineshire:—

"In a district where a host of eager imitators and rivals have subsequently raised themselves to distinction as cultivators, no man deserves more honourable mention than the late Mr. Barclay, of Ury, in Kincardineshire. Naturally gifted with a frame of body unusually powerful and athletic, and with a mind ardent, vigorous, and comprehensive, he applied his great energies to the pursuits of agriculture, with a degree of perseverance and success which have been seldom equalled—never surpassed. In the year 1760, he succeeded his father in the estate of Ury, which lies on both sides of the water of Cowie. At that time there was, except a few old trees around the mansion-house, scarcely a single shrub of any value on the whole property. The Cowie, running about three miles through the lands of Ury, had, in the lapse of ages, worn for itself a deep channel. Through the whole extent of this course, springs of water from the circumjacent grounds were continually oozing to the banks, where they formed marshes and quagmires; which, from time, bursting, were precipitated by land-slips into the river. Thus every year the river made encroachments upon the overhanging banks, from which pieces periodically slipped into the stream, to be washed away and swept into the sea. These banks, in their natural state, merely produced a few alders of little value, and some coarse aquatic plants, useless, even had they been accessible, as food for cattle. The banks of this river, throughout the whole length of the property, shelve towards the stream in a way which renders them much too steep for tillage. They extend in some places thirty, in others one hundred, yards from the edge of the stream to the top of the declivity; on a mean average taken at the base, both sides are found to extend about one hundred yards in breadth, which, being multiplied by the length of the channel, (three miles,) form a hollow dell, containing fully one hundred acres. Soon after his succession, Mr. Barclay undertook to improve a tract which since the beginning of time had been thus unprofitable to the owner, and useless to the public. He drained the swamps of the banks, and planted the whole with deciduous trees, with oak, ash, and elm. These are abundantly sheltered by the natural warmth of the hollow, which is rendered still more mild from its various windings, occasioning one part to be continually protected under the cover of another, from whatever quarter the wind may blow. Nothing can now exceed the prosperous state of this beautiful plantation. Many of the trees are already fifteen or twenty inches in diameter, and from thirty to forty feet in height below the branches. The whole amounting perhaps to four hundred thousand trees, thrive exceedingly; and there is every rational prospect that one hundred thousand, at least, will arrive at complete maturity. The ultimate value must be very great. In less than thirty years hence the timber on this tract of one hundred acres, originally barren and unproductive, will probably be worth more than the whole of the arable part of the Ury estate. Nor must it be forgotten that, in addition to the direct profit which the owner will in the end derive from this plantation, it forms an effectual barrier for his lands, against the formerly continual and most destructive ravages of the Cowie.

"The arable land had been divided into a number of small farms; each tenant having a right of pasturage on the contiguous hills. The tillage was very superficially performed with imperfect implements. Almost every field was incumbered with obstructions of one kind or other: such as pools of stagnant water; quagmires, where the cattle were continually in danger of losing their lives; great baulks or slips of unploughed land between the ridges;

but above all, stones, which abounded not merely on the surface but through the whole depth of the soil. There were no inclosures. No lime was used as manure. The only crops grown were bear and oats. There was no cart nor wheel-carriage of any kind; nor was there a road upon which, had they existed, they could have been used. No spot could have been pointed out abounding more in the evils and inconveniences of the ancient system of tillage, or enjoying fewer of the advantages of modern husbandry, than the lands of Ury. On succeeding to his estate, Mr. Barclay, who had acquired correct ideas of husbandry on the well-cultivated plains of Norfolk, set about its improvement with a spirit determined to overcome every obstacle. For this purpose, in addition to the lands already in the occupation of the family, he took into his own management all the farms in the vicinity of the mansion as the leases expired. The estate of Ury consists of about one thousand nine hundred acres, one thousand of which he planted with timber, the value of which is now estimated at 100,000*l*. The whole of what was originally in tillage never exceeded four hundred and fifty acres; this portion he rendered infinitely more productive by an improved system of husbandry: and by inclosing, draining, removing stones, and filling ponds, he reclaimed the remaining four hundred and fifty acres from a state of barrenness and waste, and rendered them in a high degree fertile and productive. And the result of these efforts appears to be, that an estate which, when this gentleman succeeded to it, would not have let for more than 200*l*. is now estimated at 1800*l*. per annum, independently of the immense value of its woods and plantations."—pp. 398, 399.

We should have been glad if, in addition to such curious facts as these, the writer could have given an estimate of the annual expense of these improvements.

It is in the accumulation of such facts that the writer may be usefully employed, but let him beware of dealing with an abstract theory.

Article IV. *Scrope's Geology of Central France*, an able article on a valuable book. One passage of instruction for the lovers of the picturesque ought to be spread far and wide.

"It was common enough to hear travellers who visited Paris soon after the close of the late war, comparing France to a spent volcano, and dwelling, in good set terms, both on the visible marks of the terrific violence with which her social system had been shaken, and on the complete exhaustion to which, after carrying desolation into all surrounding countries, that system had been reduced. We entertain no wish to indulge in any such metaphors at present; but have to lay before our readers a plain matter-of-fact statement, which may, perhaps, surprise some of them, namely, that the Central region of France, the primitive nucleus as it were of the whole territory, was once the seat of volcanic agency (now perhaps extinct); and that agency, too, on a stupendous scale, and of longer continuance than has hitherto been established with respect to any other portion of Europe. Mr. Scrope's work, on the Geology and extinct Volcanos of Auvergne, Velay, and Vivarais, will, we are persuaded, have the effect of attracting, in future, to those provinces a portion of our countrymen who are now continually crossing and re-crossing France along the same beaten tracks, and returning home with complaints of the absence of all grandeur and picturesque features in the scenery. The most remarkable of the phenomena of Auvergne to which we shall particularly advert, may be studied at Clermont, a town situated only two hundred and twenty English miles from Paris, where, as well as the baths of Mont Dor, in its vicinity, the traveller finds excellent accommodation; yet has this country—so accessible that it may be reached in a journey of less than forty hours by the public conveyance from Paris—been permitted to remain as unknown to the majority of English tourists as are the interior parts of New Holland to our infant colonies on its coast. That this district should only have been discovered by the French themselves, as a theatre of extinct vol-

canos, in the middle of the last century; that since that period so few of them should have visited it; that most of the minor details of its history should still remain to be worked out, while in the mean time the strata in the immediate environs of Paris, with their innumerable organic contents, have been investigated with microscopic accuracy—all these are circumstances which excite in us no surprise, for there was truth as well as satire in Madame de Staël's observation: 'En France on ne pense qu'à Paris, et l'on a raison, car c'est toute la France.' But that our own countrymen, who have poured over the Alps and Apennines in such multitudes, that, could we forget the history of our times, one might imagine Napoleon to have constructed his splendid roads for their sole use and pleasure; that so few of these restless and indefatigable spirits should have visited the phlegrean field of Auvergne, as well as those of Italy, compared the volcanic craters of central France with those of Vesuvius and Etna, or the beautiful basaltic columns of Montpezart and Jaujac with those of Fingal's Cave and the Giant's Causeway,—these are problems almost as difficult of solution as any of those discussed by Mr. Scrope."—pp. 438, 439.

Article V. *Substitution of Savings Banks for Poor Laws.*

This paper develops a plan of great importance to the welfare of the nation, and the prosperity, morality, and happiness of the lower orders. The objections to the poor laws as they exist, it is needless to repeat. Every thinking man in the country considers them as a devouring curse, which is to be got rid of when it can.

The scheme here proposed may be described as a Compulsory Benefit Society, by the rules of which a drawback is made upon the wages of labour. By a small saving, probably not more than a halfpenny in the shilling, it is calculated that the whole poor of the kingdom might be supported as far as it should be necessary to administer relief, and a fund laid up for the aged and decrepid. The drawback would be collected from the employer of the labourer. If the scheme is practicable, and there is little doubt that a vigorous government could carry it into effect, it appears that a great saving would take place, and what is of more importance, the moral effects upon the parties relieved would be of the most beneficial and salutary nature. The present relief degrades the person it supports, and exasperates the person from whom it is extorted; the contrary of mercy, for it is twice cursed, in him that gives and him that receives.

The following extract contains the marrow of this plan.

"The preventive of this in the military class, as devised by the ancients, Vegetius considers so admirable, that he ascribes it to divine inspiration. It was shortly this:—that since, as he observes, 'most men, and more especially poor men, will spend all the ready money they can command,' half the donatives of the soldiers were placed in a public repository, that it might not be wasted by the individuals in debauchery or useless expenditure, but doled out to them, in common with their daily messmates—who may be considered as standing in the same relation to the soldier as his family to the labourer. A similar contribution was also made by each soldier to a common fund, from which the expenses of sepulture were defrayed, so that, living or dead, they should not be burthensome to others.

"This wisdom of antiquity has been emulated by Britain in her magnificent establishments of Greenwich and Chelsea hospitals, which derive a large portion of their revenues from a tax levied for that purpose on the pay of the army, and of seamen, both in the royal and merchant service. Thus, then, the principle of compulsory contribution from present earnings, as a means of supplying future want, is not only sanctioned by the experience and authority

of the ancients, but has been admitted, for more than a century, in the practice of our own government: nay, that government, by extending the Greenwich dues to merchantmen, has advanced a step beyond the precedent of antiquity, and included a civil class in the measure of coercive contribution. The question, therefore, is not one of principle, but of degree—whether the system may not be made to include all the inferior labouring classes of society—all, in short, who, from comparatively small incomes, and less established habits of self-denial, are likely to indulge in present gratifications, without regard, or rather, perhaps, with pre-determined reference, to the future dependence of them and theirs, upon the fruits of their neighbours' industry and prudence.

"But it may be urged, that the deduction, even from the merchantmen, is exclusively levied and applied on account of the peculiar risks of war—that such peculiarity may vindicate the license, which, if generalized, would amount to an abrogation of the sacred right which every man has to dispose, as he likes, of his own earnings. Now, if peculiarity of risk form a vindication, we at once obtain a very numerous description of labourers employed in mines, in the management or co-operation of powerful machinery, in painting, gilding, glass-making, and all other unwholesome occupations, on all of whom the impost may, by this admission, be charged. But this is merely an argumentum ad hominem regarding a part:—a sweeping and unanswerable argument remains, which is applicable to the whole. It is a greater violation of private property to tax one class exclusively for its own benefit, or the remaining classes exclusively for the benefit of others, and for the supply of wants which the improvidence of those others has created?

"Thus, then, we see that the principle of enforced economy in the labouring classes is admitted, and partially applied; and that where it is not applied, it involves a real injustice, and violation of private property, of a more aggravated character and greater extent. The only remaining point is the practicability of a general application of enforced economy to the inferior descriptions of labourers, and on this we should feel great doubts if we contemplated the generalization of *exactly* that principle, which has been shown to be partially adopted. But, in the plan we have to propose, there is a most important modification of the principle, which will render its general application at once more feasible and less offensive. In the partial applications, which have been specified, the individual is made to contribute to a general fund, in which he has only a contingent interest. He may pay much and receive nothing;—but this galling consideration will be wholly superseded by the adoption of the Savings' Bank system, where each individual will see the savings of his industry accumulating in his own name, and for his own exclusive use. He would feel that his property was neither taken from him absolutely, nor with a chance only of his receiving an equivalent; but that his power over it was merely suspended, in order to restore it to him, or his, in greater amount, and in time of greater need.

"With regard to details of execution, this plan, like all of extensive effect, will present many difficulties in prospect, which the system, once put in operation, would probably clear away, by pointing out exactly where, why, and how much, any particular obstruction took place; when various, now unimagined, means would suggest themselves for removing it. Let any one, for example, recollect the clumsy and offensive means first devised for levying the income tax, and when its operation was witnessed, how speedily contrivances were found to render it at once more tolerable to the people, and more productive to the revenue. We do not, however, anticipate any very formidable difficulties on the present subject, the way to its adoption has been so smoothed by the general experience which the country has had in the management of Savings' Banks by voluntary deposits. It would only be necessary to establish a similar institution in each township, where should be deposited, every week, an assigned proportion of all the wages paid in the

township during that week, the bank opening an account with each labourer, and carrying to his credit the sum paid in his name; the payments to be exclusively paid by the employer, who must be authorised, and under penalty enjoined, to withhold the amount of the drawback on the labourers' wages, giving him a written declaration of the sum retained, and an engagement to pay it to his credit at the bank, in the books of which he can verify the payment at his pleasure, and obtain from the actuary an entry of acknowledgment, in such a paper as is now given to depositors, as a receipt or duplicate of their account with a Savings' Bank; the trustees and other officers to be appointed by the township, and by them the money, at stated periods, or when amounting to a stated sum, to be transmitted to the Commissioners for reduction of the National Debt, who should open an account with each parochial bank, as they now do with each Savings' Bank for voluntary deposits, allowing such interest as may be deemed right, and a like interest being allowed by banks to depositors.

"Each township would thus be in possession of a fund applicable to the support of the individuals contributing to it, but, as far as regarded each individual, applicable only to the amount of his own deposits. The overseer, or other officer appointed, might be made judge, in the first instance, of the necessity of allowing any payment, the applicant having an appeal, as now, to a magistrate. The labourer must have it in his power to have his account removed to any township he pleases, so that, wherever he is, there he may have that claim for assistance, to which his accumulations have entitled him. These, in case of his death, should be appropriated, in the first instance, for funeral expenses; and the remainder, if his representatives are of a class to whom the forced contributions from wages applies, must be transferred to their account. If above that class, the balance must be paid to them, according to the will of the deceased, or under such regulations as are prescribed; in cases of intestacy, by the acts on Savings' Banks; so, if the labourer himself live to rise above that class, he ought (after, perhaps, a probationary period) to receive the amount of his deposits.

"The great difficulties will be, first, to fix the maximum of the rates of wages on which the drawback shall be made; and, secondly, the proportion of the drawback to the wages."—pp. 487—490.

Article VI. *Chinese Novels and Poetry.*

We have nothing to say of this article beyond mentioning a palpable omission which it makes in enumerating the late contributions to our knowledge of Chinese literature, of the novel *Iu-Kiao-Li*, or the *Two Fair Cousins*, translated by M. Remusat into French, and lately published by Messrs. Hunt and Clarke in English. (2 vols. 12mo.)

Article VII. *Phillipp's State Trials.*

This is an industrious and well compiled paper. The anecdotes picked up from Howell, and interwoven with a few remarks from Phillipps or the writer himself, form altogether a very popular piece of reading. It is a kind of article very common in the *Quarterly*, and very valuable both to the public and the review, though requiring in the writer nothing but industry, and a slight knowledge of the taste of the town. In the science of legislation the writer appears but little versed, and his general views, when he indulges in such, are feeble and often mistaken. A specimen of this may be seen in the following paragraph:—

"We cordially agree in the opinion supported by Mr. Phillipps, against Mr. Bentham, that the questioning of prisoners is a practice rightly discontinued by our courts. If men ought not to be compelled by direct means to

criminate themselves, we know not why they should be driven to do so by a circuitous course. A defendant examined in presence of the jury runs great risk of being tried rather by his manner and demeanour than by the evidence. A few imperfect or seemingly inconsistent replies, or the withholding of some required explanation, may, under such circumstances, excite a fatal, and yet, possibly, a groundless prejudice. If the answers are prompt and fluent where the case is suspicious, it is natural (as many passages in the state trials will show) that a contest of ingenuity should arise between the court and defendant, and the temper and impartiality of a judge are placed in too much hazard when he becomes the antagonist of the prisoner."—p. 514.

This is but shallow reasoning, whether it be that of the reviewer or Mr. Phillipps.

"If men ought not to be compelled by direct means to criminate themselves, we know not why they should be driven to do so by a circuitous course."

This means, that if a man may be asked questions and be called upon to give an account of himself, the reviewer sees no reason why torture should not be applied to compel him. The answer is, that it is unjust and injurious to *punish* a man before he is convicted; but to require a culprit to give an account of himself is no punishment.

"A defendant examined in presence of a jury, runs great risk of being tried by his manner and demeanour, than by the evidence."

The jury will decide by what they hear and see: manner and demeanour are in some sort evidence, but such is the nature of man, that the leaning is most likely to be on the side of sympathy with distress.

"A few imperfect or seemingly inconsistent replies, or the withholding of some required explanation, may under such circumstances excite a fatal, and yet possibly a groundless prejudice."

The same objections apply to all witnesses. If a reply is imperfect, the judge should see that its imperfection is remedied: if seemingly inconsistent, the judge or jury will see that the seemingness is examined. To withhold an explanation is a suspicious circumstance, and the jury will give it its due weight.

As for the "trial of ingenuity," the objection is frivolous in the extreme. First, the examination would be trusted not to a judge, but to an advocate under the authority and guidance of a judge; and if the culprit turns out especially ingenious, it is right that he should be met by corresponding ingenuity. In such a trial, the innocent man must come off the conqueror.

The object of all trials is the discovery of guilt, and no contest between two parties to see which can beat. It might then be right to cry out fair play—when struggling in mortal combat, men hit where they can, and neglect the courtesies of gladiatorial rules.

Besides, if a prisoner's safety is so much hazarded by a trial of ingenuity with his examiners, is it not put in much greater jeopardy by the inflammatory pleadings of his accuser? Why not let all go to the jury? They can make allowances and weigh the authority for a fact, whether that authority is the authority of a prisoner at the bar or a witness in the box.

Article VIII. *On Planting Waste Lands*, is a very long paper, the marrow of which is contained in the laird's advice to his son: "Be aye sticking in a tree, Jock, it will be growing whilst you are sleeping!"

It is a charming article, full of freshness and health: we never planted a tree of a more forest-like character than an apple tree, and yet we have read this huge essay with a delight proportioned to its length. In subject it far too nearly resembles the article on agriculture to have been admitted into the same number. We are however quite willing to overlook the editorial mistake which has placed so much solid delight before us three months sooner. It is attributed to Sir Walter Scott.

THE ANNUALS.

Forget Me Not, a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1828. Edited by Frederick Shoberl. London. Ackermann.

The Amulet, or Christian and Literary Remembrancer. London. W. Baynes and Son, and Wightman and Cramp. 1828.

The Bijou, or Annual of Literature and the Arts. London. William Pickering. 1828.

THE start of the *Annals* this year is something like the *St. Leger's*—such is the variety, number, and gaiety of the candidates for the honour of public applause. Three beautiful rivals are already on the field, and the jockies and grooms are bringing up several more from the stalls where they have long been in training, rubbed up, and polished down, and set off with every possible description of care and expense. The vast pains bestowed upon these works have indeed almost taken them out of the department of literature and transferred them to the fine arts. We now view them in a different light; in the first instance we took them up as the united labours of the chief persons distinguished in this country for literature and poetry; and we were grievously disappointed. There appeared a melancholy want of originality, point, and vigour; it struck us as task-work—looking at the prose and verse merely as the letter-press of engravings, it assumes a different character. Lowering our expectations, and reckoning upon nothing more than the pleasing and the elegant, we are ready this year to bestow with others the praise that all but ourselves bestowed before in the most ungrudging manner. Generally speaking, the literary department of the three works before us is respectable, and will doubtless please the class of readers for whom it is intended. Nevertheless we cannot but think that it is not altogether worthy of the numerous names of celebrity we see marshalled in each table of contents. Inasmuch as we are well convinced that no endeavours are left unemployed to make these publications as excellent as possible on the part of the proprietors, if there be a fault it must rest with the system. The application to distinguished individuals for a specimen of their genius, though coming from a friend, is not likely to produce any thing beyond a very cold effort; so many of these *Annals*, moreover, now appear, that many writers will be over-tasked; it is impossible that they can have a good thing for each of these publications, which we fear in their rivalry will injure one another like the *Paddington stages*, which go from the Bank every quarter of an hour, and cross and jostle one another on the road. Already we hear murmurs of discontent; the preface of Mr. Alaric A. Watts has just been put into our hands,

and we find he has already, in his *Literary Souvenir*, declared war against the *Friendship's Offering*! Sacred and tender names, are ye too to be made the vehicles of literary squabbles and splenetic controversies? like the Gentle sloop of war and the Amicable fire-ship, are ye to carry carronades and rockets under the signals of peace and happiness?

This preface is certainly very warm against some prospectus or other, and apparently with a show of reason; for the writer of it, in his great anxiety to be successful, has certainly overstepped the mark; he might have bound himself to be as good as he pleased, but it is not for him to say how much better than other people.

With regard to another point of Mr. Watts's preface, the superiority of foreign Souvenirs to the home productions, we entirely agree with him, that in all points of art and variety, and in the adaptation of them to the taste of the public, the English far exceed any that have ever been produced. Productions of durable fame have undoubtedly first appeared in the *Annals of Germany*—not one of this class, or approaching to it, has yet graced the pages of our beautiful works, yet still Mr. Watts is right. Were he to attempt to confine his literary department to two or three compositions of the first-rate minds in this country, his time and labour would be thrown away as far as regards profit. But still have we not a right to complain that we can find no such pieces as approach in merit many articles of a romantic kind in *Blackwood's Magazine*, or any thing equal in excellence to the "*Two Drovers*," for instance, of Sir Walter Scott; or to many of the affecting *Tales of Mrs. Opie*, such as the *Soldier's Return*; or again, have the *Souvenirs* ever boasted a paper to be compared with the most moderate, if there be any moderate ones, of the *Essays of Elia*? It must be the system; we say again that were three or four, or half-a-dozen of the best names in any one of the *Annals* to combine to throw together the fancies of the year without order, prescription, or recommendation, that the result, in all probability, would far excel any hitherto produced.

The three *Annals* at the head of this paper we have looked over with much pleasure. Specimens of the literature of the *Friendship's Offering* we also have seen with gratification. The *Literary Souvenir* has only just been placed before us, so that our critical observations must be confined to the three first mentioned: next month we will give the result of a deliberate examination of the other two, joined with a third called the *Keepsake*, which has not yet made its appearance. We will just say that the *Literary Souvenir* has a most luculent air, and that the binding of the specimen of *Friendship's Offering*, which is in a beautiful thin kind of leather, is the most exquisite covering for a book that has come under notice. As we are speaking of exteriors, we will begin our remarks on the three earliest of the *Annals*, with a notice of their covers.

Mr. Ackerman has the same kind of light and elegant glazed paper covering, with slight and elegant engravings, with which the public are already well acquainted: he, like his brethren the Germans, goes in a case. The *Amulet* is bound in watered silk, of a very rich appearance, and of more stable properties than paper. This is a great improvement on the fragility and the liability to contract stains of the glazed

paper. The Amulet—but a heathen name for a Christian Remembrancer—likewise sheaths its rich and unapostolical raiment in a removable cover, entitled to all approbation.

The Bijou, which now first appears among the gems of literature, boasts no jewel case; neither is its setting altogether befitting its intrinsic worth. A red morocco back and an ornamented lavender-coloured paper covering, assimilate it to the albums; that instrument of torture, with which ladies put to the question all unhappy literary characters who unluckily fall into their clutches. Perhaps it is only for this reason we dislike the garb of the Bijou.

With respect to the plates, of all we may say, generally, that the engravers deserve all praise: they have done the work well which has been put into their hands. But in several instances the selectors of the subjects deserve to be whipped.

In the *Forget Me Not*, we think Mr. Ackerman has fallen somewhat short of that felicity which distinguishes his devotion to the arts. But the *Bridal Morning*, painted by Stephanoff and engraved by Finden, is certainly a happy combination of talent. The scarcely satisfied, the half resigned and yet reflecting countenance of the bride as she gazes in her glass, and permits almost unconsciously her bridesmaids and attendants to put on her attire, is particularly worthy of observation.

The *Sister's Dream*, painted by Corbould and engraved by Davenport, is a beautiful and affecting piece of art. The *Booroom Slave* is a masterpiece of engraving: we never saw a single figure so stand out of the paper. The *Wedding Ring* has no attractions for us. The *Rialto* is a tame performance, though it is scarcely possible to find fault with it. *Death in the Kitchen* by Stothard is very well, but not half so good as Mr. Hood's verses on it. The *Seventh Plague* is a beautiful engraving of one of Martin's best architectural pieces. Mr. Howard's *Sketch* should never have a place in our portfolio, though he does come recommended by Finden. *Mabs Cross*, we are sure, has cost the worthy publisher many a "tush" and "pshaw." The prose vis-à-vis is a suitable pendant to it. Mr. Smirke's *Triumph of Poetry* might be worth painting: the labour of art should have ended there.

The *Logicians* is a clever piece. The disputants are all grumble and snarl, like two curs about to fight. It is not a pleasing, but it is an able picture. The painter is Richter: Wilkie with the same subject could not have made a juster, but he would have made a more humorous design.

We have nothing to say of the *Hop-girl*, except that the foliage is very rich and very well engraved.

The *Loss of the Kent* is to be seen in all shop-windows. The subject is not adapted to a small size.

The Amulet possesses some more striking engravings than its predecessor. Such are the *Last Man*, the *Lady of Ilkdale*, the *Shepherd Boy*, and even the *Gypsy Girl*. But, on the contrary, there are some very indifferent affairs, both in subject and execution; such as the *Lady and Fawn*, the *Lady in the Frontispiece*, the *Mousetrap*, and the *Shipwreck of Peter the Great*. The engraving of *Lord Strafford* and his Secretary has disappointed us: the plate is dirty, thick, and unsatisfactory, and the sentiment of the picture is lost; its force and

point are gone; the parts are not in keeping; the Secretary's face and action means one thing, and the countenance of Lord Strafford another. We are persuaded that the unity of the original has been lost by the engraver.

Next for the Bijou. We feel inclined to give it the palm above either of the others in selection of subject, though it would be a difficult matter to exceed the labours of Finden in the *Forget Me Not*.

The *Boy and Dog* is a subject we could look upon for a week. There is a classical elegance about the *Sans Souci* of Stothard, a rural luxury, a courteous gaiety, which fill the beholder with the most delightful images of social retirement, careless enjoyment, and laughing ease.

Sir Walter Scott and his family in various characters is likewise a most interesting picture. The arch look of Sir Adam Ferguson in the *Poacher* is admirably well hit off. The private history of Sir Walter, of which a good deal is now being brought before the public, gives an additional interest to the bonhomme air and countenance of Sir Walter himself, as he sits in his chair in the character of a jolly miller. As a set off against these, let us execrate the *Dreams of the Youthful Shakspeare*, a piece of inane folly by Westall.

The *Oriental Love Letter* is a specimen of the richest engraving; but Mr. Pickersgill should not pick out the ladies of our harem.

Elizabeth and Shakspeare reading to her is a piece which we look upon with unmixed disgust. So much for art, as it is called; we must now turn to nature.

The *Forget Me Not* is, as near as possible, on its former level in literature. We have the same gentle tales, the same amiable stanzas, the same laboured pieces of solidity and morality. The *Sun-dial* is a pretty tale; Mr. Hood's *Logicians* is a very clever poem, so is his *Death in the Kitchen*: but, upon the whole, Miss Mitford is our favourite. She writes more than most of the Annual company, and yet there is more freshness and life about her than any of the others; witness the *Country Apothecary*, an excellent sketch; and did we not design to take a story of her's in the *Bijou*, of a more sentimental cast, we should insert it here. Of the *Forget Me Not*, we give *Death in the Kitchen* as a favourable specimen: Mr. Hood is unrivalled in his way.

DEATH IN THE KITCHEN.

"Are we not here now?"—continued the corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly on the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—"and are we not" (dropping his hat upon the ground) "gone!—In a moment!"—*Tristram Shandy*.

"Trim thou art right!—'Tis sure that I,
And all who hear thee, are to die;
The stoutest lad and wench
Must lose their places at the will
Of Death, and go at last to fill
The sexton's gloomy trench!"

"The dreary grave!—Oh, when I think
How close ye stand upon its brink,
My inward spirit groans!
My eyes are fill'd with dismal dreams
Of coffins, and this kitchen seems
A charnel full of bones!"

" Yes, jovial butler ! thou must fail,
As sinks the froth on thine own ale ;
Thy days will soon be done !
Alas ! the common hours that strike
Are knells ; for life keeps wasting, like
A cask upon the run.

" Ay, hapless scullion ! 'tis thy case :
Life travels at a scouring pace,
Far swifter than thy hand :
The fast decaying frame of man
Is but a kettle, or a pan,
Time wears away—with sand !

" Thou need'st not, mistress cook ! be told,
The meat to-morrow will be cold
That now is fresh and hot :
E'en thus our flesh will, by and by,
Be cold as stone—Cook, thou must die !
There's death within the pot !

" Susannah, too, my lady's maid !
Thy pretty person once must aid
To swell the buried swarm !
The ' glass of fashion ' thou wilt hold
No more, but grovel in the mould
That's not the ' mould of form.'

" Yes, Jonathan, that drives the coach,
He too will feel the fiend's approach—
The grave will pluck him down :
He must in dust and ashes lie,
And wear the church-yard livery,
Grass-green, turn'd up with brown.

" How frail is our uncertain breath !
The laundress seems full hale, but Death
Shall her ' last linen ' bring.
The groom will die, like all his kind ;
And e'en the stable-boy will find
His life no stable thing.

" Nay, see the household dog—e'en *that*
The earth shall take !—The very cat
Will share the common fall !
Although she hold (the proverb saith)
A ninefold life, one single death
Suffices for them all !

" Cook, butler, Susan, Jonathan,
The girl that scours the pot and pan,
And those that tend the steeds—
All, all shall have another sort
Of service after this—in short
The one the parson reads !

" The dreary grave !—Oh, when I think
How close ye stand upon the brink,
My inward spirit groans !
My eyes are fill'd with dismal dreams
Of coffins, and this kitchen seems
A charnel full of bones !

There is more sense and usefulness in the Amulet—less of frivolity and mere trifling than in the one we have just dismissed. We like its serious papers, and it is a good idea, by the autographs &c. to give the work some claims to be called curious. Our extracts from this work are likewise poetical, and we combine Mr. Hood and Mr. Montgomery together for the sake of forming the greatest contrast that can be made between two mortal poets. The poet of Sheffield is all spirit, the poet of Islington is all froth; Montgomery's thoughts are all elevated to the highest region of invention, Hood's never penetrate beyond the external surface of the most familiar objects. The Wanderer in Switzerland disregards the signs of things, and dwells upon their essence; the author of Whims and Oddities never composes substances but their shadows—not things but words—not qualities but names. Yet they are both excellent in their way.

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

By James Montgomery.

“ Emblem of eternity,
Unbeginning, endless sea!
Let me launch my soul on thee.

Sail, nor keel, nor helm, nor oar,
Need I, ask I, to explore
Thine expanse from shore to shore.

By a single glance of thought
Thy whole realm's before me brought,
Like the universe, from nought.

All thine aspects now I view,
Ever old, yet ever new;
Time nor tide thy powers subdue.

All thy voices now I hear;
Sounds of gladness, grandeur, fear,
Meet and mingle in mine ear.

All thy wonders are reveal'd;
Treasures hidden in thy field!
From the birth of nature seal'd.

But thy depths I search not now,
Nor thy limpid surface plough
With a foam-repelling prow.

Eager fancy, unconfined,
In a voyage of the mind,
Sweeps along thee like the wind.

Here a breeze, I skim thy plain;
There a tempest, pour amain
Thunder, lightning, hail, and rain.

Where the billows cease to roll,
Round the silence of the pole,
Thence set out, my venturous soul!

See, by Greenland cold and wild,
Rocks of ice eternal piled;
Yet the mother loves her child;—

And the wildernesses drear
To the native's heart are dear;
All life's charities dwell here.

Next, on lonely Labrador,
Let me hear the snow-falls roar,
Devastating all before.

Yet even here, in glens and coves,
Man, the heir of all things, roves,
Feasts and fights, and laughs and loves.

But a brighter vision breaks
O'er Canadian woods and lakes ;
—These my spirit soon forsakes.

Land of exiled liberty,
Where our fathers once were free,
Brave New England, hail to thee !

Pennsylvania, while thy flood
Waters fields unbought with blood,
Stand for peace as thou hast stood.

The West Indies I behold,
Like th' Hesperides of old,
—Trees of life, with fruits of gold !

No—a curse is on the soil,
Bonds and scourges, tears and toil
Man degrade, and earth despoil.

Horror-struck, I turn away,
Coasting down the Mexique bay ;
Slavery there hath lost the day.

Loud the voice of Freedom spoke ;
Every accent split a yoke,
Every word a dungeon broke.

South America expands
Mountain-forests, river-land,
And a nobler race demands.

And a nobler race arise,
Stretch their limbs, unclothe their eyes,
Claim the earth, and seek the skies.

Gliding through Magellan's straits,
Where two oceans ope their gates,
What a spectacle awaits !

The immense Pacific smiles
Round ten thousand little isles,
—Haunts of violence and wiles.

But the powers of darkness yield,
For the cross is in the field,
And the light of life reveal'd.

Rays from rock to rock it darts,
Conquers adamantine hearts,
And immortal bliss imparts.

North and west, receding far
From the evening's downward star,
Now I mount Aurora's car,—

Pale Siberia's deserts shun,
From Kamschatka's headlands run,
South and east, to meet the sun.

Jealous China, strange Japan,
With bewilder'd thought I scan,
—They are but dead seas of man.

Ages in succession find
Forms unchanging, stagnant mind;
And the same they leave behind.

Lo! the eastern Cyclades,
Phoenix-nests, and halcyon-seas;
But I tarry not with these.

Pass we low New Holland's shoals,
Where no ample river rolls;
—World of undiscovered souls!

Bring them forth;—'tis heaven's decree;
Man, assert thy dignity;
Let not brutes look down on thee.

Either India next is seen,
With the Ganges stretch'd between;
Ah! what horrors here have been.

War, disguised as commerce, came;
Britain, carrying sword and flame,
Won an empire,—lost her name.

But that name shall be restored,
Law and justice wield her sword,
And her God be here adored.

By the gulph of Persia sail,
Where the true-love nightingale
Woos the rose in every vale.

Though Arabia charge the breeze
With the incense of her trees,
On I press o'er southern seas.

Cape of storms, thy spectre's fled,
And the angel Hope, instead,
Lights from heaven upon thy head.

Where thy Table-mountain stands,
Barbarous hordes, from dreary sands,
Bless the sight with lifted hands.

St. Helena's dungeon-keep
Scowls defiance o'er the deep;
There a Hero's relics sleep.

Who he was, and how he fell,
Europe, Asia, Afric tell;
On that theme all times shall dwell.

But, henceforth, till nature dies,
These three simple words comprise
All the future—'here he lies.

Mammon's plague-ships throng the waves;
Oh! 'twere mercy to the slaves,
Were the maws of sharks their graves.

Not for all the gems and gold,
Which thy streams and mountains hold,
Or of which thy sons are sold,—

Land of negroes ! would I dare
In this felon trade to share,
Or its infamy to spare.

Hercules, thy pillars stand,
Sentinels of sea and land ;
Cloud-capt Atlas towers at hand.

Where, at Cato's word of fate,
Fell the Carthaginian state,
And where exiled Marius sate :—

Mark the dens of caitiff Moors ;
Ha ! the pirates seize their oars ;
—Fly the desecrated shores,

Egypt's hieroglyphic realm,
Other floods than Nile's o'erwhelm,
—Slaves turn'd despots hold the helm.

Judah's cities are forlorn,
Lebanon and Carmel shorn,
Zion trampled down with scorn.

Greece, thine ancient lamp is spent ;
Thou art thine own monument ;
But the sepulchre is rent,

And a wind is on the wing,
At whose breath new heroes spring,
Sages teach, and poets sing.

Italy, thy beauties shroud
In a gorgeous evening cloud ;
Thy refulgent head is bow'd :

Rome, in ruins lovely still,
From her Capitolian hill,
Bids thee, mourner, weep thy fill.

Yet where Roman genius reigns,
Roman blood must warm the veins ;
—Look well, tyrants, to your chains.

Feudal realm of old romance,
Spain, thy lofty front advance,
Grasp thy shield, and couch thy lance.

At the fire-flash of thine eye,
Giant Bigotry shall fly ;
At thy voice, Oppression die.

Lusitania, from the dust,
Shake thy locks ; thy cause is just,
Strike for freedom, strike and trust.

France, I hurry from thy shore ;
Thou art not the France of yore ;
Thou art new-born France no more.

Great thou wast, and who like thee ?
Then mad-drunk with liberty ;
Now,—thou'rt neither great nor free.

Sweep by Holland, like the blast ;
One quick glance at Denmark cast,
Sweden, Russia ;—all is past.

Elbe nor Weser tempt my stay ;
Germany, beware the day,
When thy schoolmen bear the sway.

Now to thee, to thee I fly,
Fairest isle beneath the sky,
To my heart as in mine eye!

I have seen them, one by one,
Every shore beneath the sun,
And my voyage now is done.

While I bid them all be blest ;
Britain, thou'rt my home—my rest ;
—My own land, I love *thee* best.

“ *Sheffield, Aug. 11, 1827.* ”

ODE,

IMITATED FROM HORACE.

By T. Hood.

“ Oh ! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh ‘ *O russ !* ’
Of London pleasures sick :
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades,—my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick !

“ What joy have I in June’s return ?
My feet are parch’d—my eyeballs burn,
I scent no flowery gust ;
But faint the flagging zephyr springs,
With dry Macadam on its wings,
And turns me ‘ dust to dust.’

“ My sun his daily course renews
Due east, but with no Eastern dew ;
The path is dry and hot !
His setting shows more tamely still,
He sinks behind no purple hill,
But down a chimney’s pot !

“ Oh ! but to hear the milk-maid blythe,
Or early mower whet his scythe
The dewy meads among !—
My grass is of that sort—alas !
That makes no hay,—call’d sparrow-grass
By folks of vulgar tongue !

“ Oh ! but to smell the woodbine sweet !
I think of cowslip-cups—but meet
With very vile rebuffs !
For meadow buds, I get a whiff
Of Cheshire cheese,—or only sniff
The turtle made at Cuff’s.

“ How tenderly Rousseau review’d
His periwinkles !—mine are strew’d !
My rose blooms on a gown !—
I hunt in vain for eglantine,
And find my blue-bell on the sign
That marks the Bell and Crown !

" Where are ye, birds ! that blithely wing
From tree to tree, and gaily sing,
Or mourn in thickets deep ?
My cuckoo has some ware to sell,
The watchman is my Philomel,
My blackbird is a sweep !

" Where are ye, linnet ! lark ! and thrush !
That perch on leafy bough and bush,
And tune the various song ?
Two hurdy-gurdists, and a poor
Street-Handel grinding at my door,
Are all my ' tuneful throng.'

" Where are ye, early purling streams,
Whose waves reflect the morning beams
And colours of the skies ?
My rills are only puddle-drains
From shambles—or reflect the stains
Of calimanco-dyes.

" Sweet are the little brooks that run
O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,
Singing in soothing tones :—
Not thus the city streamlets flow :
They make no music as they go,
Tho' never ' off the stone.'

" Where are ye, pastoral pretty sheep,
That wont to bleat, and frisk, and leap
Beside your woolly dams ?
Alas ! instead of harmless crooks,
My Corydons use iron hooks,
And skin—not shear—the lambs.

" The pipe whereon, in olden day,
Th' Arcadian herdsman us'd to play
Sweetly—here soundeth not ;
But merely breathes unwelcome fumes,
Meanwhile the city boor consumes
The rank weed—' piping hot.'

" All rural things are vilely mock'd,
On every hand the sense is shock'd
With objects hard to bear :
Shades,—vernal shades !—where wine is sold !
And for a turfy bank, behold
An Ingram's rustic chair !

" Where are ye, London meads and bow'rs,
And gardens redolent of flow'rs
Wherein the zephyr wons ?—
Alas ! Moor Fields are fields no more !
See Hatton's Garden brick'd all o'er ;
And that bare Wood—St. John's.

" No pastoral scene procures me peace ;
I hold no Leasowes in my lease,
No cot set round with trees :
No sheep-white hill my dwelling flanks ;
And omnium furnishes my banks
With brokers—not with bees.

"Oh! well may poets make a fuss
 In summer time, and sigh 'O rurs!'
 Of city pleasures sick:
 My heart is all at pant to rest
 In greenwood shades—my eyes detest
 This endless meal of brick!"

The *Bijou* is in our opinion by no means happy in its "Annual* of Literature." It is on the whole feeble and faint. The letter from Walter Scott is a gem it is true—but—but—a single swallow does not make a summer. Marie's Grave by the Subaltern is a graceful piece of writing, but on the whole we prefer the *Jessy* of Miss Mitford to any other piece in the book. With the following story we must conclude our present notice of these elegant works:—

JESSY OF KIBE'S FARM.

By Miss Mitford.

"About the centre of a deep winding and woody lane, in the secluded village of Aberleigh, stands an old farm-house, whose stables, out-buildings, and ample yard, have a peculiarly forlorn and deserted appearance; they can, in fact, scarcely be said to be occupied, the person who rents the land preferring to live at a large farm about a mile distant, leaving this lonely house to the care of a labourer and his wife, who reside in one end, and have the charge of a few colts and heifers that run in the orchard and an adjoining meadow, whilst the vacant rooms are tenanted by a widow in humble circumstances, and her young family.

"The house is beautifully situated; deep, as I have said, in a narrow woody lane, which winds between high banks, now feathered with hazels, now thickly studded with pollards and forest trees, until opposite Kibe's Farm it widens sufficiently to admit a large clear pond, round which the hedge, closely and regularly set with a row of tall elms, sweeps in a graceful curve, forming for that bright mirror, a rich leafy frame. A little way farther on the lane again widens, and makes an abrupt winding as it is crossed by a broad shallow stream, a branch of the Loddon, which comes meandering along from a chain of beautiful meadows; then turns in a narrow channel by the side of the road, and finally spreads itself into a large piece of water, almost a lakelet, amidst the rushes and willows of Hartly Moor. A foot-bridge is flung over the stream, where it crosses the lane, which, with a giant oak growing on the bank, and throwing its broad branches far on the opposite side, forms in every season a pretty rural picture.

"Kibe's Farm is as picturesque as its situation: very old, very irregular, with gable ends, clustered chimneys, casement windows, a large porch, and a sort of square wing jutting out even with the porch, and covered with a luxuriant vine, which has quite the effect, especially when seen by moonlight, of an ivy-mantled tower. On one side extend the ample but disused farm buildings; on the other, the old orchard, whose trees are so wild, so hoary, and so huge, as to convey the idea of a fruit forest. Behind the house is an ample kitchen-garden, and before a neat flower court, the exclusive demesne of Mrs. Lucas and her family, to whom indeed the labourer, John Miles, and his good wife Dinah, served in some sort as domestics.

"Mrs. Lucas had known far better days. Her husband had been an officer, and died fighting bravely in one of the last battles of the Peninsular war, leaving her with three children, one lovely boy, and two delicate girls, to struggle through the world as best she might. She was an accomplished woman, and at first settled in a great town, and endeavoured to improve her small income by teaching music and languages. But she was country bred; her children, too, had been born in the country, amidst the sweetest recesses

* Mr. Pickering might as well call a newspaper a Weekly of News.

of the New Forest, and pining herself for liberty, and solitude and green fields, and fresh air, she soon began to fancy that her children were visibly deteriorating in health and appearance, and pining for them also; and finding that her old servant Dinah Miles was settled with her husband in this deserted farm-house, she applied to his master to rent for a few months the untenanted apartments, came to Aberleigh, and fixed there apparently for life.

"We lived in different parishes, and she declined company; so that I seldom met Mrs. Lucas, and had lost sight of her for some years, retaining merely a general recollection of the mild, placid, elegant mother, surrounded by three rosy, romping, bright-eyed children, when the arrival of an intimate friend at Aberleigh rectory, caused me frequently to pass the lonely farm-house, and threw this interesting family again under my observation.

"The first time that I saw them was on a bright summer evening, while the nightingale was yet in the coppice, the briar-rose blossoming in the hedge, and the sweet scent of the bean fields perfuming the air. Mrs. Lucas, still lovely and elegant, though somewhat faded and care-worn, was walking pensively up and down the grass path of the pretty flower court; her eldest daughter, a rosy bright brunette, with her dark hair floating in all directions, was darting about like a bird; now tying up the pinks, now watering the geraniums, now collecting the fallen rose-leaves into the straw bonnet which dangled from her arm; and now feeding a brood of bantams, from a little barley measure, which that sagacious and active colony seemed to recognise as if by instinct, coming long before she called them at their swiftest pace, between a run and a fly, to await with their usual noisy and bustling patience the showers of grain which she flung to them across the paling. It was a beautiful picture of youth, and health, and happiness; and her clear gay voice, and brilliant smile, accorded well with a shape and motion as light as a butterfly, and as wild as the wind. A beautiful picture was that rosy lass of fifteen in her unconscious loveliness, and I might have continued gazing on her longer, had I not been attracted by an object no less charming, although in a very different way.

"It was a slight elegant girl, apparently about a year younger than the pretty romp of the flower garden, not unlike her in form and feature, but totally distinct in colouring and expression.

"She sate in the old porch, wreathed with jessamine and honeysuckle, with the western sun floating around her like a glory, and displaying the singular beauty of her chesnut hair, brown with a golden light, and the exceeding delicacy of her smooth and finely grained complexion, so pale, and yet so healthful. Her whole face and form had a bending and statue-like grace, increased by the adjustment of her splendid hair, which was parted on her white forehead, and gathered up behind in a large knot—a natural coronet. Her eyebrows and long eyelashes were a few shades darker than her hair, and singularly rich and beautiful. She was plaiting straw rapidly and skilfully, and bent over her work with a mild and placid attention, a sedate pensiveness that did not belong to her age, and which contrasted strangely and sadly with the gaiety of her laughing and brilliant sister, who at this moment darted up to her with a handful of pinks and some groundsel. Jessy received them with a smile—such a smile!—spoke a few words in a sweet sighing voice; put the flowers in her bosom, and the groundsel in the cage of a linnnet that hung near her; and then resumed her seat and her work, imitating better than I have ever heard them imitated, the various notes of a nightingale who was singing in the opposite hedge; whilst I, ashamed of loitering longer, passed on.

"The next time I saw her, my interest in this lovely creature was increased tenfold—for I then knew that Jessy was blind—a misfortune always so touching, especially in early youth, and in her case rendered peculiarly affecting by the personal character of the individual. We soon became acquainted, and even intimate under the benign auspices of the kind mistress of the rectory;

and every interview served to encrease the interest—excited by the whole family, and most of all by the sweet blind girl.

“Never was any human being more gentle, generous, and grateful, or more unfeignedly resigned to her great calamity. The pensiveness that marked her character arose, as I soon perceived, from a different source. Her blindness had been of recent occurrence, arising from inflammation unskilfully treated, and was pronounced incurable; but from coming on so lately, it admitted of several alleviations, of which she was accustomed to speak with a devout and tender gratitude. ‘She could work,’ she said, ‘as well as ever; and cut out, and write, and dress herself, and keep the keys, and run errands in the house she knew so well without making any mistake or confusion. Reading to be sure she had given up, and drawing; and some day or other she would show me, only that it seemed vain, some verses which her dear brother William had written upon a groupe of wild flowers, which she had begun before her misfortune.’

“‘Oh, it was almost worth while to be blind to be the subject of such a verse, and the object of such affection! Her dear mamma was very good to her, and so was Emma; but William—oh she wished that I knew William! no one could be so kind as he! It was impossible! He read to her; he talked to her; he walked with her; he taught her to feel confidence in walking alone; he had made for her use the wooden steps up the high bank which led into Kibe’s meadow; he had put the hand-rail on the old bridge, so that soon she could get across without danger, even when the brook was flooded. He had tamed her linnet; he had constructed the frame, by the aid of which she could write so comfortably and evenly; could write letters to him, and say her own self all that she felt of love and gratitude. And that,’ she continued with a deep sigh, ‘was her chief comfort now; for William was gone, and they should never meet again—never alive—that she was sure of—she knew it.’ ‘But why, Jessey?’ ‘Oh, because William was so much too good for this world: there was nobody like William, and he was gone for a soldier. Old General Lucas, her father’s uncle, had sent for him abroad; had given him a commission in his regiment; and he would never come home—at least they should never meet again—of that she was sure—she knew it.’

“This persuasion was evidently the master-grief of poor Jessey’s life, the cause that far more than her blindness faded her cheek, and saddened her spirit. How it had arisen no one knew; partly, perhaps, from some lurking superstition, some idle word, or idler omen which had taken root in her mind, nourished by the calamity which in other respects she bore so calmly, but which left her so often in darkness and loneliness to brood over her own gloomy forebodings; partly from her trembling sensibility, and partly from the delicacy of frame and of habit which had always characterised the object of her love—a slender youth, whose ardent spirit was but too apt to overtask his body.

“However it found admittance, there the presentiment was, hanging like a dark cloud over Jessey’s young life. Reasoning was useless. They know little of the passions who seek to argue with that most intractable of them all, the fear that is born of love; so Mrs. Lucas and Emma tried to amuse away these sad thoughts, trusting to time, to William’s letters, and, above all, to William’s return, to eradicate the evil.

“The letters came punctually and gaily; letters that might have quieted the heart of any sister in England, except the fluttering heart of Jessey Lucas. William spoke of improved health, of increased strength, of actual promotion, and expected recal. At last he even announced his return under auspices the most gratifying to his mother, and the most beneficial to her family. The regiment was ordered home, and the old and wealthy relation, under whose protection he had already risen so rapidly, had expressed his intention to accompany him to Kibe’s Farm, to be introduced to his nephew’s widow and daughters, especially Jessey, for whom he expressed himself greatly interested. A letter from General Lucas himself, which arrived by the same post, was still more explicit: it adduced the son’s admirable character and exemplary

conduct as reasons for befriending the mother, and avowed his design of providing for each of his young relations, and of making William his heir.

"For half an hour after the first hearing of these letters, Jessy was happy—till the period of a winter voyage (for it was deep January) crossed her imagination, and checked her joy. At length, long before they were expected, another epistle arrived, dated Portsmouth. They had sailed by the next vessel to that which conveyed their previous dispatches, and might be expected hourly at Kibe's Farm. The voyage was past; safely past, and the weight seemed now really taken away from Jessy's heart. She raised her sweet face and smiled; yet still it was a fearful and a trembling joy, and somewhat of fear was mingled even with the very intensity of her hope. It had been a time of rain and wind; and the Loddon, the beautiful Loddon, always so affluent of water, had overflowed its boundaries, and swelled the smaller streams which it fed into torrents.

"The brook which crossed Kibe's-lane had washed away part of the foot-bridge, destroying poor William's railing, and was still foaming and dashing a cataract. Now that was the nearest way, and if William should insist on coming that way. To be sure, the carriage road was round by Grazeley-green; but to cross the brook would save half a mile; and William, dear William, would never think of danger to get to those he loved. These were Jessy's thoughts; the fear seemed impossible, for no postillion would think of breasting that furious stream; but the fond sister's heart was fluttering like a new caught bird, and she feared she knew not what.

"All the day she paced the little lane, and stopped, and listened, and stopped. About sun-set, with the nice sense of sound which seemed to come with her fearful calamity, and that fine sense quickened by anxiety, expectation, and love, she heard, or thought she heard, the sound of a carriage rapidly advancing on the other side of the stream. 'It is only the noise of rushing waters,' cried Emma. 'I hear a carriage—the horses—the wheels!' replied Jessy; and darted off at once with the double purpose of meeting William, and warning the postillion against the stream. Emma and her mother followed fast! fast! But what speed could vie with Jessy's, when the object was William? They called, but she neither heard nor answered. Before they had run to the bend in the lane, she had reached the brook, and long before either of her pursuers had gained the bridge, her foot had slipped from the wet and tottering plank, and she was borne resistlessly down the stream. Assistance was immediately procured; men and ropes and boats; for the sweet blind girl was beloved of all, and many a poor man risked his life in a fruitless endeavour to save Jessy Lucas; and William, too, was there; for Jessy's quickened sense had not deceived her. William was there, struggling, with all the strength of love and agony, to rescue that dear and helpless creature. But every effort—although he persevered, until he, too, was taken out senseless—every effort was vain. The fair corse was recovered, but life was extinct. Poor Jessy's prediction was verified to the letter: and the brother and his favourite sister never met again."

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LAST NOVEL.

The Chronicles of the Canongate, by the Author of Waverley. Edinburgh. Cadell and Co. Simpkin and Marshall. London. 1827. 2 vols. 12mo.

WHEN we transferred to our pages one of the tales of these Chronicles, we were not aware of the mode in which the periodical from which we copied it had procured the sheets of the original; no desire of presenting the world with a novelty, or interesting it with a fine production of genius, should have induced us to take advantage of a transaction, which, as we have heard it described, confers little honour

on any party concerned. At the time when the spirited tale of the "Two Drovers" went to press, we did not moreover expect to be favoured with a sight of the work itself in time for our publication this month, though it is very possible that this alone would not have made a difference; for though the "Two Drovers" cannot be called the best of the three stories comprised in the present batch of the Chronicles of the Canongate, it forms the most compact *whole* which we could select for a specimen of the new work.

We have perused hastily, it is true, but eagerly these two volumes, and we are delighted to acknowledge that in them their admirable author appears to have renewed his youth; "he has once more set foot," like his own Rob Roy, "on his native heather," and consequently every step he takes is fresh, elastic, and vigorous. The three stories are all tales of passion and national feelings, such as the Author of Waverley used to trace with a pencil of flame; and his fire is not extinct; it burns the brighter after the interval of unfriendly darkness and feeble efforts at blazing up which has marked the interval between the present time and that of the publication of some of his late novels. The Chronicles of the Canongate are the more interesting, on the ground of their containing Sir Walter's written avowal of his authorship, and for tracing in an extremely interesting manner, in an introduction, the foundation of fact and the occasional contributions of information on which he has raised his numerous and splendid structures of fiction. This introduction all the world must read; it relates not so much to the present work as to the monuments of genius already raised, and now in every part of Europe, honoured and admired. We shall take the liberty of quoting a considerable portion of it.

"All who were acquainted with the early history of the Italian stage are aware, that Arlechino is not, in his original conception, a mere worker of marvels with his wooden sword, a jumper into and out of windows, as upon our theatre,—but, as his party-coloured jacket implies, a buffoon or clown, whose mouth, far from being eternally closed as amongst us, is filled, like that of Touchstone, with quips, and cranks, and witty devices, very often delivered extempore. It is not easy to guess how he became possessed of his black vizard, which was anciently made in the resemblance of the face of a cat; but it seems that the mask was essential to the performance of the character, as will appear from the following theatrical anecdote:—

"An actor on the Italian stage permitted at the Foire du St. Germain, in Paris, was renowned for the wild, venturous, and extravagant wit, the brilliant sallies and fortunate repartees, with which he prodigally seasoned the character of the party-coloured jester. Some critics, whose good-will towards a favourite actor was stronger than their judgment, took occasion to remonstrate with the successful performer on the subject of the grotesque vizard. They went wilily to their purpose, observing that his classical and attic wit, his delicate vein of humour, his happy turn for dialogue, was rendered burlesque and ludicrous by this unmeaning and bizarre disguise, and that those attributes would become far more impressive, if aided by the spirit of his eye and the expression of his natural features. The actor's vanity was easily so far engaged as to

induce him to make the experiment. He played harlequin barefaced, but was considered on all hands as having made a total failure. He had lost the audacity which a sense of incognito bestowed, and with it all the reckless play of raillery which gave vivacity to his original acting. He cursed his advisers, and resumed his grotesque vizard; but, it is said, without ever being able to regain the careless and successful levity which the consciousness of the disguise had formerly bestowed.

"Perhaps the Author of *Waverley* is now about to incur a risk of the same kind, and endanger his popularity by having laid aside his incognito. It is certainly not a voluntary experiment, like that of harlequin, for it was my original intention never to have avowed these works during my life-time, and the original manuscripts were carefully preserved, (though by the care of others rather than mine,) with the purpose of supplying the necessary evidence of the truth when the period of announcing it should arrive. But the affairs of my publishers having unfortunately passed into a management different from their own, I had no right any longer to rely upon secrecy in that quarter; and thus my mask, like my Aunt Dinah's in *Tristram Shandy*, having begun to wax a little threadbare about the chin, it became time to lay it aside with a good grace, unless I desired it should fall in pieces from my face.

"Yet I had not the slightest intention of choosing the time and place in which the disclosure was finally made; nor was there any concert betwixt my learned and respective friend Lord Meadowbank and myself upon that occasion. It was, as the reader is probably aware, upon the 23d February last, at a public meeting, called for establishing a professional Theatrical Fund in Edinburgh, that the communication took place. Just before we sat down to table, Lord Meadowbank asked me whether I was still anxious to preserve my incognito on the subject of what was called the *Waverley Novels*? I did not immediately see the purpose of his lordship's question, although I certainly might have been led to infer it, and replied, that the secret had now become known to so many people, that I was indifferent on the subject. Lord Meadowbank was thus induced, while doing me the great honour of proposing my health to the meeting, to say something on the subject of these novels, so strongly connecting them with me as the author, that, by remaining silent, I must have stood convicted, either of the actual paternity, or of the still greater crime of being supposed willing to receive, indirectly, praise to which I had no just title. I thus found myself suddenly and unexpectedly placed in the confessional; and had only time to recollect that I had been guided thither by a most friendly hand, and could not, perhaps, find a better public opportunity to lay down a disguise, which began to resemble that of a detected masquerader.

"I had therefore the task of avowing myself to the numerous and respectable company assembled, as the sole and unaided author of these novels of *Waverley*, the paternity of which was likely at one time to have formed a controversy of some celebrity. I now think it further necessary to say, that while I take on myself all the merits and demerits attending these compositions, I am bound to acknowledge, with gratitude, hints of subjects and legends which I have received

from various quarters, and have occasionally used as a foundation of my fictitious compositions, or woven up with them in the shape of episodes. I am bound, in particular, to acknowledge the unremitting kindness of Mr. Joseph Train, supervisor of excise at Dumfries, to whose unwearied industry I have been indebted for many curious traditions and points of antiquarian interest. It was Mr. Train who recalled to my recollection the history of Old Mortality, although I myself had a personal interview with that celebrated wanderer, so far back as about 1792, when I found him on his usual task. He was then engaged in repairing the gravestones of the Covenanters who had died while imprisoned in the castle of Dunnottar, to which many of them were committed prisoners at the period of Argyle's rising: their place of confinement is still called the Whig's Vault. Mr. Train, however, procured for me far more extensive information concerning this singular person, whose name was Patterson, than I had been able to acquire during my short conversation with him. He was (as I may have somewhere already stated) a native of the parish of Colesburn, in Dumfries-shire, and it is believed that domestic affliction, as well as devotional feeling, induced him to commence the wandering mode of life, which he pursued for a very long period. It is more than twenty years since Robert Patterson's death, which took place on the high road near Lockerby, where he was found exhausted and expiring. The white pony, the companion of his pilgrimage, was standing by the side of its dying master; the whole furnishing a scene not unfitted for the pencil. These particulars I had from Mr. Train.

"Another debt, which I pay most willingly, is that which I owe to an unknown correspondent (a lady), who favoured me with the history of the upright and high principled female, whom, in the Heart of Mid-lothian, I have termed Jeanie Deans. The circumstance of her refusing to save her sister's life by an act of perjury, and undertaking a pilgrimage to London to obtain her pardon, are both represented as true by my fair and obliging correspondent; and they led me to consider the possibility of rendering a fictitious personage interesting by mere dignity of mind and rectitude of principle; assisted by unpretending good sense and temper, without any of the beauty, grace, talent, accomplishment, and wit, to which a heroine of romance is supposed to have a prescriptive right. If the portrait was received with interest by the public, I am conscious how much it was owing to the truth and force of the original sketch, which I regret that I am unable to present to the public, as it was written with much feeling and spirit.

"Old and odd books, and a considerable collection of family legends, formed another quarry, so ample, that it was much more likely that the strength of the labourer should be exhausted, than that materials should fail. I may mention, for example's sake, that the terrible catastrophe of the Bride of Lammermoor, actually occurred in a Scottish family of rank. The female relative, by whom the melancholy tale was communicated to me many years since, was a near connexion of the family in which the event happened, and always told it with an appearance of melancholy mystery, which enhanced the interest. She had known, in her youth, the brother who rode before the unhappy victim to the fatal altar, who, though then a mere boy, and occupied almost entirely with the gallantry of his own appearance in the bridal

procession, could not but remark that the hand of his sister was moist, and cold as that of a statue. It is unnecessary further to withdraw the veil from the scene of family distress; nor, although it occurred more than a hundred years since, might it be altogether agreeable to the representatives of the families concerned in the narrative. It may be proper to say, that the events are imitated; but I had neither the means nor intention of copying the manners, or tracing the characters, of the persons concerned in the real story."—Vol. i. pp. i—xi.

And again:—

"And now the reader may expect me, while in the confessional, to explain the motives why I have so long persisted in disclaiming the works of which I am now writing. To this it would be difficult to give any other reply, save that of Corporal Nym—It was the humour or caprice of the time. I hope it will not be construed into ingratitude to the public, to whose indulgence I have owed much more than to any merit of my own, if I confess that I am, and have been, more indifferent to success, or to failure, as an author, than may be the case with others, who feel more strongly the passion for literary fame, probably because they are justly conscious of a better title to it. It was not until I had attained the age of thirty years that I made any serious attempt at distinguishing myself as an author; and at that period, men's hopes, desires, and wishes, have usually acquired something of a decisive character, and are not eagerly and easily diverted into a new channel. When I made the discovery—for to me it was one—that by amusing myself with composition, which I felt a delightful occupation, I could also give pleasure to others, and became aware that literary pursuits were likely to engage in future a considerable portion of my time, I felt some alarm that I might acquire those habits of jealousy and fretfulness, which have lessened, and even degraded, the character of the children of imagination, and rendered them, by petty squabbles and mutual irritability, the laughing-stock of the people of the world. I resolved, therefore, in this respect, to guard my breast (perhaps an unfriendly critic may add, my brow) with triple brass, and as much as possible to avoid resting my thoughts and wishes upon literary success, lest I should endanger my own peace of mind and tranquillity by literary failure. It would argue either stupid apathy or ridiculous affectation, to say that I have been insensible to the public applause, when I have been honoured with its testimonies; and still more highly do I prize the invaluable friendships which some temporary popularity has enabled me to form among those most distinguished by talents and genius, and which I venture to hope now rest upon a basis more firm than the circumstances which gave rise to them. Yet feeling all these advantages, as a man ought to do, and must do, I may say, with truth and confidence, that I have tasted of the intoxicating cup with moderation, and that I have never, either in conversation or correspondence, encouraged discussions respecting my own literary pursuits. On the contrary, I have usually found such topics, even when introduced from motives most flattering to myself, rather embarrassing and disagreeable.

"I have now frankly told my motives for concealment, so far as I am conscious of having any, and the public will forgive the egotism

of the detail, as what is necessarily connected with it. The author, so long and loudly called for, has appeared on the stage, and made his obeisance to the audience. Thus far his conduct is a mark of respect. To linger in their presence would be intrusion.

"I have only to repeat, that I avow myself in print, as formerly in words, the sole and unassisted author of all the novels published as the composition of the 'Author of Waverley.' I do this without shame, for I am unconscious that there is any thing in their composition which deserves reproach, either on the score of religion or morality; and without any feeling of exultation, because, whatever may have been their temporary success, I am well aware how much their reputation depends upon the caprice of fashion; and I have already mentioned the precarious tenure by which it is held, as a reason for displaying no great avidity in grasping at the possession.

"I ought to mention, before concluding, that twenty persons at least were, either from intimacy or from the confidence which circumstances rendered necessary, participant of this secret; and as there was no instance, to my knowledge, of any one of the number breaking the confidence required from them, I am the more obliged to them, because the slight and trivial character of the mystery was not qualified to inspire much respect in those entrusted with it."—Vol. i. p. xxii—xxvii.

These two volumes of *Chronicles* are imbedded in a very elaborate framework, after the manner of the *Tales of My Landlord*; and if room were not thereby provided for the reception of several other subjects, the case might be thought too large for the fiddle. The imaginary author of the *Chronicles* is drawn with even more care than usual, and is certainly much more interesting than our old friends, the *Clutterbucks* and *Dryasdusts*. The character approaches in originality and humour that of *Jonathan Oldbuck*, and is dashed with those strokes of pathos that Sir Walter Scott is so complete a master of, and which serve to give so striking a reality to his portraits. *Chrystal Croftangry, Esq.* was in his youth a thoughtless spendthrift, who squandered his paternal acres—reduced by the sale of his property to visit foreign countries, and seek his fortune where he could find it; by labour and exertion he succeeds in securing a competency. On his return to Scotland he feels a desire to purchase a portion of his former estates; but being deterred from that step, he finally settles in the vicinity of Holyrood, where he had formerly taken sanctuary; and which, from having been the scene of his former abhorrence, now is remembered as a place of interest, as all places become in time where a man has suffered, and when the acuteness of his sensations are blunted by time. Settled with his former landlady as a housekeeper in a retired and comfortable abode, which he denominates *Little Croftangry*, the eccentric old bachelor, not being particularly well satisfied with the present, amuses himself with the past; and as the amusements of the evening, rakes together his antiquarian lore, and digests the most interesting part of his stores in the form of these *Chronicles*.

This interstitial matter runs through all the volumes, and forms the preface, introduction, note, and comment, upon the *Tales*. We shall quote from it the description of the spendthrift's visit to his former estate, after the lapse of many years, and the entire change of his character. We can say of it, without hesitation, that no other pen

could have written it ; that it shows a knowledge of the world—a perception of character, and a power of description, which it is in vain to look for elsewhere :—

“ It was an old-fashioned road, which, preferring ascents to sloughs, was led in a straight line over height and hollow, through moor and dale. Every object around me, as I passed them in succession, reminded me of old days, and at the same time formed the strongest contrast with them possible. Unattended, on foot, with a small bundle in my hand, deemed scarcely sufficient good company for the two shabby-genteels with whom I had been lately perched on the top of a mail-coach, I did not seem to be the same person with the young prodigal, who lived with the noblest and gayest in the land, and who, thirty years before, would, in the same country, have been on the back of a horse that had been victor for a plate, or smoking along in his travelling chaise-and-four. My sentiments were not less changed than my condition. I could quite well remember, that my ruling sensation in the days of heady youth, was a mere schoolboy's eagerness to get farthest forward in the race in which I had engaged ; to drink as many bottles as — ; to be thought as good a judge of a horse as — ; to have the knowing cut of —'s jacket. These were thy gods, O Israel !

“ Now I was a mere looker-on ; seldom an unmoved, and sometimes an angry spectator, but still a spectator only, of the pursuits of mankind. I felt how little my opinion was valued by those engaged in the busy turmoil, yet I exercised it with the profusion of an old lawyer retired from his profession, who thrusts himself into his neighbour's and gives advice where it is not wanted, merely under pretence of loving the crack of the whip.

“ I came amid these reflections to the brow of a hill, from which I expected to see Glentanner ; a modest-looking yet comfortable house, its walls covered with the most productive fruit-trees in that part of the country, and screened from the most stormy quarters of the horizon by a deep and ancient wood, which overhung the neighbouring hill. The house was gone ; a great part of the wood was felled ; and instead of the gentleman-like mansion, shrouded and embosomed among its old hereditary trees, stood Castle-Treddles, a huge lumping four-square pile of free-stone, as bare as my nail, except for a paltry edging of decayed and lingering exotics, with an impoverished lawn stretched before it, which, instead of boasting deep green tapestry, enamelled with daisies, and with crowsfoot and cowslips, showed an extent of nakedness, raked, indeed, and levelled, but where the sown grasses had failed with drought, and the earth, retaining its natural complexion, seemed nearly as brown and bare as when it was newly dug up.

“ The house was a large fabric, which pretended to its name of Castle only from the front windows being finished in acute Gothic arches (being, by the way, the very reverse of the castellated style), and each angle graced with a turret about the size of a pepper-box. In every other respect it resembled a large town-house, which, like a fat burgess, had taken a walk to the country on a holiday, and climbed to the top of an eminence to look around it. The bright red colour of the freestone, the size of the building, the formality of its shape, and awkwardness of its position, harmonized as ill with the sweeping Clyde

in front, and the bubbling brook which danced down on the right, as the fat civic form, with bushy wig, gold-headed cane, maroon-coloured coat, and mottled silk stockings, would have accorded with the wild and magnificent scenery of Corehouse Linn.

"I went up to the house. It was in that state of desertion which is perhaps the most unpleasant to look on, for the place was going to decay, without having been inhabited. There were about the mansion, though deserted, none of the slow mouldering touches of time, which communicate to buildings, as to the human frame, a sort of reverence, while depriving them of beauty and of strength. The disconcerted schemes of the Laird of Castle-Treddles, had resembled fruit that becomes decayed without ever having ripened. Some windows broken, others patched, others blocked up with deals, gave a disconsolate air to all around, and seemed to say, 'There Vanity had purposed to fix her seat, but was anticipated by Poverty.'

"To the inside, after many a vain summons, I was at length admitted by an old labourer. The house contained every contrivance for luxury and accommodation;—the kitchens were a model, and there were hot closets on the office stair-case, that the dishes might not cool, as our Scotch phrase goes, between the kitchen and the hall. But instead of the genial smell of good cheer, these temples of *Comus* emitted the damp odour of sepulchral vaults, and the large cabinets of cast-iron looked like the cages of some feudal Bastille. The eating-room and drawing-room, with an interior boudoir, were magnificent apartments, the ceilings fretted and adorned with stucco-work, which already was broken in many places, and looked in others damp and mouldering; the wood panelling was shrunk and warped, and cracked; the doors, which had not been hung for more than two years, were, nevertheless, already swinging loose from their hinges. Desolation, in short, was where enjoyment had never been; and the want of all the usual means to preserve, was fast performing the work of decay.

"The story was a common one, and told in a few words. Mr. Treddles, senior, who bought the estate, was a cautious money-making person; his son, still embarked in commercial speculations, desired at the same time to enjoy his opulence and to increase it. He incurred great expenses, amongst which this edifice was to be numbered. To support these he speculated boldly, and unfortunately; and thus the whole history is told, which may serve for more places than Glen-tanner.

"Strange and various feelings ran through my bosom, as I loitered in these deserted apartments, scarce hearing what the guide said to me about the size and destination of each room. The first sentiment, I am ashamed to say, was one of gratified spite. My patrician pride was pleased, that the mechanic, who had not thought the house of the Croftangrys sufficiently good for him, had now experienced a fall in his turn. My next thought was as mean, though not so malicious. 'I have had the better of this fellow,' thought I; 'if I lost the estate, I at least spent the price; and Mr. Treddles has lost his among paltry commercial engagements.'

"'Wretch!' said the secret voice within, 'darest thou exult in thy shame? Recollect how thy youth and fortune were wasted in those years, and triumph not in the enjoyment of an existence which levelled

thee with the beasts that perish. Bethink thee, how this poor man's vanity gave at least bread to the labourer, peasant, and citizen; and his profuse expenditure, like water spilt on the ground, refreshed the lowly herbs and plants where it fell. But thou! whom hast thou enriched during thy career of extravagance, save those brokers of the devil, vintners, panders, gamblers, and horse-jockeys? The anguish produced by this self-reproof was so strong, that I put my hand suddenly to my forehead, and was obliged to allege a sudden megrim to my attendant, in apology for the action, and a slight groan with which it was accompanied.

"I then made an effort to turn my thoughts into a more philosophical current, and muttered half aloud, as a charm to lull any more painful thoughts to rest—

*'Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli
Dictus erit nulli proprius; sed cedet in usum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii. Quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.'* *

In my anxiety to fix the philosophical precept in my mind, I recited the last line aloud, which, joined to my previous agitation, I afterwards found became the cause of a report, that a mad schoolmaster had come from Edingburgh, with the idea in his head of buying Castle-Treddles.

"As I saw my companion was desirous of getting rid of me, I asked where I was to find the person in whose hands were left the map of the estate, and other particulars connected with the sale. The agent who had this in possession, I was told, lived at the town of ———; which I was informed, and indeed knew well, was distant five miles and a bittock, which may pass in a country where they are less lavish of their land, for two or three more. Being somewhat afraid of the fatigue of walking so far, I inquired if a horse, or any sort of carriage, was to be had, and was answered in the negative.

"'But,' said my cicerone, 'you may halt a blink till next morning at the Treddles Arms, a very decent house, scarce a mile off.'

"'A new house, I suppose?' replied I.

"'No, it's a new public, but it's an auld house: it was aye the Leddy's jointure-house in the Croftangry-folks time; but Mr. Treddles has fitted it up for the convenience of the country. Poor man, he was a public-spirited man when he had the means.'

"'Duntarkin a public house!' I exclaimed.

* "HORACE, Sat. II. Lib. 2. The meaning will be best conveyed to the English reader in Pope's imitation:—

"What's property, dear Swift? you see it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;
Or in a mortgage prove a lawyer's share;
Or in a jointure vanish from the heir.

* * * * *
Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord;
And Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scrivener and city knight.
Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let us be fixed, and our own masters still."

"' Ay?' said the fellow, surprised at my naming the place by its former title, 'ye'll hae been in this country before, I'm thinking!'

"' Long since,' I replied—' And there is good accommodation at the what-d'ye-call-'em arms, and a civil landlord?' This I said by way of saying something, for the man stared very hard at me.

"' Very decent accommodation. Ye'll no be far fashing wi' wine, I'm thinking, and there's walth o' porter, ale, and a drap gude whisky—(in an under tone) Fairntosh, if you can get on the lee-side of the gudewife—for there is nae gudeman—They ca' her Christie Steele.'

" I almost started at the sound. Christie Steele! Christie Steele was my mother's body servant, her very right hand, and, between ourselves, something like a viceroy over her. I recollected her perfectly; and though she had, in former times, been no favourite of mine, her name now sounded in my ear like that of a friend, and was the first word I had heard somewhat in unison with the associations around me. I sallied from Castle-Treddles, determined to make the best of my way to Duntarkin, and my cicerone hung by me for a little way, giving loose to his love of talking; an opportunity which, situated as he was, the seneschal of a deserted castle, was not likely to occur frequently."—Vol. i. 50—60.

The subject of the first tale is simple in its form, and low in its actors; but it is nevertheless worked up to a high pitch of interest. The son of a Highland Cateran living alone with his widowed mother, the fit wife of a lawless rover, finding that times are changed—that his father's profession is become disgraceful—resolves to enlist in a Highland regiment, raised by the English government. Sorely against his mother's consent, he determines to set out to keep his engagement the day before that on which he is bound to join his regiment: on the eve of his departure, his mother puts a potent drug into his drink, which plunges him into a stupor. He remains in this condition till the day is gone by—he awakes, and when informed of his situation, his feelings are of the most desperate condition—stripes—dishonourable stripes, which his education has taught him to consider far worse than death, attend him: he remains in a state of stupid suspense till a party of soldiers are sent to seize him: his mother puts a musket into his hand: and the serjeant of the party is shot. The apprehension of the young man follows: and he is executed, pursuant to the sentence of the court-martial.

Out of these slender materials some of the author's most impassioned scenes are woven. The second story is to be found in another part of this Number. The third story is that of the Surgeon's Daughter. It contains much of the author's striking description of passion, of his knowledge of character, and his unrivalled power in managing and displaying it. We regret his departure from Scotland; and though there may be great brilliancy in his Indian scenes, they do not produce the conviction of their truth and reality which always attends the author on Scottish ground. We should say that Sir Walter has, in the latter part of this tale, wholly sacrificed probability to effect; he has nevertheless succeeded in drawing us selfish and unredeemed a villain as ever broke a heart. One would think that this tale had been

written to show the importance of a good breed in man as well as in horses; the nature and probability of the traits which he has drawn certainly confirm a very common belief that blood has as much to do with disposition as education.

From this tale we shall quote the character of a country doctor in Scotland:—

“The exquisitely beautiful portrait which the Rambler has painted of his friend Levett, well describes Gideon Grey, and many other village doctors, from whom Scotland reaps more benefit, and to whom she is perhaps more ungrateful than to any other class of men, excepting her schoolmasters.

“Such a rural man of medicine is usually the inhabitant of some petty borough or village, which forms the central point of his practice. But, besides attending to such cases as the village may afford, he is day and night at the service of every one who may command his assistance within a circle of forty miles in diameter, untraversed by roads in many directions, and including moors, mountains, rivers, and lakes. For late and dangerous journey through an inaccessible country, for services of the most essential kind, rendered at the expense, or risk at least, of his own health and life, the Scottish village doctor receives at best a very moderate recompense, often one which is totally inadequate, and very frequently none whatsoever. He has none of the ample resources proper to the brothers of the profession in an English town. The burgesses of a Scottish borough are rendered, by their limited means of luxury, inaccessible to gout, surfeits, and all the comfortable chronic diseases, which are attendant on wealth and indolence. Four years, or so, of abstemiousness, enable them to stand an election dinner; and there is no hope of broken heads among a score or two of quiet electors, who settle the business over a table. There the mothers of the state never make a point of pouring, in the course of every revolving year, a certain quantity of doctor's stuff through the bowels of their beloved children. Every old woman, from the Town-head to the Townfit, can prescribe a dose of salts or spread a plaster; and it is only when a fever or a palsy renders matters serious, that the assistance of the doctor is invoked by his neighbours in the borough.

“But still the man of science cannot complain of inactivity or want of practice. If he does not find patients at his door, he seeks them through a wide circle. Like the ghostly lover of Leonora, he mounts at midnight, and traverses in darkness paths which, to those less accustomed to them, seem formidable in daylight, through straits where the slightest aberration would plunge him into a morass, or throw him over a precipice, on to cabins which his horse might ride over without knowing they lay in his way, unless he happened to fall through the roofs. When he arrives at such a stately termination of his journey, where his services are required, either to bring a wretch into the world, or prevent one from leaving it, the scene of misery is often such, that far from touching the hard-saved shillings which are gratefully offered to him, he bestows his medicines, as well as his attendance—for charity. I have heard the celebrated traveller Mungo Park, who had experienced both courses of life, rather give the preference to travelling as a discoverer in Africa, than to wandering by night and

day the wilds of his native land in the capacity of a country medical practitioner. He mentioned having once upon a time rode forty miles, sat up all night, and successfully assisted a woman under influence of the primitive curse, for which his sole remuneration was a roasted potato and a draught of butter-milk. But his was not the heart which grudged the labour that relieved human misery. In short, there is no creature in Scotland that works harder and is more poorly requited than the country doctor, unless perhaps it may be his horse. Yet the horse is, and indeed must be, hardy, active, and indefatigable, in spite of a rough coat and indifferent condition; and so you will often find in his master, under an unpromising and blunt exterior, professional skill and enthusiasm, intelligence, humanity, courage, and science.

“Mr. Gideon Grey, surgeon in the village of Middlemas, situated in one of the midland counties of Scotland, led the rough, active, and ill-rewarded course of life which we have endeavoured to describe. He was a man between forty and fifty, devoted to his profession, and of such reputation in the medical world, that he had been more than once, as opportunities occurred, advised to exchange Middlemas and its meagre circle of practice, for some of the larger towns in Scotland, or for Edinburgh itself. This advice he had always declined. He was a plain blunt man, who did not love restraint, and was unwilling to subject himself to that which was exacted in polite society. He had not himself found out, nor had any friend hinted to him, that a slight touch of the cynic, in manner and habits, gives the physician, to the common eye, an air of authority which greatly tends to enlarge his reputation. Mr. Grey, or, as the country people called him, Doctor Grey, (he might hold the title by diploma for what I know, though he only claimed the rank of master of arts,) had few wants, and these were amply supplied by a professional income which generally approached two hundred pounds a-year, for which, upon an average, he travelled about five thousand miles on horseback in the course of the twelve months. Nay, so liberally did this revenue support himself and his ponies, called pestle and mortar, which he exercised alternately, that he took a damsel to share it, Jean Watson, namely, the cherry-cheeked daughter of an honest farmer, who being herself one of twelve children, who had been brought up on an income of fourscore pounds a-year, never thought there could be poverty in more than double the sum; and looked on Grey, though now termed by irreverent youth the old doctor, as a very advantageous match. For several years they had no children, and it seemed as if Doctor Grey, who had so often assisted the efforts of the goddess Lucina, was never to invoke her in his own behalf. Yet his domestic roof was, on a remarkable occasion, decreed to be the scene where the goddess's art was required.”—Vol. ii. pp. 29—35.

We shall make one more extract, containing an account of the mysterious birth of the hero of the story, and then leave the Chronicles to tell their own tale.

“Late of an autumn evening three old women might be observed plying their aged limbs through the single street of the village at Middlemas towards the honoured door, which, fenced off from the vulgar

causeway, was defended by a broken paling, inclosing two slips of ground, half arable, half overrun with an abortive attempt at shrubbery. The door itself was blazoned with the name of Gideon Grey, M. A. Surgeon, &c. &c. Some of the idle young fellows, who had been a minute or two before loitering at the other end of the street before the alehouse, (for the pretended inn deserved no better name,) now accompanied the old dame with shouts of laughter, excited by their unwonted agility; and with bets on the winner, as loudly expressed as if they had been laid at the starting post of Middlemas races. 'Half-a-mutchkin on Luckie Simson!'—'Auld Peg Tamson against the field!'—'Mair speed, Alison Jaup, ye'll tak the wind out of them yet!'—'Canny against the hill, lasses, or we may have a brusten auld carline amang ye!' These, and a thousand such gibes rent the air, without being noticed, or even heard, by the anxious racers, whose object seemed to be, which should first reach the doctor's door.

"'Guide us, doctor, what can be the matter now?' said Mrs. Grey, whose character was that of a good-natured simpleton; 'Here's Peg Tamson, Jean Simson, and Alison Jaup, running a race on the hie street of the burgh!'

"The doctor, who had but the moment before hung up his wet greatcoat before the fire, (for he was just dismounted from a long journey,) hastened down stairs, auguring some new occasion for his services, and happy, that, from the character of the messengers, it was likely to be within burgh, and not landward.

"He had just reached the door as Luckie Simson, one of the racers, arrived in the little area before it. She had got the start, and kept it, but at the expense, for the time, of her power of utterance; for when she came in presence of the doctor, she stood blowing like a grampus, her loose toy flying back from her face, making the most violent efforts to speak, but without the power of uttering a single intelligible word. Peg Thomson whipped in before her.

"'The leddy, sir, the leddy—'

"'Instant help, instant help!'—screeched, rather than uttered, Alison Jaup; while Luckie Simson, who had certainly won the race, found words to claim the prize which had set them all in motion. 'And I hope, sir, you will recommend me to be the sick-nurse; I was here to bring you the tidings lang before any o' thae lazy queans.'

"'Loud were the counter protestations of the two competitors, and loud the laugh of the idle loons who listened at a little distance.

"'Hold your tongue, ye flyting fools,' said the doctor; 'and you, ye idle rascals, if I come out among you—' So saying, he smacked his long-lashed whip with great emphasis, producing much the effect of the celebrated *Quos ego* of Neptune, in the first *Æneid*. 'And now,' said the doctor, 'where, or who, is this lady?'

"The question was scarce necessary; for a plain carriage, with four horses, came at a foot's pace towards the door of the doctor's house, and the old women, now more at their ease, gave the doctor to understand, that the gentlemen thought the accommodation of the Swan Inn totally unfit for his lady's rank and condition, and had, by their advice, (each claiming the merit of the suggestion,) brought her here, to experience the hospitality of the *west-room*;—a spare

apartment, in which Doctor Grey occasionally accommodated such patients as he desired to keep for a space of time under his own eye.

"There were two persons only in the vehicle. The one, a gentleman in a riding dress, sprung out, and having received from the doctor an assurance that the lady would receive tolerable accommodation in his house, he lent assistance to his companion to leave the carriage, and with great apparent satisfaction, saw her safely deposited in a decent sleeping apartment, and under the respectable charge of the doctor and his lady, who assured him once more of every species of attention.

"To bind their promise more firmly, the stranger slipped a purse of twenty guineas (for this story chanced in the golden age) into the hand of the doctor, as an earnest of the most liberal recompense, and requested he would spare no expense in providing all that was necessary or desirable for a person in the lady's condition, and for the helpless being to whom she might immediately be expected to give birth. He then said he would retire to the inn, where he begged a message might instantly acquaint him with the expected change in the lady's situation.

" 'She is of rank,' he said, 'and a foreigner; let no expense be spared. We designed to have reached Edinburgh, but were forced to turn off the road by an accident.' Once more he said, 'let no expense be spared, and manage that she may travel as soon as possible.'

" 'That,' said the doctor, 'is past my control. Nature must not be hurried, and she avenges herself of every attempt to do so.'

" 'But art,' said the stranger, 'can do much,' and he offered a second purse, which seemed as heavy as the first.

" 'Art,' said the doctor, 'may be recompensed, but cannot be purchased. You have already paid me more than enough to take the utmost care I can of your lady; should I accept more money, it could only be for promising, by implication at least, what is beyond my power to perform. Every possible care shall be taken of your lady, and that affords the best chance of her being speedily able to travel.—Now, go you to the inn, sir, for I may be instantly wanted, and we have not yet provided either an attendant for the lady, or a nurse for the child; but both shall be presently done.'

" 'Yet a moment, doctor—what languages do you understand?'

" 'Latin and French I can speak indifferently, and so as to be understood: and I read a little Italian.'

" 'But no Portuguese or Spanish?' continued the stranger.

" 'No, sir.'

" 'That is unlucky. But you may make her understand you by means of French. Take notice, you are to comply with her request in every thing—if you want means to do so, you may apply to me.'

" 'May I ask, sir, by what name the lady is to be——'

" 'It is totally indifferent,' said the stranger, interrupting the question; 'you shall know it at more leisure.'

"So saying, he threw his ample cloak about him, turning himself half round to assist the operation, with an air which the doctor would have found it difficult to imitate, and walked down the street to the little inn. Here he paid and dismissed the postillions, and shut himself up in an apartment, ordering no one to be admitted, till the doctor should call.

"The doctor, when he returned to his patient's apartment, found his wife in great surprise, which, as is usual with persons of her character, was not unmixed with fear and anxiety.

" 'She cannot speak a word like a Christian being,' said Mrs. Grey.

" 'I know it,' said the doctor.

" 'But she threeps to keep on a black fause-face, and skirls if we offer to take it away.'

" 'Well then, let her wear it—What harm will it do?'

" 'Harm, doctor! Was ever honest woman brought to bed with a fause-face on?'

" 'Seldom, perhaps. But Jean, my dear, those who are not quite honest must be brought to bed all the same as those who are, and we are not to endanger the poor thing's life by contradicting her whims at present.'

"Approaching the sick woman's bed, he observed that she indeed wore a thin silk mask, of the kind which do such uncommon service in the elder comedy; such as women of rank still wore in travelling, but certainly never in the situation of this poor lady. It would seem she had sustained importunity on the subject, for when she saw the doctor, she put her hand to her face, as if she was afraid he would insist on pulling off the vizard. He hastened to say, in tolerable French, that her will should be a law to them in every respect, and that she was at perfect liberty to wear the mask till it was her pleasure to lay it aside. She understood him; for she replied, by a very imperfect attempt in the same language, to express her gratitude for the permission, as she seemed to regard it, of retaining her disguise.

"The doctor proceeded to other arrangements; and, for the satisfaction of those readers who may love minute information, we record, that Luckie Simson, the first in the race, carried as a prize the situation of sick nurse beside the delicate patient; that Peg Thomson was permitted the privilege of recommending her good-daughter, Bet Jamieson, to be wet-nurse; and an *œe*, or grandchild, of Luckie Jaup was hired to assist in the increased drudgery of the family; the doctor thus, like a practised minister, dividing among his trusty adherents such good things as fortune placed at his disposal.

"About one in the morning the doctor made his appearance at the Swan inn, and acquainted the stranger gentleman, that he wished him joy of being the father of a healthy boy, and that the mother was, in the usual phrase, as well as could be expected.

"The stranger heard the news with seeming satisfaction, and then exclaimed, 'He must be christened, doctor! he must be christened instantly!'

" 'There can be no hurry for that,' said the doctor.

" 'We think otherwise,' said the stranger, cutting his argument short. 'I am a Catholic, doctor, and as I may be obliged to leave this place before the lady is able to travel, I desire to see my child received into the pale of the church. There is, I understand, a Catholic priest in this wretched place?'

" 'There is a Catholic gentleman, sir, Mr. Goodriche, who is reported to be in orders.'

" 'I commend your caution, doctor,' said the stranger; 'it is dan-

gerous to be too positive on any subject. I will bring that same Mr. Goodriche to your house to-morrow.'

"Grey hesitated for a moment. 'I am a Presbyterian Protestant, sir,' he said, 'a friend to the constitution as established in church and state, as I have a good right, having drawn his Majesty's pay, God bless him, for four years, as surgeon's mate in the Cameronian regiment, as my regimental Bible and commission can testify. But although I be bound especially to abhor all trafficking or trinketing with Papists, yet I will not stand in the way of a tender conscience. Sir, you may call with Mr. Goodriche when you please, at my house; and undoubtedly, you being, as I suppose, the father of the child, you will arrange matters as you please; only, I do not desire to be thought an abettor or countenancer of any part of the Popish ritual.'

" 'Enough, sir,' said the stranger haughtily, 'we understand each other.'

"The next day he appeared at the doctor's house with Mr. Goodriche, and two persons understood to belong to that reverend gentleman's communion. The party were shut up in an apartment with the infant, and it may be presumed that the solemnity of baptism was administered to the unconscious being, thus strangely launched upon the world. When the priest and witnesses had retired, the strange gentleman informed Mr. Grey, that, as the lady had been pronounced unfit for travelling for several days, he was himself about to leave the neighbourhood, but would return thither in the space of ten days, when he hoped to find his companion able to leave it.

" 'And by what name are we to call the child and mother?'

" 'The infant's name is Richard.'

" 'But it must have some surname—so must the lady—She cannot reside in my house, yet be without a name.'

" 'Call them by the name of your town here—Middlemas, I think it is?'

" 'Yes, sir.'

" 'Well, Mrs. Middlemas is the name of the mother, and Richard Middlemas of the child—and I am Matthew Middlemas, at your service. This,' he continued, 'will provide Mrs. Middlemas in everything she may wish to possess—or assist her in case of accidents.' With that he placed 100*l.* in Mr. Grey's hand, who rather scrupled receiving it, saying, 'He supposed the lady was qualified to be her own purse-bearer.'

" 'The worst in the world, I assure you, doctor,' replied the stranger. 'If she wished to change that piece of paper, she would scarce know how many guineas she should receive for it. No, Mr. Grey, I assure you, you will find Mrs. Middleton—Middlemas—what did I call her—as ignorant of the affairs of this world as any one you have met with in your practice: so you will please to be her treasurer and administrator for the time, as for a patient that is incapable to look after her own affairs.'

"This was spoke, as it struck Dr. Grey, in rather a haughty and supercilious manner. The words intimated nothing in themselves, more than the same desire of preserving incognito, which might be gathered from all the rest of the stranger's conduct; but the manner seemed to say, 'I am not a person to be questioned by any one—What I say must be received without comment, how little soever you may believe or understand it.'

It strengthened Grey in his opinion, that he had before him a case either of seduction, or of private marriage, betwixt persons of the very highest rank; and the whole bearing, both of the lady and the gentleman, confirmed his suspicions. It was not in his nature to be troublesome or inquisitive, but he could not fail to see that the lady wore no marriage-ring; and her deep sorrow, and perpetual tremor, seemed to indicate an unhappy creature, who had lost the protection of parents, without acquiring a legitimate right to that of a husband. He was therefore somewhat anxious when Mr. Middlemas, after a private conference of some length with the lady, bade him farewell. It is true, he assured him of his return within ten days, being the very shortest space which Grey could be prevailed upon to assign for any prospect of the lady being moved with safety."—Vol. ii. pp. 35—48.

The interest of novel readers will now be sufficiently excited, and we leave them to go in search of the book itself.

MAGAZINIANA.

SCARCITY OF LITERATURE.—Noosheerwân, deservedly styled the Just, who governed Persia in the beginning of the seventh century, hearing of the fame of a work which a Brahmin of Ceylon had composed, employed the celebrated physician named Barzooyah to obtain for him a copy of this production. This was a delicate and hazardous enterprise, for the work, ever since the reign of a certain Indian king, named Dabshileem, for whom it was written, had been guarded with great care and jealousy, lest the profane should learn the wisdom that ought only to appertain to the wise and holy.

Barzooyah, confident in knowledge and strong in allegiance, undertook to fulfil the commands of his sovereign. He proceeded towards India, furnished with money and every thing that could forward the objects of his journey. When he arrived at the Indian capital, he pretended that the motive which induced him to visit it was the improvement of his mind, by communication with the wise men for which it was at that period renowned. Amongst those whose society he courted, he early discovered one Brahmin, who appeared to him the very model of wisdom. His efforts were directed to gain his friendship, and believing he had succeeded, he resolved to intrust him with his real design.

"I have a secret to confide to you," said he, one day to his friend; "and you know, 'a sign to the wise is enough.'" "I know what you mean," said the penetrating Brahmin, "without your sign; you came to rob us of our knowledge, that you might with it enrich Persia. Your purpose is deceit; but you have conducted yourself with such consummate address and ability that I cannot help entertaining a regard for you. I have," continued the Indian, "observed in you the eight qualities which must combine to form a perfect man: forbearance, self-knowledge, true allegiance, judgment in placing confidence, secrecy, power to obtain respect at court, self-command, and a reserve, both as to speech in general society and intermeddling with the affairs of others. Now you have those qualities, and though your object in seeking my friendship is not pure but interested, nevertheless I have such an esteem for you that I will incur all hazards to forward your object of stealing our wisdom."

The Brahmin obtained the far-sought book, and by his aid and connivance a copy was soon completed.—*Sketches of Persia.*

HONEST DEALING.—Clear and round dealing is the honour of man's nature, and mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it; for those windings and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet.—*Bacon.*

PLEASURES OF STUDY.—Hensius, the keeper of the library at Leyden, was mewed up in it all the year long; and that which in some might have bred a loathing, caused in him a greater liking. "I no sooner (saith he) come to the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance and melancholy herself: and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men, that know not this happiness."

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FANATICISM.—In 1603, Queen Elizabeth saw one night, as she lay in bed, her own body exceedingly lean and fearful, in a light of fire. After this she sate ten days and ten nights on the carpet, ready dressed, and could never be brought by any of her council to go to bed, or to eat or drink, only the lord admiral persuaded her to take a little broth. She told him, if he knew what she had seen in her bed, he would not persuade her as he did. She, shaking her head, said, with a pitiful voice, "My lord, I am tied with a chain of iron about my neck; I am tied, and the case is altered with me." She seemed to place more confidence in charms and spells than in prayers to God; for she wore a piece of gold in her ruff, by means of which an old woman in Wales was said to have lived to the age of one hundred years, and could not die as long as she wore it upon her body; and the card, called "the Queen of Hearts," was found nailed under the bottom of her chair. As her sickness grew worse, the council sent to her the Bishop of Canterbury and other clergymen; but as soon as she saw them, she put herself in a passion, began to abuse them, and bid them be packing. Upon this, some of her lords mentioned to have other bishops sent for; but she answered, that she would have none of these hedge-priests! Falling, soon after this, into a sleep, she departed. Her body was then opened and embalmed; it was afterwards brought to Whitehall, when it was watched every night by six ladies, who were on each side of the body, which was put within a broad coffin, and a lead coffin covered with velvet. It happened, that her body burst the coffins with so great a violence, attended with a most dreadful noise, that it split the wood, lead, and tore the velvet, to the terror and astonishment of all present.—*A sure Way to find out the true Religion, in a Conversation between a Father and his Son, by the Rev. T. Baddeley. Third Edition, Manchester, 1823.*

TREASURES OF THE EAST.—The eastern hemisphere continues to have a certain venerable air with old men from a belief that the star of knowledge first enlightened its horizon: children delight in it from its containing the enchanting tales of the "Thousand and one Nights;" ladies admire its flowered muslins, rich shawls, pure pearls, and brilliant diamonds; merchants view it as a source of commercial wealth; the naturalist, the botanist, and the geologist, search its plains, its forests, and its mountains, for unicorns, spike-nard, splendid specimens of zeolite, and grand basaltic formations; the English soldier looks to its fields for a harvest of reputation; while pious missionaries sally forth with more than military zeal, to reclaim the millions of the East from their errors, and direct them in the path of life.—*Sketches of Persia.*

MODERATE FORTUNES.—One does not need the example of persons of the Wellesley Pole description to subscribe to the truth of the following opinion of Bruyere:—"There is nothing keeps longer than a middling fortune, and nothing melts away sooner than a great one. Poverty treads upon the heels of great and unexpected riches."

THE PRICE OF IGNORANCE.—The celebrated Aboo Yûsuf, he said, who was chief judge of Bagdad in the reign of the Caliph Hâdee, was a very remarkable instance of that humility which distinguishes true wisdom. His sense of his own deficiencies often led him to entertain doubts, where men of less knowledge and more presumption were decided. "It is related of this judge," said the Shaikh-ool-Islâm, "that on one occasion, after a very patient investigation of facts, he declared that his knowledge was not competent to decide upon the case before him." "Pray, do you expect," said a pert courtier, who heard this declaration, "that the caliph is to pay your ignorance?" "I do not," was the mild reply; "the caliph pays me, and well, for what I do know; if he were to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his empire would not suffice."—*Sketches of Persia.*

GAMBLING.—The fountain of cozenage and villany—a thing so common all over Europe at this day, that many men are utterly undone by it, their means spent, patrimonies consumed, they and their posterity beggared—besides swearing, wrangling, drinking, and such inconveniences, which are ordinary concomitants. For when once they have got a haunt of such companies and habit of gaining, they can hardly be drawn from it; but, as an itch, it will tickle them, and, as it is with wh—e-masters, once entered, they cannot easily leave it off: *vevat mantes insana cupido*—they are mad upon their sport. That which was once their livelihood, should have maintained their wife, children, family, is now spent and gone, sorrow and beggary succeeding. So good things may be abused; and that which was first invented to refresh man's weary spirits, when they come from other labours and studies, to exhilarate the mind, to entertain time and company, tedious otherwise in long solitary winter nights, and keep them from worse matters—an honest exercise—is certainly perverted.—*Burton.*

CADDIS-WORMS.—The transformation of the deserted cases of numberless minute insects into a constituent part of a solid rock, first formed as the bottom of a lake, then constituting the sides of deep valleys, and the tabular summits of lofty hills, is a phenomenon as striking as the vast reefs of coral constructed by the labours of minute polyps. We remember to have seen such *caddis-worms*, as they are called by fishermen, very abundant in the wooden troughs constructed by the late Dr. Sibthorp, for aquatic plants, in the botanic garden at Oxford, to the cases of which many small shells of the *G. Planorbis* *Limnea* and *Cyclas* were affixed, precisely in the same manner as in the fossil tubes of Auvergne: an incrusting spring, therefore, may, perhaps, be all that is wanting to reproduce, on the banks of the Isis or the Charwell, a rock similar in structure to that of the Limagne. Mr. Kirby, in his *Entomology*, informs us, that these larvæ ultimately change into a four-winged insect. If you are desirous to examine them in their aquatic state, "you have only, (he says) to place yourself by the side of a clear and shallow pool of water, and you cannot fail to observe at the bottom little oblong moving masses, resembling pieces of straw, wood, or even stone—of the larvæ itself, nothing is to be seen but the head and six legs, by means of which it moves itself in the water, and drags after it the case in which the rest of the body is inclosed, and into which, on any alarm, it instantly retires. The construction of these habitations is very various. Some select four or five pieces of the leaves of grass, which they glue together into a shapely polygonal case; others employ portions of the stems of rushes, placed side by side, so as to form an elegant fluted cylinder; some arrange round them pieces of leaves like a spirally-rolled riband; other species construct houses which may be called alive, forming them of the shells of various aquatic snails of different kinds and sizes, even while inhabited, all of which are immovably fixed to it, and dragged about at his pleasure. However various may be the form of the case externally, within it is usually cylindrical and lined with silk."—*Introduction to Entomology, by Kirby and Spence, Fourth Edition.*

Dr. Johnson thus defined wit—"A combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike."

CHESS.—Chess-play is a good and witty exercise of the mind, and fit for such as are idle, and have extravagant, impertinent thoughts, or troubled with cares; nothing better to divert their mind and alter their meditations: invented, some say by the general of an army in a famine to keep soldiers from mutiny: but if it proceed from over-much study, in such a case it may do more harm than good. It is a game too troublesome for some men's brains; too full of anxiety; all but as bad as study: besides, it is a testy, choleric game, and very offensive to him that loseth the mate. William the Conqueror, playing at chess with the prince of France (dauphine was not annexed to the crown in those days) losing his mate, knocked the chess-board about his pate; which was a cause afterwards of much enmity between them.—*Burton.*

LYING IN BED.—No piece of indolence hurts the health more than the modern custom of lying a-bed too long in a morning. This is the general practice in great towns. The inhabitants of cities seldom rise before eight or nine o'clock; but the morning is undoubtedly the best time for exercise, while the stomach is empty and the body refreshed with sleep. Besides, the morning air braces and strengthens the nerves, and in some measure answers the purposes of a cold bath.—Let any one, who has been accustomed to lie a-bed till eight or nine o'clock, rise by six or seven, spend a couple of hours in walking, riding, or any active diversion without doors, and he will find his spirits cheerful and serene throughout the day, his appetite keen, and his body braced and strengthened. Custom soon renders early rising agreeable, and nothing contributes more to the preservation of health. The inactive are continually complaining of pains in the stomach, flatulencies, indigestion, &c. These complaints, which pave the way to many others, are *not* to be removed by medicines: they can only be cured by a vigorous course of exercise, to which indeed they seldom fail to yield. It consists with observation, that all very old men have been early-risers. This is the only circumstance attending longevity to which I never knew an exception.—*Buchan.*

SHADOW CATCHER.—I was present, some years ago, at the trial of a notorious obeah-man, driven on an estate in the parish of St. David, who, by the overwhelming influence he had acquired over the minds of his deluded victims, and the more potent means he had at command to accomplish his ends, had done great injury among the slaves on the property before it was discovered. One of the witnesses, a negro belonging to the same estate, was asked—"Do you know the prisoner to be an obeah-man?"—"Ees, massa, shadow-catcher, true." "What do you mean by a shadow-catcher?"—"Him ha coffin, (a little coffin produced,) him set for catch dem shadow." "What shadow do you mean?"—"When him set obeah for summary, (some body,) him catch dem shadow and dem go dead;" and too surely they were soon dead, when he pretended to have caught their shadows, by whatever means it was effected.—*Banclay's Slavery.*

MEDICAL SKILL IN THE EAST.—While my companions were trying this experiment, and wondering at the cause, I remained on the terrace conversing with Hajee Ibrahim. I noticed a small village about a mile distant, which seemed deserted. "Is that oppression?" said I. "No," said the Hajee, "worse." "Why," said I, "the Türkûmans cannot have carried their inroads so near the town." "They could not have done the work so complete," said my friend, smiling. "Who has done it?" I asked. "A doctor," replied he; "a proper fellow, who acquired great reputation, and he deserved it, from the heirs of his patients at least. That village literally perished under his hands in five years. Now he is gone I know not where, but good luck attend him, so he comes not again to our neighbourhood."—*Sketches of Persia.*

BANK OF FAITH.—An Indian servant of Sir Thomas Row's would needs go out one day to be married forsooth, and yet he had three wives at the same time, with a good stock of children, and but five shillings a month to maintain them all. *This is drawing bills upon God Almighty without any warrant or encouragement to believe they will ever be paid.*—Row's Account of the Mogul's Country, Harris's Voyages, edition 1705.

THE NEGRO'S HEIR LOOM.—Some years ago, the boiler-men negroes on Huckenfield estate were overheard by the book-keeper discoursing on this subject, (the superiority of the whites,) and various opinions were given, till the question was thus set at rest by an old African:—"When God Almighty make de world, him make two men, a nigger and a buckra; and him give them two box, and him tell dem for make dem choice. Nigger, (nigger greedy from time,) when him find one box heavy, him take it, and buckra take to'other; when dem open de box, buckra see pen, ink, and paper; nigger box full up with hoe and bill, and hoe and bill for nigger till this day."—Barclay's Slavery in the West Indies.

**PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,
WATER-WORKS, MINES, &c.**

| CANALS. | Amt. paid. | Per share. | INSURANCE OFFICES. | Amt. paid. | Per share. |
|------------------------------|---------------|---------------|----------------------------------|---------------|---------------|
| Ashton | 100 | 134 | Albion | 500 | 50 |
| Birmingham | 17 10 | 308 | Alliance | 100 | 10 |
| Coventry | 100 | 1250 | Ditto Marine | 100 | 5 |
| Ellesmere and Chester | 133 | 113 10 | Atlas | 50 | 5 |
| Grand Junction | 100 | 311 | British Commercial | 50 | 5 |
| Huddersfield | 57 | 17 | Globe | 100 | 151 |
| Kennet and Avon | 40 | 29 5 | Guardian | 100 | 10 |
| Lancaster | 47 | 32 10 | Hope | 50 | 5 |
| Leeds and Liverpool | 100 | 390 | Imperial | 500 | 50 |
| Oxford | 100 | 730 | Ditto Life | 100 | 10 |
| Regent's | 40 | 28 10 | Law Life | 100 | 10 |
| Rochdale | 85 | 102 | London | 25 | 12 10 |
| Stafford and Worcester | 140 | 900 | Protector | 20 | 2 |
| Trent and Mersey | 100 | 1850 | Rock | 20 | 2 |
| Warwick and Birmingham | 100 | 300 | Royal Exchange | 100 | 260 |
| Worcester ditto | 78 | 51 | | | |
| DOCKS. | | | MINES. | | |
| Commercial | 100 | 84 | Anglo-Mexican | 100 | 85 |
| East India | 100 | 85 | Bolanos | 400 | 200 |
| London | 100 | 90 10 | Brazilian | 100 | 20 |
| St. Catherine's | 100 | 58 10 | Colombian | 100 | 20 |
| West India | 100 | 209 | Mexican | 100 | 21 |
| | | | Real Del Monte | 400 | 420 |
| WATER WORKS. | | | United Mexican | 40 | 32 10 |
| East London | 100 | 125 | | | |
| Grand Junction | 50 | 65 | MISCELLANEOUS. | | |
| Kent | 100 | 30 | Australian Agricultural Comp. .. | 100 | 11 |
| South London | 100 | 90 | British Iron Ditto | 100 | 40 |
| West Middlesex | 60 | 70 | Canada Agricultural Ditto .. | 100 | 10 |
| GAS COMPANIES. | | | Colombian ditto | | |
| City of London | 100 | 90 | General Steam Navigation .. | 100 | 13 |
| Ditto, New | 100 | 50 | Irish Provincial Bank | 100 | 25 |
| Phoenix | 50 | 31 | Rio De la Plata Company .. | | |
| Imperial | 50 | 45 | Van Dieman's Land Ditto .. | 100 | 5 |
| United General | 50 | 40 | Reversionary Interest Society .. | 100 | 65 |
| Westminster | 50 | 56 | Thames Tunnel Company .. | 50 | 42 |
| | | | Waterloo Bridge | 100 | 5 |
| | | | Vauxhall Bridge | | |

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Kendall, Author of "Letters on Ireland and the Roman Catholic Question," and of "An Argument on Trial by Battle," is preparing for publication, "Judicial Oaths in English Jurisprudence, their History and Law;" written with reference to the Question of administering an Oath upon the Gospel to unbelievers; and likewise to the Questions of the legal utility and Christian lawfulness of judicial swearing in general. The Work will also comprise a variety of legal, historical, and philological Annotations.

In November will be published, elegantly embellished, and dedicated, by permission, to the Lord Bishop of London, *The Omnipresence of the Deity*; a Poem: designed to illustrate the Presence of God over the Works of Creation, and in Human Life. By Robert Montgomery.

A New Monthly Magazine is announced, to commence on the first of January, 1828, called the *British Magazine*, of Literature, Religion, and Philosophy. It is said that it will occupy a middle ground, between the literary and religious worlds.

In the press, an Elementary Treatise useful to Oriental students and travellers, entitled the *Clavis Orientalis*, or Lecture Card of the London Oriental Institution; containing an easy introduction to the principles of Oriental writing. Illustrated by fourteen copperplate engravings of the Persian characters, corrected by comparison with original drawings executed in India; to which will be prefixed a brief (lithographic) sketch of the Elements of Hindoostanee Grammar, by Mr. Sandford Arnot, of the above institution. It will be used as a text-book in the classes now opened there for the Hindoostanee and Persian languages, a knowledge of which is so important to gentlemen proceeding to British India.

Preparing for publication, with a plan of the proposed town of Hygeia, and Map of the Vicinity of Cincinnati, a Sketch of a Journey through the Western States of North America, from New Orleans, by the Mississippi, Ohio, City of Cincinnati, and Falls of Niagara, to New York, in 1827. By W. Bullock, F.L.S. &c. &c. author of *Travels in Mexico*. With a description of the new and flourishing city of Cincinnati, by Messrs. B. Drake and E. D. Mansfield. 5s.

In 2 vols. 18mo. with a portrait, price 7s. in boards; or a fine edition, in royal 18mo. 12s. *Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini*; translated by Thomas Nugent. With introduction and sequel, including four letters of Cellini, not in previous editions.

In 2 vols. 8vo. with portrait and numerous plates, a Pilgrimage from Italy to North America; including a Narrative of the Author's Discovery of the Sources of the Mississippi. By J. C. Beltrami, Esq.

In 8vo. a Selection from various Italian Authors, commencing with the easier, and including the best examples of style. With a Double Translation, for the use of students on the Hamiltonian system.

In 8vo. on the same plan, a Selection from various German authors.

In 8vo. on the same plan, the *Anabasis of Xenophon*.

In 18mo. the *Traveller's Guide in Belgium, Italy, &c.* With detailed estimates of the expense of some continental tours.

Early in November will be published, the *Beauties of Melody*; a collection of the most Popular Airs, Duets, Glees, &c. of the best Authors, interspersed with the most favourite Irish Melodies; the words, poetry, symphonies, and accompaniments, entirely new. Arranged for the voice and pianoforte, by W. H. Plumstead, of the theatre royal, Drury Lane.

The *Clarendon Papers* will be published in a few days, in 2 vols. 4to. They comprise the Correspondence of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, and Lawrence, Earl of Rochester; with the very curious Diary of Lord Clarendon from 1667 to 1690, containing minute particulars of the events attending the Revolution. They will be illustrated with portraits, (copied from the originals, by permission of the Right Honourable the Earl of Clarendon,) and other engravings.

The noble author of *Matilda*, which a season or two since attracted so much attention, is about to publish another Tale of the day, entitled *Yes and No*.

Angelo's *Reminiscences* are in the press, and will very speedily appear, consisting of the *Memoirs of the elder Angelo*, his Friends and Connexions, from his first arrival in England in 1750; and continued by his son, Henry Angelo, to the present time. The two Angelos had the honour of attending professionally, nine members of the royal family, and almost all the persons of rank in the kingdom, for nearly eighty years successively.

Lady Morgan's new Irish Tale, entitled the O'Briens and the O'Flaherty's, is just on the eve of publication. It embraces events which prepared the Rebellion, and accomplished the Union.

An octavo edition of the curious and valuable Memoirs of Pepys, is nearly ready for publication.

Vicissitudes in the Life of a Scottish Soldier, written by himself, will soon appear, and will contain some curious particulars of the Peninsular War, not to be found in works of more pretension on the subject.

Burke's Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom is nearly ready. The new edition has been very considerably enlarged and improved, from communications of the first authority. It will comprehend the latest alterations in the names of the baronets, and the titles and creations of the new peers, with the convenience of an alphabetical arrangement.

The celebrated author of *The Spy*, *The Pilot*, &c. has in the press a new work called the *Red Rover*. It is said to be another Tale of the Sea.

Allan Cunningham's new Romance, *Sir Michael Scott*, is expected to appear in a few days.

The admired author of *Granby*, who has been residing abroad for the last two years, has also nearly ready for publication a new novel, to be called *Herbert Lacy*.

Whitehall, or *George IV.*

Mr. George Cruikshank is now engaged in designing and etching a series of about thirty subjects, to illustrate *Punch and Judy* as it is performed in the streets, which will be published about Christmas, with a history and dialogue of the performance.

In the press, *Sylvia*, or the *May Queen*, a lyrical drama. By George Darley, Esq.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Diseases Connected with Indigestion; with a Commentary on the Principal Ailments of Children; by Dr. Uwins.

Chronicles of the Canongate, by the author of *Waverley*, &c. two vols. post 8vo.—Tale 1st, *The Highland Widow*.—Tale 2d, *The Two Drovers*.—Tale 3d, *The Surgeon's Daughter*.

The Romance of History, by Mr. Henry Neele, the poet. It consists of Tales founded on fact, and illustrative of the romantic annals of each reign, from the Norman Conquest to the Restoration. 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.

A System of Popular Trigonometry, both Plane and Spherical; with Popular Treatises on Logarithms, and the application of Algebra to Geometry. By George Darley, Esq. 3s. 6d. forming the third volume of the Scientific Library.

The Literary Souvenir, by Alaric A. Watts, embellished with 15 engravings. 12s.

On the first November, price 1s. the *Enigmatical Entertainer*, and *Mathematical Associate for 1828*.

Ackermann's Forget Me Not for 1828: consisting of more than eighty compositions in verse and prose, by the most popular writers of the day, of both sexes; and the embellishments comprise thirteen highly finished engravings, from pictures by H. Howard, R.A.; H. Thomson, R.A.; R. Westall, R.A.; T. Stothard, R.A.; R. Smirke, R.A.; H. Corbould; J. Martin; J. Stephanoff; S. Prout; M. W. Sharpe; S. Owen; H. Richter; and T. Uwins, with a beautiful embossed presentation plate. 12s.

A fourth and carefully revised edition of the *Outlines of Modern Midwifery*; by Dr. Conquest.

Hope Leslie, or *Early Times in the Massachusetts*. By the Author of *Redwood*, *A New England Tale*, &c.

Introductory Report to the Code of Prison Discipline, explanatory of the principles on which the Code is founded. Being part of the system of Penal Laws prepared for the State of Louisiana. By Edward Livingston.

The Bijou, with original articles and beautiful engravings.

The Keepsake, with original literary contributions and highly embellished engravings.

The Forms of Morning and Evening Prayer, according to the Use of the United Church of England and Ireland; together with the Psalms of David, and the Second Lessons, as they are appointed to be said every Day in the Year; to which are added, the First Lessons. With Notes. The First Volume containing the Morning, and the Second Volume the Evening Form. 2 vols. 12mo. 18s.

PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

(From Sept. 24 to Oct. 24, 1827.)

| ENGLISH FUNDS. | HIGHEST. | LOWEST. | LATEST. |
|------------------------------------|-----------|----------|----------|
| Bank Stock, 8 per Cent..... | 216 | 213½ | 215½ |
| 3 per Cent. Consols..... | 88½ | 86½ | 88½ |
| 3 per Cent. Reduced | 87½ | 85½ | 87½ |
| 3½ per Cent. Reduced..... | 93½ | 92½ | 93½ |
| New 4 per Cents. | 102½ | 100½ | 102½ |
| Long Annuities, expire 1860 | 19½ | 19½ | 19½ |
| India Stock, 10½ per Cent. | 257½ | 254½ | 256 |
| India Bonds, 4 per Cent. | 101s. pm. | 86s. pm. | 98s. pm. |
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| | | | |
|------------------------------------|------|------|------|
| Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent..... | 93½ | 93 | 93½ |
| Brazil ditto, ditto | 64½ | 53½ | 59½ |
| Buenos Ayres ditto, 6 per Cent. .. | 55 | 39½ | 55 |
| Chilian ditto, ditto | 26 | 20 | 23 |
| Columbian ditto 1822, ditto | 25 | 20½ | 24 |
| Ditto ditto 1824, ditto | 28½ | 25 | 27½ |
| Danish ditto, 3 per Cent. | 62½ | 60½ | 62 |
| French Rentes, 5 per Cent. | 102½ | 101½ | 102½ |
| Ditto ditto, 3 per Cent. | 72½ | 71½ | 72½ |
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| Mexican ditto, 5 per Cent. | 44 | 31½ | 43 |
| Ditto ditto, 6 per Cent..... | 56½ | 43½ | 55 |
| Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent. | 26 | 20 | 24 |
| Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent..... | 75½ | 74½ | 75½ |
| Prussian ditto 1818, ditto | 99½ | 98½ | 99½ |
| Ditto ditto 1822, ditto | 100½ | 100 | 100½ |
| Russian ditto, ditto | 94 | 91½ | 94 |
| Spanish ditto, ditto | 10½ | 9½ | 10 |

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